

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

February

1929

10¢



Announcing the 1929 Architectural and Home Planning Series:

"The House of Comfort"

V. W. Horwood

Washing the Face... Your Most Important Beauty Treatment

OLIVE OIL, in this facial soap, removes dirt and make-up an utterly different way. And this, beauty specialists agree, is the most important step in combating sallow, oily skin and blemishes.

MANY of the dangers that threaten complexion beauty today come through abuse of naturally lovely skin. Rouge, powder, face creams, added to create beauty, remain to destroy it. How? By clogging the pores! By imprisoning dirt, dust and oil secretions that must be removed thoroughly every single day, to retain the fresh color and firm, smooth texture of a youthful skin. Many of the women who think "this cannot apply to me" are even now abusing their complexions, inviting skin troubles which dermatologists will have to correct tomorrow.

The effect of olive oil on the skin

Modern beauty science has an answer to this problem! Wash the face thoroughly, twice every day, with this olive oil soap treatment! The facial oil in this remarkable soap softens and gently eliminates tiny masses which form in the pores, thus banishing blackheads and similar irregularities. Olive oil softens tender skin, keeping it supple, smooth, delicate to touch. The rich, balmy lather penetrates every pore, stimulating a wealth of hidden color, bringing out radiant freshness.

Start this treatment now

To discover your own possibilities of beauty, begin this very day to follow a treatment thousands of women find most effective. These two short rules are an unfailing way to enduring loveliness:

At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.



In the morning: repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.

Retail Price 10c

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Economy with Full-Size—Plymouth is the first and only full-size car in this price class, giving far more spacious interiors with full-proportioned seating room, head and leg room for five grown-ups;

Economy with safety—Plymouth's weatherproof hydraulic four-wheel brakes (internal-expanding front and rear) give instant positive stopping in any weather—another fea-

ture possessed by no other car near this price;

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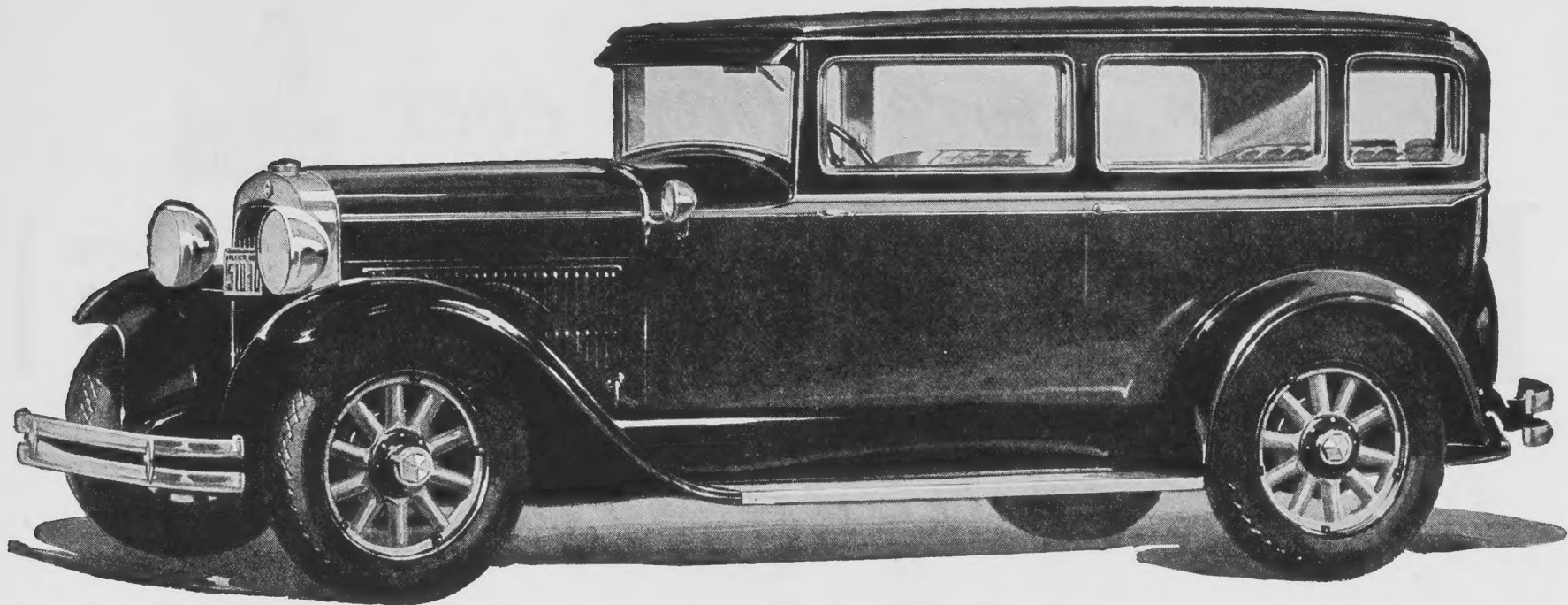
Economy with modern engineering—Chrysler engineers designed Plymouth's modern high-compression L-head engine embodying such important improvements as aluminum alloy pistons, large main bearings, positive pressure-feed lubrication, rubber engine mountings and torque reaction neutralizer.

Come, see and drive the Plymouth—a car that amazes and delights with its revelation of new and greater dollar value.

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Coupe	\$820
Roadster (with rumble seat)	850
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76 improvements—Longer, wider, roomier, more luxurious bodies—A big, adult-size Six with big car advantages—Power increased 24%—Above 70 miles an hour top speed—Above 60 miles an hour all day—Even greater economy—New type, double-action 4-wheel brakes, not affected by weather—4 hydraulic shock absorbers—Starter and electric gauge for fuel and oil on instrument board—Easier steering, greater riding ease and comfort.

Essex the Challenger, with 76 improvements, challenges the best that motordom has to offer; a challenge of interest to all who would down the best.

Essex was already a great car—a great car in pride of ownership—a great car in fineness and quality. Now it incorporates every advancement suggested by the experience of more than 1,000,000 Super-Six owners. They include larger bodies, greater stability, big car advantages in appearance, comfort and performance.

You can compare it only to costlier cars, because similar quality and detail is present only in high-priced cars, and absent in cars built to a price.

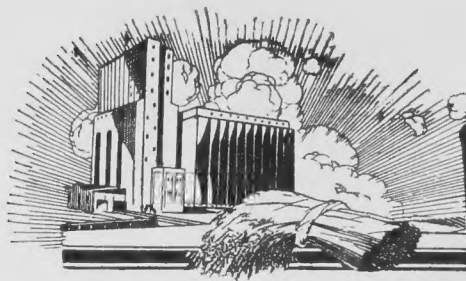
A million Super-Six owners who guided us to this achievement will be first to want to judge it. We are proud to present it to them—and to all motordom. Come inspect and drive it. Your endorsement will speak for the whole motoring world. And remember this price.

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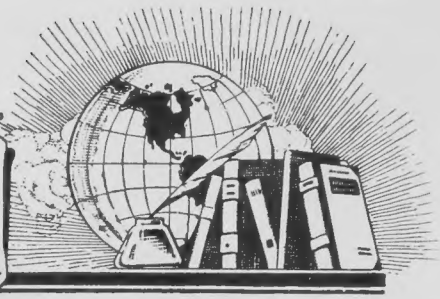
A BIG AND BETTER SIX

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EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 2

Growth in 1928

AS SOON as possible after the close of a year the people like to estimate its contribution to civilization. In a particular way they are interested in the progress of their own country. Anyone who investigates growth in Canada in 1928 must find much to cause gratification. Perhaps the growth is better illustrated by a study of progress in a longer period, say four or five years. In four years, then, the production of wheat increased from 260 million to 500 million bushels—almost 100%. The area sown was two million acres greater in 1928. Turning to agricultural production generally it is estimated that last year it amounted to two billion dollars.

In the mineral field the production increased in four years by 25 per cent., and the new fields that have been opened mean a much higher production in 1929 and succeeding years.

Similarly, building construction in four years increased 85%, while the amount spent on engineering construction increased from five million to 100 million. Nearly all the cities showed wonderful growth—East, Centre and West showing equal gain.

In Western Canada the grain crop of 1928 was the largest in history, and though the numbers of cattle was less the prospect for the future never was better.

Five hundred thousand barrels of oil from the Turner Valley field and increasing amounts from other fields indicate a new source of great wealth.

Fisheries have held their own in East and West. Lumbering has improved in that new markets have been opened. Tourist traffic has exceeded all previous years.

Altogether the growth has been remarkable in a country whose population has increased but little.

(These facts are taken from the report of the Economist of the Royal Bank, who is credited with being very reliable.)

Enduring Greatness

MEN are slow to learn. The same lesson has to be repeated over and over. In this respect nations are like individuals. They have been unwilling to pay the full price of enduring greatness, and as a result they have risen, flourished, then declined, because they have overlooked that which was essential to perpetuity. Greece and Rome had internal dissensions; Alexander's kingdom fell for the same reason—it could not survive the jealousies and schemings of ambitious honor-seekers; Spain sold her nationhood for gold; the Russian despots failed to recognize the rights of man. It is not necessary to enumerate states and causes of decline.

In fullness of time the Founder of Christianity appeared. Not concerned with temporal power nor with schemes and ambitions of men, He set forth the principles of enduring greatness in language that all men could understand. His words were revolutionary, but profoundly true; so that individuals and nations choosing to follow them might know that they are on the way to enduring greatness—truth, goodness, real power, true prosperity.

Summed up in a sentence, the doctrine of greatness is this: that each man shall think of his neighbor as himself, and in all things be humble and reverent in soul.

As we look at the nations of the world today we have reason to feel alarmed. What is seeming prosperity often turns out to be the opposite. The very virtues that are essential to stability are belittled. Internationally the case is worse. In formal discussions the dove of peace seems to have an abiding place in the council chambers, but when actual decisions have to be made and worked out the head of the serpent appears.

Consider a few cases in which national conditions are unsatisfactory. There is the distribution of wealth. Can anyone justify it on any grounds

whatever? One man in a short lifetime makes four hundred millions and more, and there are thousands without food, clothing and shelter. One group of shareholders makes thirty per cent. on capital investment, and the public are paying the price; one loan company almost equals this record, and pays its employees a trifling wage. There is no country that can endure under such a strain because the action is un-Christian. Then there are violations of the enduring law of greatness in the political and the moral fields. It is not necessary breathing out slaughter.

In the world at large, Mars still controls the actions of governments. Think of a nation calling itself Christian, and yet building armaments and breathing out slaughter.

Is there no hope? Certainly; if we are willing to recognize the danger and act so that it will disappear. It is a great satisfaction to know that things are not hopelessly bad. There are good men and women in every land and for their sake the Angel of Vengeance may still hold his hand.

And there are nations yet that are all for peace because war and power are to them hateful; and again the Angel holds his hand. . . . "Peradventure ten shall be found there. And He said: 'I will not destroy for ten's sake.'" We never know in social, national and world life what we owe to the steady souls who maintain an unselfish, altruistic attitude, and who in practice as in theory love their neighbors as themselves.

Again, to be specific: We honor the men and women who are doing so much for philanthropy. It may be true that if economic conditions were right there would not be so much need for philanthropy. This does not take away from the honor due to those who sacrifice so much for the unfortunate. These are the people who refuse to sell their souls for gold—men who in politics will not trim, who in trade will not cheat, who in religion will not turn traitor and who in social life will not fawn and cringe. These are the salt which preserves the state from decay.

As for international disputes, let us remember how Argentina and Peru settled their trouble over the boundary lines. There stands the colossal statue proclaiming to the world the decision of both countries that never again shall they take arms against each other. Why cannot all lands take that attitude? Peace makes for further peace. It is eternal, but it always makes for progress and prosperity. War makes for further war and it always ends in destruction and death. Have we not had enough bloodshed and misery?

The Family Doctor

THE anticipated recovery of His Majesty the King, which has brought such rejoicing to his subjects everywhere, is a tribute to the patience, knowledge and skill of his physicians. There seems to be no doubt but that in this case the collaboration of people specially gifted and trained was a deciding factor in overcoming what, under ordinary circumstance, would have been a fatal illness.

The question then arises as to whether it would not be well, in large cities particularly, to have medical practice entrusted to groups of medical men rather than to family doctors. The tendency in this direction is quite evident and the success of such establishments as that of the Mayos at Rochester indicates how thoroughly people believe in the hospital clinic.

Still there are two sides to the question, and a writer in *Harper's Monthly* argues the case for the family physician in such a way that there seems to be no rejoinder. He says that there is more in treatment of disease than special knowledge concerning it. Family and personal history have always to be taken into account. In many cases it is not the special disease that has to be combated but the weakness due to heredity and family environment. Only the family physician is in a position to know all the facts. In addition to this there is no

need for treatment by a group of specialists in nine cases out of ten. Any physician with ordinary knowledge is more likely to arrive at a sure conclusion than a specialist who is looking for something in his own particular field. The article referred to gives instance after instance where the specialist erred in his judgment just because he was a specialist. Further than this, the family physician in case of problems he cannot solve does call upon the specialist—the surgeon, the oculist, the psychopathist, etc., so that without organized collaboration there is always co-operation as a matter of course. There seems, then, to be a place for the family doctor when it comes to the treatment of disease.

The great problem of the doctor, however, is not to treat diseases but to prevent them, and it is here that the family physician has his great work. It is true that the public health officials are taking more interest in prevention than they did formerly. And that is well, since epidemics of all kinds must be met in a large way.

In the long run, if health is to be assured to people they must get into the habit of consulting with their physicians when they are well and not after sickness comes. This is why every family should have a physician, one who would give members a "look over" every year and offer advice on all matters pertaining to health.

One of the great problems facing people in rural districts is that of obtaining help from reliable physicians. True, the automobile has come to the rescue and fifty miles is not much more than ten used to be. Yet everybody who has lived in the sparsely-settled districts knows how difficult it is to get medical advice. The fact is that the training now demanded in medical college shuts out the country practitioner. It costs so much for a young man to go through college today that he can never afford to live on the small income he is likely to receive in an outlying district. As a result medical skill is unavailable in many sections and the public are left to the care of the health-nurse and the patent medicine vendor. It seems to be about time for the medical profession to awake from sleep and to do something really worth while for the rural districts. There is need for the old family doctor.

Beauty

THERE is a story told of an Arab who had a famous garden and who, on being obliged to move away from that section of the country, offered to sell it to a friend. Being a good business man, the friend set about making an appraisal of it, and eventually he brought his figures to the owner. All the items were set down—the cost of the grading and the masonry, the water pipes and the pool, the cost of the walls and the arbor and the trees and shrubs and vines and flowers. After studying it awhile the Arab said: "This is no appraisal, my friend. You have not appraised the perfume of my orange groves, nor the glories of my Iris, nor the exquisite aroma of my spice trees. You have not appraised the song of the birds that make their home in my garden. You've said nothing of the tinkle of water from my fountain. The material things you have priced are merely the framework for the beauty that gives it life and character. . . . But, alas, these things you never can appraise. Their value will depend entirely on your capacity for enjoying them."

That man is to be pitied who has no room in his heart for the beautiful, for he misses the best thing life has to offer. The old gardener in "So Big" laughed to scorn the young teacher who said "Cabbages are beautiful." He not only failed to appreciate the world in which he lived but because of his grovelling and money-grubbing neglected the culture of his own soul. Into the West with its great possibilities of every type, let us not forget to enthroned the beautiful—in home life, church life, social life, business life. The great quest in life is not money—but it is truth, goodness, beauty, and the least of these is not beauty.



DR. GASTON LYON—one of the outstanding figures of the medical profession in France, on whom his colleagues have lavished professional honors; he has been chief of the Medical Clinic of the Faculty of Paris; he is Laureate of the Academy of Medicine; he is author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Digestive Tract," and many other medical works.

"Yeast regulates the intestine," says DR. GASTON LYON, of Paris

"IN FRANCE, yeast is in current use. It is especially used in disorders of the skin, but should not be limited to skin diseases. It reduces intestinal fermentation, and regulates the functioning of the intestine. Its mode of action should be taken advantage of all the more, since yeast can be taken without inconvenience."

DR. GASTON LYON, author of medical works, prominent physician of Paris, and authority on maladies of the digestive tract, verifies the experience of thousands of Canadians—that eating yeast relieves constipation and its attendant ills.

In an authorized interview he says, "Yeast modifies the intestinal action while not being destroyed itself." He further points to the value of yeast in the treatment of skin diseases and declares, "Its efficacy in this field is already strongly established."

In a recent survey in America, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

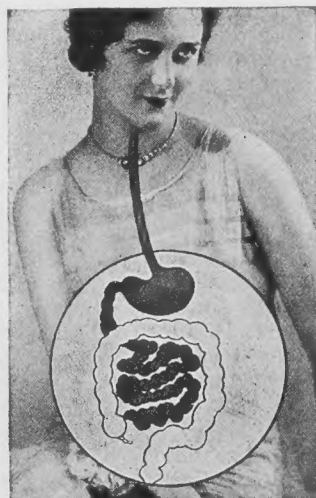
Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these living yeast plants pass through your intestinal tract daily, they combat harmful poisons, purify and improve the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's

Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time.

At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, soda fountains and lunch counters. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply. It will keep in a cool dry place. Start today!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. S-8, The Fleischmann Company, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.



FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines spread and attack the weakest spot. Colds, sore throat, headache, bad breath, bad skin—90% of your ailments—start here, doctors now agree. And here, too, is where yeast works. For bubbling good health, keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

for HEALTH



Made in Canada
by Canadians



The alleged owner of the "Arle" was stretched full length on the berth, his mud-spattered boots resting on the one-time spotless counterpane. His mouth was open and he was snoring with as much noise as was being made by the "Arle's" wheezy engines.

Aboard the Good Ship "Arle"

By Robert Watson

Author of "High Hazard," "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," Etc.

Illustrated by John F. Clymer



"CARROTS — you red-haired, bleary-eyed ghost! get the dishes washed and set the table in the saloon. Captain Flannigan may be your uncle, but he won't buckle to and do your work."

"All right! A-I-I—right!" whined the steamship Arle's masculine maid-of-all works. Puttin' on me again—always puttin' on me."

A tin basin flew through the air, banged against the mop of red hair and fell with a clatter on the galley floor.

"All right, is it?" yelled the irate steward. "All right, and fifteen passengers making the trip, and only sixteen berths all told in the saloon; to say nothing of a bill-of-fare that would poison a devil-fish."

"You would think this was a Cunarder, or a White Star liner, instead of a little up-coast tramp cargo boat, hawking the Pacific for a living."

The red-haired assistant shuffled his spindly limbs into the saloon, muttering and grumbling as he went, while Timothy Horatio Moore, steward of the Arle, an improved Cockney with ten years' service on the Pacific, fat, perspiry and verbally abusive, started to hoist his podgy body, hand over hand, up the companionway to the deck.

The boat was still fast to the wharf and was due, as soon as the tide was right, to make the landing stage across the harbor, to load twenty pigs for Cohoe. A telegraph boy scrambled aboard.

"Telegram!" he shouted, for the steward.

Timothy took the message and returned to the pantry, where he struggled with it at the light coming through the porthole.

"Reserve berth for the owner of the Arle," it read.

"Well, I'll be darned," he exclaimed. Then he got excited, and rushed to the cook in the galley, Chinese, and greasy as usual.

"'Ere, Chow," he yelled, flourishing the wire, "the owner of the ship is making the trip with us. You throw that mess down chute, see! Get a jerry on and serve up something good for once in your slit-eyed existence."

Chow mopped his brow. "You tell-um catchem somet'ing good. What you t'ink—me chef in big hotel, with folty dolla's a month. Two-three cabbage, little bit pork-chop, two-three sack potato, cheese no good, eggs no good, ham he fat alle same you. Me catchem jerry, maybe, pelhaps—catchem jerry you'self. You go—owner ship he go, tell Captain him go too—all go hellee—Chow no caree, damn—damn!"

Timothy did not wait for any more. He had argued with ships' Chinese cooks before. He rushed into the saloon and succeeded in arousing the bewildered Carrots to a state of semi-consciousness.

"—and wot's more, see that the cabin amidships is clean an' tidy. Put a bit of soap in and turn the sheets in the berth so that the outside'll look fresh," he concluded.

Full of fire and bustle—if such can be said of an animated plum pudding—he pulled himself on deck and ran along to the fore-hatch, where the captain was performing his port duty of quartermaster.

"Sir," cried Timothy, "the owner of the Arle's coming aboard. He should be 'ere any time. A wire, sir, from 'ead'office."

"The devil ye say," remarked the skipper testily. "That means a skipper's hat and brass buttons all the trip. Bad cess to his sowl."

"Here, Jerry," he shouted to a near-hand seaman, "rig the hose and swill the decks. Murphy—make the brass-work look dacint for this wance. Pull yerselves together and try to look like seamen aboard a passenger boat that's just carryin' cargo for the fun av it."

Soon all was rush and scurry, as violent preparations were under way for receiving the distinguished passenger.

"Hey, Tim—I've niver seen the owner of the Arle. What kind av a man is he?" asked Captain Flannigan ten minutes later, shouting down the companionway.

"I was just going to ask you the same question, sir," returned the steward from the lower regions. "I was signed on by the Frisco agents and I've never clapped a hoptic on the man 'imself, who, I believe, comes from the Heast."

"Ach, thin, and what does it matter anyway," said the captain, "we'll be after knowin' him before the trip is over."

Half an hour later, the skipper shot another question at Tim:

"All aboard yet?" he asked.

"All but the owner 'imself, sr. Wot can 'ave come over 'im? 'Ope 'e 'asn't been shanghaied, or somethink."

The captain looked at his watch. "The devil be after him. The ship's late now and the tide's falling. If we don't be off we won't get the pigs for Cohoe at McGinness's landing stage for the water's always low there."

He fumed at the bridge for five minutes more.

"Throw off that stern rope," he shouted at last to the man on the wharf. "Bad cess to the man that can't be in time to catch his own boat. I'll taich him a lesson." As he was speaking, a roar

came from the far end of the shed, something like the bellowing of an angry bull. This was followed by the clatter of heavy feet.

"Hey, there! Whoa, whoa!" shouted the voice, as a great, lumbering figure scrambled to the wharfside, up the shaky, groaning gangway and aboard. The ropes fell away and the propeller began to churn the water.

The new arrival laid down a dirty, rumpled coat and a torn leather bag, then straightened himself up, towering over the steward, and puffing like the funnel of the Arle's freshly stoked furnace. The man had a seven-days' growth of beard on his chin, his hands were horny and grimy, and his clothes and his hob-nailed boots were plastered with mud. He cloyed with the odor of a none-too-fresh logging camp.

"Easy with ye—what's the hurry?" he asked breathlessly.

Timothy Horatio rat-eyed him in disgust.

"You can't come aboard 'ere," he said, with a show of authority.

"But I *am* aboard, ain't I?"

Tim scratched his head and looked at the fast-receding wharf. There was no doubting that what the big man said was true.

"The ship's full," persisted Tim. "If the ship's full it's more than I am. As for a bunk—there's the alleyways, and the hold, and the deck, ain't there? That's room enough for me."

"Wot's your name?" grunted the steward, relenting a little, from sheer necessity.

"What d'ye want to know for, ye little tortoise?"

"It's the rules and regulations of the ship," answered Tim, "and I ain't no porpoise."

"I said tortoise."

"I heard you the first time. Now, wot's your name or haff the ship you go."

The big man thundered in reply. Tim's jaw fell. "And that was the name they called my father before me," he added. Have ye any objections to it?"

Timothy Horatio turned a sickly yellow, his eyes protruded and the folds of his fat trembled.

"Yes, sir!—no sir! Eh—eh—owner of the Arle." Tim tried to smile. "W'y didn't you tell me that at first, sir. He smirked and cringed. "Just come this way, sir. Heverythink is ready for you, sir."

The big passenger scratched his forehead and looked surprised at Tim's change of front. He bent down to pick up his coat and bag.

"Allow me, sir," broke in Tim. "I'll look after these. This is your stateroom, sir. I 'opes you'll be comfortable, sir. We 'ave a full passenger list. It's been a fine day, sir. If there's hanythink you would like, just press the button, sir."

Tim rattled on apologetically.

"I'm very sorry, sir, very sorry hindeed. I didn't recognize your honor, when you came aboard. I 'opes, sir, as 'ow you'll hoverlook my rudeness."

"Don't mention it, pard," answered the genial passenger, sitting on the edge of the berth. "I've forgotten it already."

"Thank you, sir," grovelled Tim. "It's very kind of you hindeed, sir, to say so."

Timothy hastened to the captain to unburden himself. The captain swore. He had been hoping up to the last minute that the ship's owner would by some miracle get ditched before getting aboard. Like all ship captains, he liked ship owners best when they were ashore.

"E's like a lumber-jack, sir," put in Tim. "'Ow was I to know 'e was the owner of the vessel?"

"Ye fat fool, ye might have guessed it," growled the skipper. "Thim wealthy gents take their fun that way. I wance heard av a real earl who got drunk on ordinary beer when he could have had champagne to bathe in."

The steward stood open-mouthed in awe.

"You go and humor him—humor him."

Timothy Horatio proceeded to humor the special guest forthwith.

When the passengers were seated at the dinner table and everything was ready, Tim knocked on the cabin door.

"Come in," thundered the voice of the occupant,

making the dishes rattle. Timothy obeyed. "Dinner's ready, sir. Will you take your place at the 'ead of the table, in place of the captan, sir, or would you prefer to dine alone?"

"Is it all included in the fare?" asked the giant.

Tim held his sides and laughed uproariously, as every man is expected to do at his master's jokes.

"Excuse me, sir—excuse me," he tittered, "but you are a one for funning, sir."

"Bring the dinner in here, pard, if it's all the same."

Throughout the meal, Tim was kept running, till his flabby legs were tired, between the galley and the owner's stateroom, bringing the best that the ship's poor larder could provide, to the detriment of the general table in the saloon, where Carrots—dish-washer and general scrub—was being showered with orders of which he had never heard, let alone filled. Chow kept shooting out plates of burnt pork chops and steaming potatoes, and Carrots filled every order with these, whether for soup, meat or sweets.

"You don't 'appen to wish hanythink to drink, sir?" asked Tim, rubbing his finger along his nose and winking at the owner of the Arle, as the latter sat in the cabin with a chop in his left hand, tearing the meat from the bone with his teeth, another privilege of the aristocracy, to Tim's mind.

"Drink?" queried the diner. "Did ye say 'Drink'?"

Timothy Horatio laughed again.

"Oh, you are a one, sir," he said.

"If you have anything to drink, matey, show it to me, quick," returned the big fellow, rolling his tongue.

"But say!—is it included in the fare?"

Tim fancied his master was trying to work up his old joke for a second term, and he did not intend to be behind-hand with the applause, so he giggled once more.

"Oh, stop, stop, sir! You ought to be in the music 'alls, sir—if I may say it wot shouldn't. You'll kill me with laughing at your patter, I mean, your jokes, sir."

The big man was unselfish with what Tim brought him to drink, with the result that a jovial twinkle began to show in Tim's eyes. His legs started to wobble and the sprightliness slowly oozed out of his fat body, and it took him longer and longer to make his journeys between the pantry and the cabin.

Twice the big man tried to kiss Timothy Horatio, and twice Timothy was embarrassed to know whether it was a hired man's duty to submit to it quietly, or his privilege to object. The ship's star guest laughed and sang for an hour afterwards, to the annoyance of the other passengers who could not concentrate on their poker games because of it.

LATE that night the good ship Arle berthed at the cattle wharf, unloaded her pigs for Cohoe and a quantity of other cargo, then slowly churned her wabby course northward through the chilly waters of the gulf. The cabin was now wrapt in silence. Timothy Horatio, with his head against a biscuit barrel on the pantry floor, was dreaming he was in the pit of a London music-hall uproariously applauding Dan Leno and Marie Lof-tus, who were playing "Romeo and Juliet," when his pleasant dream turned to a nightmare. A huge attendant grabbed him by the coat collar, pulled him bodily out of his seat, tossed him into the passageway, and started to kick him all the way along to the exit.

"Wot's the matter? Wot's the matter?" grunted Tim, blinking, rubbing his eyes and sitting up. "I paid my bob to get in to see this blinking music 'all, didn't I, and I hain't being hobnoxious, neither. Wot's the matter?"

"Are you supposed to be the steward of this ship?" asked a business-like, but angry voice.

Tim shook the sleep from his head. "Not supposed—I ham," he replied. "Wot d'ye mean by kicking me. You spoiled the loveliest dream I've ever 'ad in this country."

"Get up, you lazy rascal, and attend to your passengers, or, mark my words, you won't be steward of this ship for very long. What do you

mean by not having the passenger gangway out? Nobody to take my baggage! Nobody to show me to my berth! What kind of service is this?"

"And who may you be, Mr. Tgh-and Mighty?" retorted Tim, still only half awake. Tim turned as if to settle down again, against his biscuit-barrel, but another kick aroused him from such intentions.

He looked up angrily at the bald-headed, white-bearded little man standing over him.

"Wot d'ye want aboard 'ere?" he asked.

"What do I want! Look here, my fine fellow, I'm the owner of the Arle. I pay you, I pay the master, I foot the bills, and I'll have you understand that if I cannot have civility and attention aboard my own ship, I'll pay off the entire company."

Timothy struggled to his feet and balanced precariously against the biscuit barrel, as he struggled to regain his senses.

"So you're the owner of the Arle," he muttered; "a little, perky blighter like you? He laughed. "Aw, go on and chase yourself," he continued, pushing his palm against the little man's face. "W'y, the owner of the Arle's been aboard for hours, and is sleeping in his berth as sound as your own dead grandfather."

The little man glared furiously at Timothy, then without further word opened his pocketbook and handed the steward his card.

Timothy read it, blinked, and instantly became as sober as an owl.

"George William Smith," it read. "SS. 'Arle,' SS. 'Carl,' SS. 'Snarl,' San Francisco."

Tim found stammering words at last.

"But, sir—surely there ain't two of you, sir? You wouldn't 'appen to 'ave a brother—a big, stoutish, dirtyish, roughish sort of man—very fond of liquor, sir?"

"Look here, my good fellow—you are either drunk or crazy. I wish to get to sleep; I've had a busy day of it. Show me my berth, and I'll deal with you in the morning."

"But there ain't a vacant berth in the ship, sir," said Tim in perplexity. I was a'-olding of the one amidships for the owner of the Arle, and e' 'as it."

Suddenly fire flashed in Timothy Horatio's eyes. He thrust out his chest, which, with him, meant his stomach.

"You follow me, sir," he cried. "If that there lumbering helephant 'as been a-deceiving of me, sir, I'll smash 'is 'eadlights in."

Tim burst into the cabin unceremoniously. The waft of vitiated air that came his way was almost too much for even the hardened Timothy.

The alleged owner of the Arle was stretched full length on the berth, his mud-spattered boots resting on the one-time spotless counterpane. His mouth was open and he was snoring with as much noise as was being made by the Arle's wheezy engines.

Tim shook him, but failed to rouse him. "E's as 'ard to move as Captain Flannigan's mother-in-law, sir. But 'alf a mo'; I'll fetch the seamen."

He returned with several members of the Arle's crew, but their combined efforts failed to dislodge the inanimate two hundred and fifty pounds of solid flesh and bone.

The sleeper's coat lay on the cabin floor. A number of papers were scattered about, having tumbled from his pocket. George William Smith picked up one of them and on the envelope read all that was necessary to clear his mind.

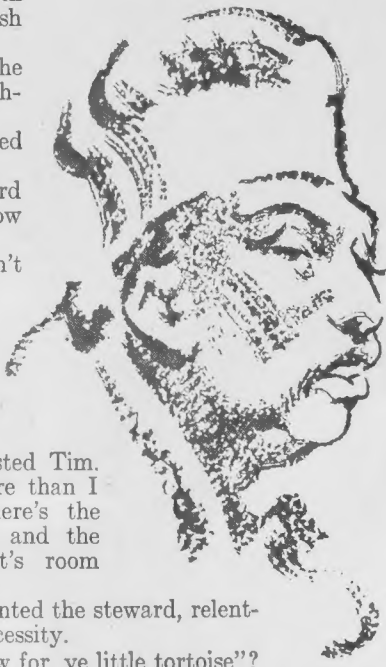
"See that, you fat fool," he said to Timothy. The steward took the envelope and read it also: Onie O'Farrell, c/o McAllister's Lumber Camp, No. 6, Cohoe.

"Onie O'Farrell," continued William George Smith, "how could anyone but an arrant idiot mistake that for the 'Owner of the Arle.' That'll do, men; I would not sleep in this cabin for a fleet of steamers. You may go."

The steward continued to shuffle and scratch his head.

"I said, you may go," reiterated George William Smith.

Tim, still dense from his late orgy, failed to see where he had fallen down. "But, sir—'e told me 'e was the owner of the Arle. 'Ow was I to know 'e wasn't?"



"Get out of my sight," roared the infuriated ship owner. "Send the under-steward to me."

Tim stood in despair. "You wish to speak to 'im, sir—to Carrots? Lord, sir, 'ave you ever seen 'im?"

"Send him to me. I'll deal with you in the morning, when you are sober."

Timothy Hoartio Moore departed, sadly dejected, but glad to be away from all the trouble, feeling confident that he would be able to straighten matters out after his master had cooled off.

He roused Carrots with more force than politeness. But what passed between Carrots and George William Smith, Tim never fully knew. Poor Tim dragged himself to the captain, but Flannigan either did not wish to understand or was physically and mentally incapable of doing so. Tim went back to his bed on the pantry floor and went off to sleep, just in time to witness the last turn in the London music hall from which he had been so unceremoniously ejected so short a time before.

At half past five the following morning he was hustled back to life by Murphy, one of the seamen.

"Cap'n wants yer."

"Wot's the time?" grunted Tim.

"Half past five and the Cap'n wants yer. Better hurry—he's in a hell of a temper."

Tim rose in the darkness. His tongue felt several sizes too big for his mouth. He dashed some cold water over his face and ambled forward.

The skipper was on the bridge, bleary-eyed and snarling, with a head as big, evidently, as a lighthouse.

"Where's my coffee?" he shouted. "Half past five and the ship as dead as a graveyard."

"'Asn't Carrots brought it, sir?" queried Tim humbly.

"Would I send Murphy after you, if Carrots had brought it? Do you think I love the sight of that ugly mush of yours?"

"Carrots is your own nephew, sir, but 'e's the sleepy-headedest cuss wot ever sailed the hoocean. But I'll wake 'im. Your coffee will be 'ere in less than no time, sir."

Tim's anger was bubbling over and he felt as much in a mood to exhaust it on Carrots as the Captain had been to explode his on Tim. He made a bee-line for the water tap and filled the largest sponge in the ship with icy-cold water. The very feel of it made Tim shiver. "I'll wake him, Captain darling," he soliloquized. "I'll wake 'im."

Cautiously he tip-toed along the alleyways to the fo'castle. He pushed open the door of the little, stuffy room habited by Carrots because no one else on the ship would have it. All was dark and quiet in there but for the sound of heavy breathing. With a gloating chuckle, Timothy Horatio turned back the counterpane, the blankets and the sheet. He lifted up the shirt of the sleeper with the gentleness of a mother. He could feel the comfort of the blankets and the soft warmth of the drowsing flesh beneath. With a diabolical "Ha-ha!" he planted the dripping, icy sponge full on the sleeper's stomach—and squelched it down.

An agonized shriek ran through the ship, as a figure sprang from the berth, sending Timothy Horatio with a crash against the woodwork.

"Help! Fire! Murder! Fire! Help! Police!" it yelled, in a voice that sounded strangely familiar to the half-dazed Tim, but one which he could not recognize as belonging to his assistant, Carrots. Along the alleyways and into the saloon rushed the white-shirted apparition, shouting and shrieking.

Timothy Horatio followed, stumbling and tumbling in the darkness. To his utter bewilderment, feeling sure that he had gone clear out of his mind, he ran into Carrots, fully dressed and trying to

hide a yawn behind his hand. Tim staggered against the partition for a moment, then darted on after the apparition.

Twice round the dining-room table, then past the cabin doors behind which sixteen passengers were sitting up in alarm; up the companionway and along the deck. The rushing white apparition never stopped. It continued clear over the stern of the ship, and plunged into the churning waters, with the despairing cries: "Help! Fire! Help! Murder! Police!"

"Man overboard," excitedly shrieked Timothy to the bewildered captain on the bridge. "Heave to."

"Who is it?" yelled the skipper, jumping to the telegraph.

"Carrots' ghost!" shouted the steward.

The engines stopped, then reversed.

"Murphy—Jerry," shouted Captain Flannigan, "lower the forward boat."

Ropes were loosed, the davits turned slowly and the boat swung clear.

"Hold on, Tim," shouted Murphy, as he clambered in.

Tim held on, puffing and blowing with the exertion and excitement.

I? Then there haint no chance of 'er a-going down."

Another mother-in-law rushed up and struggled for an arm-lock on the same neck. "Go away!" screamed ma-in-law Number one. "This is my place. I was here first."

"Tell us, brave officer—tell us the worst. It is for the best. Is she on fire? Has she struck a reef? Has she struck an iceberg? Has she struck a lighthouse?"

Timothy struck an attitude. "Look at me," he said gallantly, "Am I a total wreck?"

"Shall we be lost at sea?" cried number two.

"I 'opes so, madam! I mean, hof course not!"

The strain on Timothy's neck was beginning to tell. His suspenders groaned ominously, and he felt his mind gradually giving way. But he clung desperately to himself.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" she cried in admiration. How cool! How brave! How calm! It must be all right!"

"Go on, silly!" said mother-in-law number one, "don't you know the more calm a sailor is the greater the storm?"

"Help! Fire! Fire! Help!" came shouts from all sides.

A rush was made for the narrow stairway. Terror seized Timothy. He began to think there really might be a fire, or a flood, or something, and the mean, cowardly, ruffianly crew hadn't told him a thing about it, tricking him even in his last moments.

After all, the place of danger near the boats was a far safer place than the cabin at a time like this; nevertheless he ran back to the pantry for a farewell drink before following the others on deck, near the boats.

In the commotion, Carrots sauntered up on deck, sized up the trouble, flopped over the stern of the Arle and swam out in the direction of his own struggling ghost, whom he held up by the shirt till the excited crew dragged both of them aboard.

"Now, what the devil does all this mean," yelled Captain Flannigan, facing the puffing crew, the excited passengers and the dripping figures of Carrots and his white-shirted ghost, and the abject Timothy Horatio.

"Mean?" cried the shivering little bald-headed, white-bearded man, stepping forward, his shirt clinging amorously to his thin, wet limbs. "It means an outrage, a positive outrage. I'll have you understand, sir, that I am the owner of the Arle, also her sister ships, Carl and Snarl. Captain Flannigan, your discipline aboard this ship is disgraceful, and I'll have a word with you in private. Timothy Horatio Moore—"

At the mention of his name, Tim's fat trembled.

"You, sir, are a fool, a knave and a bully, a danger to the safety of any ship. Consider yourself no longer chief steward of the Arle. Now, Peter McCann Donaghy—"

Carrots stepped forward to receive his blessing and portion.

"You alone have proved worthy. When I found myself likely to be without sleeping accommodation for the night, you volunteered to let me have your own berth in the fo'castle—humble as it was. You passed the night uncomfortably among the ropes and tar and paint in the storeroom. I appoint you chief steward of the Arle, from now, on. And, if there is anything further you would like, my good fellow, speak up, for I owe you my life."

"Yes, sir. There is one thing, if I may say, sir. Give me that fat blackguard, Timothy Horatio Moore, to sail with me for the rest of the voyage as under-steward, and if anything but his bare bones ever see Frisco, may God forgive me for my kind heart."



"If that there lumbering helephant' as been a-deceiving of me, sir, I'll smash 'is' eadlights in."

"Lower away," shouted Murphy.

Tim let go the rope with a sigh of relief. Down flopped the end of the boat and splash into the water went Murphy.

"Another man overboard," yelled Timothy, in consternation.

"Lower that boat aft," ordered Flannigan, as cool as the morning itself.

Wild discordant yells, coming from the saloon, gave Timothy an excuse to leave his post of danger for one of comparative safety, where a man could die like a gentleman, without getting his clothes mussed up.

In the cabin, all was commotion and confusion.

Timothy grabbed at his scanty locks. Half-dressed men and half-naked women were running around in circles, with life-belts about their necks, their waists, and their feet.

"Save us, oh, save us!" screamed the ladies, clustering around the steward, envious of his floating fatness.

"Is the boat going down?" cried somebody's mother-in-law, finding a place of safety about Timothy's neck.

"No," answered Tim bravely. "I'm 'ere, haint



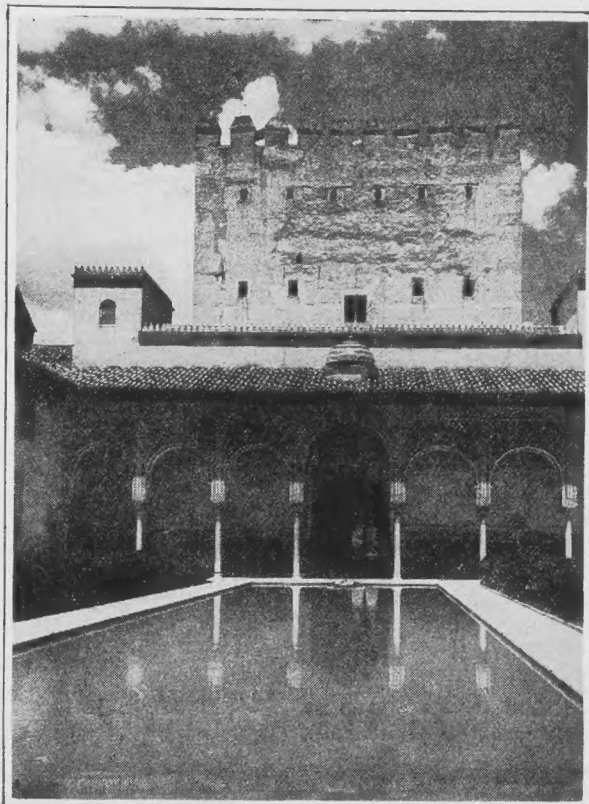
The Garden of the Alhambra

LIFE is an altogether strange affair. It is an immeasurably far, far cry from a little pioneering town on the but sparsely populated Manitoba plains in the year 1900 to that Moorish wonder of the Alhambra in Spain, relic

of a time and a race now forever passed. In that seemingly so long ago of the year 1900 when I sat as a boy in the living room of a gaunt frame house in that little prairie town and read Washington Irving's "Alhambra" to the tune of the crackling poplar sticks in the square iron stove, in that seemingly so long ago, I was filled with wondrous visions of those far-away places in Spain. I read "The Conquest of Granada" and other volumes wherein Saracen and Christian clashed in glorious affray. I read of the Arab conquest of these plains of Spain, and was thrilled and dazzled by the pictured beauties of their palaces, the luxury and voluptuousness of great patios, where women marvelously beautiful lolled away the days on

The Alhambra

By Francis Dickie



Patio de los Arrayanes and Tower of the Comares

silken cushions to the tune of stringed instruments, soft and soothing like the breeze through tall pine trees. In these vast apartments, magnificent of embellished columns, with marble baths, where fountains played, guarded by soldiers and eunuchs in splendid costumes, lurked all the mystery and the wonder of another world. And to me, in this little town in the far northwest, where the most exciting vision was the long line of wheat wagons coming in to the tall red elevators on frosty autumn mornings, the tales of far-away Spain were doubly wonderful.

Little did I dream as I read of these spots remote while the whine of the blizzard roared without my window that some day I should step off the train at the town of

Granada and walk in my turn among the courts and halls and pillar-lined ways of those very places which had so thrilled me when I read of them as a child.

Alas, life is an altogether strange affair. We dream and we make visions around things read of in a story. And when we come to see them in actuality (though perhaps we are not aware of it), we carry deep down in our heart the queer conviction that somehow these things will be just as they were in the days of old, those days we read about in our favorite volumes.

So if at times we reap disappointment, it really is not the fault of the place, but the fault of time and that sad possession, imagination, which always makes anticipation far outstrip realization.

The weakness, however, of too many travel writers is that they will not admit that time changes all things. So in their writing of some ancient place they visited strain for adjectives, and grow weary hurling superlatives to cover some flavor of chagrin that has come to them.

But I will be truthful. Despite all my common sense, there lurked within me when I stepped off the train at Granada the queer belief that I should see men in armor, and Saracens in flowing robes, and look upon gleaming towers, and high domes and minarets of the Alhambra on one of those hills of this historic region.

But the first guide I met was very matter-of-fact, and tried out upon me, as no doubt he does on all visitors, his version of the English language. The first thing he tried to sell me was a copy of the "Alhambra" by Washington Irving. So here I was confronted after thirty years with the book of my childhood. The volume is translated into Spanish. In all these years no one has written anything deemed better. Such is the irony of things, that in reading the volume over on my return train journey, I could not find the thrill it once gave me a quarter of a century ago.

Yet the Alhambra—though I did not find there the dusky beauties, the proud sultans, the eunuchs, the glitter of golden ornaments, silken divans, only empty passageways, courts cluttered with guides and tourists—yet the Alhambra is not lacking in impressiveness, and a faded awesome grandeur. It is the finest remaining symbol of that strange race of Morisco-Spaniards, that queer mixture of races resultant from the Oriental onrush into Europe. They bid fair once to overrun the continent. But, beaten upon the plains of Tours, the Moslem horde settled down and established a kingdom in Spain, of which the Alhambra is the outstanding remaining evidence.

THE city of Granada is reared upon three abruptly rising hills. On the lowest of these looms up, the more redly against a background of the snow-capped Sierras, the "Torres Bermejas," or Vermilion Towers. Much mystery surrounds these tremendous ruins. Some historians claim them to be the work of the far-roaming and adventurous Phoenicians.

Upon the highest hill is the Alhambra, a city in itself, once said to have housed 40,000 men.

The part of the city known as "The Albaicin," is on the third hill, cut off from the remaining portion of the town by a deep ravine at the bottom of which runs the swiftly flowing Darro, crossed here and there by wide bridges. A short distance away the river joins the Genil. In the bed of the Darro gold has been found, while the Genil has produced silver, which is a peculiar combination, though perhaps of particular interest only to geologists.

On a summer night of full moon, from a high headland called "La Vela," one views a portion of the Alhambra, the heights of the Albaicin and the farther country. What can words do with a scene such as this!

Gazing eastward one looks down upon an ancient wall, and a wood of poplars. In the background the lights of a hotel show a nimbus of vague brightness amid this greenery made black by night. The

trees swing and seem to mount and descend with the rising breeze. A few black poplars, erect and haughty, top the ruined towers of Algador. Nearer there blinks the little lantern on the altar of "Puerta Judiciaria" (The Door of Justice) famed entrance to the Alhambra. From the "Placeta de los Aljibes" (Little Square of Wells) break forth beams that seem the very evaporation of light. Beyond rises the almost black silhouette of the lower "Cerros del Sol" (The Mountains of the Sun) wrapped in a haze as transparent as lace, and behind appear the snowy peaks like so many Moorish cloaks of old stretched above the range. To the south the fog floats above the silvery olive trees and the valley of the Dilar. And on the plain a pale blue mist traces out the course of the Genil. The streets of the lower town are like so many rows of fire that divide the gloomy masses of trees and buildings.

From this indescribable landscape, imbued with an ineffable melancholy beauty, arises a varied accompaniment of the voices of the night: the wailing of the trees shaking in the wind; the sweet song of a nightingale, the distant barking of a dog,



Sala de los Mocarabes—Alhambra

the echo of a guitar, the splash of water falling from the canal upon the wheel of a mill, the incoherent noises of remote voices, unintelligible conversations, purr of motors, drone of tramways, and, suddenly surmounting all this accord of life, the sad and thrilling note that a solitary singer, with a rhythmic insistence, cries from the top of a ruined wall.

Some of the spell of this landscape still lingers with one as one wanders in the light of day through the narrow and winding streets stretching like snakes along the banks of the Darro. Streets of archaic little houses with quaint balconies, where creeping plants spread pompous canopies of emeralds above the gay polychromy of dark red roses and luxuriant carnations. Tortuous

and mysterious streets, in whose every turning starts up Tradition wrapped in a Moorish mantle, or brandishing the vivid sword of a Castilian adventurer. Yes, these old streets of Moorish origin retain some queer charm: dust of forgotten days, the aroma of legend lingers in the air. The flowery iron gates, the thick blinds of the wreathed windows,

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The Fountain of the Lions—Alhambra



With a frantic bound the mare, half crazed by many days of idleness, took the trail at a gallop

Illustrated
By
L. F. Downes

OUTSIDE it was snowing in great clogging flakes, like pieces of paper, each one a separate entity. Thus had it snowed since early morning, filling the hollows, drifting before the icy wind into mounds and hummocks, obliterating the trails, beating down the tossing waters of the turbulent river until it flowed sullen and grey between its smoothly glistening banks. An eerie spectral light loomed over Squaw Mountain, giving promise of a rift in the heavy clouds, showing the spot through which the moon would break when once the wind should have blown away the snow-clouds.

Within the log cabin a woman sat at a table playing "Patience." The room with its rough, home-made furniture, its glowing sheet-iron stove, and dainty muslin curtains, looked homelike and cosy in contrast to the stormy scene and whirling whiteness without. It had an atmosphere all its own, of lives lived far from the comforts and alleviations of civilization and cities, of a nearness to Nature, a one-ness with the great outdoors. The chairs of rough unpeeled alder boughs, the round table, a solid slab cut from a giant cedar, covered with a red Hudson Bay blanket, the neat pile of dry fir stacked behind the stove spoke of primitive efforts to achieve comfort from necessities. Yet despite the simplicity of its furnishing, and the suggestiveness of the gun hanging within easy reach, the place had an air of dainty comfort and contented home-life which is not always to be found in the more pretentious villa of Suburbia.

The only incongruous note was the ugly black box of an old-fashioned telephone fastened to the log walls between a color wash of "Jorrocks" and a silver-point etching of the "Old London" at Exeter. The phone connecting this mountain post office with the distant village of Cedar Springs—six miles distant across the hills—was the hamlet's one sure link with the outer world. But for those gleaming wires, the odd twenty houses scattered amongst the hills, and the great Indian reserve, with its two hundred souls, would have been cut off during the long winter months, from the excitements of daily news, as from assistance both medical and spiritual.

Once a week, a heavily-burdened sleigh struggled over the trail, laden with a heterogeneous load

"Patience"

By Mabel Appleby

of provisions, mail bags, and seven-days-old newspapers—for the rest, the hamlet depended upon the scattered farms and the countryside for food-stuffs, and upon each other for companionship and amusements.

Sybil Manners thoughtfully placed the Jack of Spades upon the Queen of Hearts, and solemnly considered the upturned cards spread before her under the tilted shade of the glass lamp. For nearly two hours, while the storm beat and swirled around her lonely cottage, she had been playing Patience, and not once tonight had she "come out" successfully. Shuffle and re-shuffle as she would, the cards eluded her, and although it was now past her usual hour for retiring, she was loath to own herself beaten.

Patience was her solace, almost her only amusement during the long winter evenings, after the scant business of the day was over, and her few supper-dishes had been washed and tidied away. Tonight especially, the hazard of the cards had intrigued her, for much depended upon the game. By the chances of the cards her future life was to be decided—so she had promised herself earlier in the evening when she had deliberately made up her mind to play thirteen games. Twelve times already had she shuffled the cards and laid them in their neat rows of seven upon the red cover—and twelve times the luck had been against her—or did it mean

perhaps that the luck was with her, and it was really her fate to accept the oft-repeated offers of marriage from Henry Moore, the hotel-keeper of Cedar Springs?

All through the past summer he had been urging his suit, while she—why, she scarcely knew—had withheld her answer. She liked him—oh, yes!—she liked him well enough. She had told him more

than once, that even were she to capitulate, her feeling for him would never be more than one of pleasant friendliness, which perhaps might grow, in time, to sincere esteem.

But he had neither asked, nor expected more. They were both past the age of heroics and grand passions but, he urged, they might both expect another twenty years or more, of good health and enjoyment of life, so why spend their futures in loneliness, when so much quiet happiness and useful service might be hoped for from combining forces?

She had found his direct questions difficult to answer. He, a widower of many years standing, needed a wife, a companion, and a helpmate in running the business of his prosperous little hotel. She, widowed by the war would be less lonely, and find more scope for her energies than was possible in this isolated little post office amongst the mountains.

"You're wasting yourself, my girl," he had said. "You're doing no good to anyone, in that God-forsaken place! You, with your fine health and your good education, to lose yourself amongst them mountains, with none but a bunch of Indians and half-breeds! Why, it's a sin and a shame to think of spending yourself on them! Come in here, to me, where someone wants you!"

"Perhaps they want me here, Henry!" she had said, wistfully. "Perhaps I'm of some use to the poor creatures who are so shiftless themselves. You know the Indian Agent told me, when I took over the Post Office, that they needed a white woman to help them—and I have tried to be of a little assistance."

"Sure! You have been; I'm not denying it—but do you ever hear so much as a 'thank you' from their graceless lips, no matter how often you nurse them or help them? You don't, and you know you don't. You may sit up through the night tending their women in child-bed, or spend your days sewing for their brats, but Lord! what do they remember? What do they care? They get on just as well without you! And I want you! I can't get on without you—anyways, not so I enjoy it."

Thus had he urged her, until she had become half persuaded, and yet—the Indians were not grateful, the poor whites, struggling for a bare living amongst the inhospitable mountains, tilling their rocky lands, living—half starving—up on the meagre crops, little more so. Bovine, inarticulate, they called upon her in their need, but showed no appreciation, nor could give any companionship, when that need was over.

And yet—Sybil Manners loved the mountains, loved them in the glory of their summer dress of

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A woman sat at a table playing "Patience"

The New Spirit in Industry

By Charles W. Gordon

(Ralph Connor)

THE history of Industry is a section of the story of the development of the social idea in life as against the individualistic. The development passes through various stages.

The First Phase is that of Individual Craftsmanship. The individual cuts his tree, shapes his bow and arrow and thus provides a means of living—defence and food. The dominating factor here is the individual, his skill, his temperament, his zeal, in short, his personality. His tools are his own, his power his own, and he will fight for his own against the world.

The individual becomes socialized in his family. His wife prepares food for him while he cuts and shapes his bow and arrow. In his tribe, too, in his nation, his individuality becomes socialized, the unifying bond being blood. In this phase trades belong to individuals, to families, to tribes. Individualism seeking strength and fellowship creates the Guild, the unifying bond being, not blood, but work.

Individualism thus has learned that progress can only come by co-operation.

The Second Phase might be called the Mechanistic. The new factor arrives in the Machine as against the Individual and his tools. By means of a treadle-grindstone, knives and axes are sharpened more quickly and with a better edge. The woman twists her wool no longer by the distaff, but by a wheel. The two factors here are the Individual and the man-power machine. The dominating factor is still Individual Craftsmanship, aided by the machine.

The Third Phase arrives with the introduction of Non-man Power. A dog is tied upon a treadmill and made to run for his life, and incidentally, for the life of his mistress, who by attaching the treadmill to the churn, can make butter and bake bread at the same time. The dog on his treadmill gives place to the water-wheel, and the water-wheel to the steam engine. The dominating factor in this phase is the Engine, which controls not only one individual, but ten one hundred individuals. In this phase the individual is bound to the machine and he must run for his life, the rate of his running being determined by revolutions of the driving wheel. In fact the hundred men must all run for their lives. They dare not pause at will. But the workers soon learn by experience, bitter enough at times, that by running in step with one another and in time with the machine they run more easily and attain their rest more quickly. Again the value of Co-operation has been demonstrated.

The Fourth Phase is marked by the introduction of Capital. Machine and power mean money, large money, larger money than the individual worker or many individual workers can command. No longer can the individual provide for his living by his individual effort. He must invoke the aid of power and the machine. Without Capital he is machineless, powerless and therefore useless. His means of living has passed into other hands. No longer is he a free man. He moves, breathes, pauses, begins again at the command of another. He is a slave. He seeks escape from slavery by association with other slaves. Thus Industry has become the great modern Servile War.

Once more Co-operation is invoked in war. Indeed the characteristic feature of this phase is organized industrial war. Strife has become the normal condition of industry. Strife between two organized entities, organized Labor and organized Capital. The workers rendered desperate, discover hope in Co-operation with one another for war. Capital, desperate, seeks relief in larger Co-operation of

capitalists. Co-operation therefore for each is the key of victory.

The accepted normal feature of this phase of industry is war, with periods of armistice; war mitigated by conciliation, arbitration, but still with the recognition by all parties and indeed by Gov-



ernments not only of the inevitability but also of the right and the wisdom of war.

The Last Phase of Industrial development is that of Co-operation. The workers and capitalists by experience of co-operation in war have learned the value of co-operation in peace.

The objective now before all parties in industry is to discover a basis of Co-operation. The basis



after all is very simple. From the very beginning men have been fighting for the right to live, for this is the essential and primary right of every living organism. For this right every organism will contend, and should. The world of industry has discovered that as with humanity so with industry; the business of living is a co-operative business. That if Industry is to subsist it can only be by the co-operation of the various factors in industrial life. These factors, roughly speaking, and without attempting too scientific a definition, are Capital, Management, Labor and The Community. There is

no possibility of success in any industry if any single factor refuses harmonious co-operation with the other three.

The problem of Industry, therefore, the primary problem, is how to secure the harmonious co-operation of these four factors. Fortunately it is no insoluble problem. Indeed the solution is amazingly simple. Co-operation will naturally follow when each of these four factors is guaranteed his rights and will assume his responsibilities. Let us be concrete. Co-operation will come when every capital-furnishing-man, the man with the bank behind him, ready to move at the command of his cheque book, when every managing-man-with-brains and expert knowledge to say "go there!" "do this!" when every labor-furnishing-man who stands at the lathe, tool in hand, with the skill to transmute blocks of steel into razor blades, when every community-man who stands with lathered face before his mirror, demanding a razor wherewith to beautify himself withal, shall be guaranteed his essential rights and shall pledge himself to assume his responsibilities. Guaranteed? By whom? Primarily and obviously by those proposing co-operation. Ultimately, but not so obviously, by Civilization, or concretely by the State in which he is a unit.

At this point it may be worth while to turn aside from the line of argument, and consider the Individual. He is, after all, the important entity, not the Corporation, not Civilization, not even the State. And for various reasons. He is here first and he will be here last. For his well-being all else exists. He determines the quality of the State. Grant a sound individual and with almost any form of Government a State can carry on, but let the Individual be rotten and no State, however excellent its organization, can long endure.

NOW to return from our slight excursion to the primary problem of Industry. What are the essential rights and inescapable responsibilities of this important entity, The Individual?

And first the rights. They are in this relation only four, to wit: *Security, a Fair Return, Freedom, Growth.*

1. *Security.* Every living organism regards death as an outrage. Fights to preserve life. And should. Civilization guarantees the Individual his right in security. Every civilized state in the world pledges its totality of power (Chicago take note) to the security of the individual. Let it be known in a certain State that there exists a laboring man, no matter how humble, how ignorant, how valueless, whose security is threatened by certain evil-disposed men, at once a policeman is detailed for his protection. If one policeman is not sufficient, ten will be provided. If ten cannot guarantee him protection, then one hundred, one thousand, ten thousand, will gather about him. Battalions will march, guns will belch forth, airmen will fly, battleships will cleave their way through mountainous seas, the whole available power of that State will finally be marshalled to guarantee that individual his Right to Security. That is the meaning of civilization. It is civilization's contract with the individual that at all costs soever, he is guaranteed security.

Labor has a right to security. Ah! That is the spectre that looks in through the window upon the working-man in his home. The spectre of unemployment, not the low wage, not long hours—unemployment.

2. The second right is a *Fair Return.* Capital must be assured a fair return. Else Industry is paralyzed before a wheel turns. The labor-man must be assured a fair return for his labor. His labor is his life. In industry he is giving away bit by bit his life.

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His shoulders were bent over the table and he didn't move. I caught a muffled "All right" so I backed out and ate my own lunch in the alcove, feeling rather lonesome

Managing Tod

By Margaret Elliott Barnard

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

TOD looked so comfortable and good-natured, lounging before the fire, that I knew the right time to broach the subject had come. Of course, after all the preparations I had made for this moment, it would have been funny if I hadn't. To begin with, I had not insisted on Tod dressing for dinner—a master stroke. Then, although my housekeeping budget could ill-afford it, I had a juicy steak with mushrooms. When Tod came out from the studio and saw the festive appearance of the table, he looked so comically surprised that I almost gave myself away.

"Gad, Gipsy," he said, rumpling his black hair, "I'd forgotten it was my birthday!"

"It isn't though," I said calmly. "Sit down quick, or the things won't be fit to eat."

He looked suspiciously at me out of the corner of his eye and asked: "What's in the wind, then?"

"Nothing," I said, "but there's a hunch in my bones that something thrilling is going to happen to us before long."

"You've been having your palm read again!" he accused me. "But why celebrate before the event?"

"No palm of mine has been read for many moons. Now do carve that steak."

So, dinner over, here he was in the proper mood. I pulled up my favorite chair and sat beside him in the position that I knew would give him the best view of my profile. He says it was his first sight of me, with my profile against fire-glow, that made him fall in love with me, an attitude I always save for special occasions. He smoked awhile, then I said in a dreamily casual way: "I saw Annette Forsythe down town this afternoon."

He grunted a nondescript answer.

"She had on the most gorgeous scarf, one of those new ones—"

A wary gleam came into his eye.

"So that's it, you scheming female! That's what all this seductive dinner leads up to!"

"You misjudge me, Tod," I said reproachfully. "If I wanted a little trifle of a scarf, I shouldn't spend money on steak and mushrooms to get it."

"I was only drawing on four years of experience," he teased. "Glad to know I was mistaken, though."

"Well," I went on, letting that pass, "the scarf

was the key, as it were, to her general air of prosperity. They've moved into one of those wonderful new apartments over on Shaughnessy Street."

"H'm!" said Tod, pulling reflectively at his pipe. "Paul must be doing well by himself."

"He is," I agreed. "They are starting off in late July for three months in Europe."

I put my chin in my hand and stared pensively into the fire. Annette had been rather high-hat about going abroad. Not that I hold anything against her for that. In her place it is quite likely that I should have been the same. She didn't act that way through any feeling of superiority. It was sheer thrill, and a desire to be sophisticated about it in these days when everyone trips to Europe—well, nearly everyone. We had met in the arcade at Marshall and Best's.

"Hello, Annette," I said. "Are you on the hunt for Thursday bargains, too?"

"Oh, hello," she said, with an affected drawl she uses when she thinks she can get away with it. "Is it really Thursday? Oh, no, I wasn't built for bargains."

"Be natural, Annette," I jollied her. "It's only me, that's chased many a bargain with you!"

She laughed then, and came down a peg or two.

"Well, to tell the truth," she said, "I was really hoping to find an autumn coat, not too heavy."

"Wise woman. Thrifty little housewife, buying her autumn coat in the spring—"

"Heavens!" she interrupted, tilting her nose. "I'm not driven to that yet. As a matter of fact, Paul and I are running over to Europe toward the end of July, and I wanted some sort of coat that could stand being racked about, you know."

Europe! All my life I had been longing for just such a trip, but when I married a struggling artist thought of it as coming in the far, dim future only. And here was Paul Forsythe taking his wife—and he and Tod had been classmates! It was more than I could bear to have Annette pluming herself on Paul's success, and, in a back-handed way, pitying me because my Tod was slower. He was fearfully irresponsible, I grant you, and something of a professional procrastinator as well, but he put out far more brilliant work than Paul Forsythe could

ever hope to do. So, with my eyes on Annette's tilted nose, I calmly said: "How nice, Annette! We've been talking of doing it, too."

Which was perfectly true. We had talked about it endlessly, but that was the nearest we ever got. However, Annette came down the last peg at that. When you know her little airs and graces, and let her see that they don't deceive you, she becomes really human and likeable.

"Oh, how jolly, Gipsy!" she said sincerely. "Couldn't we arrange to go together, and when the boys are messing around with pictures, we can do the sights!"

It made me all excited, too, although I knew it was ridiculous even to think of the possibility, and I told her Tod and I would talk it over. When I got home, I did some good solid thinking, decided upon the first course of action, and paved the way for that "talk" with Tod. So, while he pulled at his pipe, I put my chin in my hand and addressed the coals in a sweetly melancholy voice.

"And to think that Annette should be seeing Europe before I do! It won't mean half as much to her as it would to me. Isn't it queer, Toddy, that with ocean liners leaving our very doorstep, as it were, I've never set foot on one?"

Tod chewed his pipe-stem for a moment or two, then leaned over and turned my face up to his.

"Listen to me," he said. "If Paul Forsythe can take his wife globe-trotting, Tod Macfarlane isn't so slow either. It's coming to you, Gipsy."

Dear simple man! He never could realize that saying a thing was easier than doing, but at least I had put the idea across.

"You know we haven't the money," I said, introducing the next idea. "Don't be a silly old darling, Tod."

"Money? A mere trifle." He waved his pipe grandly. "If we haven't it at present, why—er—well, we'll get it, that's all."

"Wouldn't it be just like a fairy-tale?" I went on. "Imagine Norman towers at sunset, and us two watching. Carcassone! 'I never went to Carcassone'—"

Tod went off in a brown study. I watched, waiting for the right moment to advance further.

Presently he said meditatively: "Do me good to see the Old World. A few extra little things now, they should do it nicely."

Victory thus far, but the harder part had still to be engineered. I produced the latest number of the "Architectural," which I had "planted" purposely on the window-seat. Opening it, at the place where there were cuts of the new Memorial Town Hall at Morfington, I gave it to him.

"You see," I explained, "it says here that they intend filling these wall-spaces with mural decorations. The designs haven't been chosen yet—"

"Well?"

"That's where you come in," I said hopefully. "You could submit some sketches. They will pay big prices for the ones they want, and we could go to Europe on the money."

"Now, look here, my girl," protested my husband, "I'm not a bally old house painter. I have bigger stuff to do."

"Bigger stuff that's harder to sell," I reminded him, hating to do it, but seeing no other way out.

"Why, my dear," he said, and I felt guilty at hurting him, "the last one Markham sold for me is keeping us yet."

"Yes," I admitted. "But its days are numbered. Now look, Tod. You know perfectly well that when you do let yourself come off your high perch, you are a winner every time. Think of those sketches you did for the 'Weekly'! Think of—" and on I went, in spite of his scornful remark that they were mere "triumphs of pot-boiling."

Before I had exhausted my arguments and persuasions, I saw that he wasn't listening to a word. He was gazing intently at the cuts of Morfington Town Hall.

"Just a minute," he said suddenly, and was away into the studio, and back with pad and pencil in no time at all. There was a gleam of inspiration in his eye. All that remained for me to do at the time was to look on, admire, and drop an occasional suggestion. He was enfolded in enthusiasm, and when he laid down his pencil it was midnight.

"Of course," he said, rumpling his hair excitedly, "these are only rough drafts. I'll get them in proper shape tomorrow."

NO MENTION was made of the sketches at breakfast. Purposely, on my part, because I believe in giving things a chance to work out naturally. If they don't do it of their own free will, well, that's a grey horse of another color. After breakfast, Tod wandered around aimlessly, sat in the very chairs I wanted to dust, stood on the very spot I wanted to sweep, and was generally in the way. Finally he said: "There's that Russian exhibit at Scott's I should see."

I wasn't at all surprised. Similar occasions had been frequent. So I remarked politely, "It must be interesting."

He took another turn or two about the room, and spoke again:

"I really ought to drop in and see Markham, too. 'Windworm' will be ready soon, and he may know of some prospects."

"Yes?" still politely, but deciding that what I had planned in case this should happen was not a bit too drastic. "Oh, Tod," as if in afterthought, "would you mind fetching out that studio rug? I want to give it an airing. There's a dear."

When he was well in, I shut the door and turned the key softly. He heard it, and came jerking at the handle.

"What's the big idea?" he said. "The rug isn't in here anyway."

"I know it isn't," I answered calmly. "It's hanging out the back window."

"You vixen! Let me out!"

"Not until you finish those sketches, dearie," I said. "You said you were going to do them today, and now is the time to begin. When they are finished, you may come out."

"Look here, Gipsy, don't be all sorts of a little fool," he growled, shaking the door violently. "I refuse to be coerced like that."

"When the sketches are done, you may come out," I repeated. "This hurts me more than it does you."

He pummelled the door, stamped about, then came back to say sulkily, "I'll just put my time in on 'Windworm,' so there, Smarty!"

"I'm sorry," I said sweetly, "but I carried all your tubes and brushes out before breakfast this morning, and put them in the hall cupboard. There really is nothing in there to work with but your pad and pencil, and the rough drafts you made last night."

"You little—demon!"

He began to rage around again, but I went on with my work. Presently, when I listened at the keyhole, there was absolute silence. I couldn't tell whether he was sulking or working, but hoped for the best. At noon I opened the door cautiously, just wide enough to shove in a tray.

"Lunch!" I called.

His shoulders were bent over the table and he didn't move. I caught a muffled "All right," so I backed out and ate my own lunch in the alcove, feeling rather lonesome. It was a perfect day, with the birds carolling like mad, and the nurse-girls tripping along to the park with their little charges, as chirpy as the birds themselves, and looking like the flowers in the park borders. Ordinarily Tod and I would have been going out for a whiff of spring on such an afternoon. Suddenly it seemed a shame for him to be cooped up inside four walls, and anyway, it wouldn't be much fun for me to go out into all that blitheness alone. As soon as the clock struck half past three, I invaded the studio.

"Tod, dear," I said, "let's go out for a ramble. It's a heavenly day!"

"Gad—wouldn't old Paul and I have some high old times! Like schooldays again."

When the sketches were mailed to Morfington, such a period of suspense ensued that every unusual sound made my knees almost too wobbly to support me. Tod, being a man, did not suffer to quite the same extent. Besides, the work of the moment was always the most interesting to him. But here was I, having involved myself by leading Annette to believe it quite possible that we might go with them. And everything depended upon the very uncertain decision of the judges at Morfington. There was one small consolation in the fact that, if necessary, I could tell her "something important" prevented us going this time, which would be perfectly true.

One day there came a letter for Tod with the Morfington postmark. I fairly flew into the studio with it.

"Three cheers and a tiger!" I cried. "I'll bet you've got it, Tod!"

Now it was he who kept cool and tried to pin me to earth. He took the letter, opened it, and read it with a man's maddening precision about correspondence. I was prancing with impatience.

"For heaven's sake, hurry and tell me, Tod!"

"It might mean a lot, and then again it might mean nothing at all," he said, while I went limp. "They want me to come down and see them."

"You great, big silly," I said. "Nothing at all! If it were that, why on earth would they want to see you?"

"You must remember, Gipsy, that there were likely dozens of sketches sent in. I will admit that they must be interested in mine, but I don't suppose that I'm the only guy they want to see."

IN SPITE of his calmness over the letter, on the day he went down to Morfington he was as simmering with excitement as I was. That day was a total loss for me. All I could do was to rove about the place, pretending to work, and to go out for a restless prow around the block. It seemed centuries until I heard his step on the stair. Then

I was scared to see him, for fear I should not be able to bear the disappointment in his face. He came into the living-room and I persuaded myself that his cheerfulness was forced.

"Fine way to welcome a wandering husband home, this is," he said, rubbing his hands as shopkeepers are supposed to do.

"I'm scared, Toddie. Break it gently."

"Scared?" He roared with laughter. "Scared to meet a successful husband!"

"Tod!"

We were both delirious after that. For once in my life I was as irresponsible as my husband. As for the price, it almost took my breath away.

"Tod, you old duck!" I gasped. "Why, we'll be able to travel like plutocrats—for us!"

"Well, he said judicially, 'it's a tidy sum.'"

"Did they give you the cheque?"

"No, had to wait for some municipal O.K. or something. Will advise me shortly, and all that, you know. But it's safe enough."

On the strength of it, we lost little time in asking Paul and Annette to dinner and discuss plans. Part of theirs were already made, and after much poring over routes and dates, and incessant chatter, our arrangements were completed. After preliminary wanderings in Brittany, they were to reach Paris on the first of August. There they would reserve rooms for us all at the Hotel du Nord for the second and third, and then we would start for Italy and the Austrian Tyrol, leaving Paris and England until the end of

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Now it was he who kept cool and tried to pin me to earth. He took the letter, opened it, and read it with a man's maddening precision about correspondence, I was prancing with impatience.

He looked around as if he scarcely saw me, and said in a most preoccupied way: "Terribly busy, Gip. Can't spare the time."

Well, nobody to blame but myself. I tried not to feel too forlorn, and went off alone. When I came in he had them in shape to send off. He was so pleased with his day's work that he forgot my trickery of the morning, and we spent the evening building castles in the air. It was easy, in such an atmosphere, to introduce a proposal that we try to go when Annette and Paul did, if—!



It had all happened in the flash of a second. Two guns—two shots sounding as one, and Little Benny had slumped forward over the card table shot through the body.

Illustrated by Newton Brett

COVENTRY swore that nothing on earth would take him back to Three Point Rivers. That Coventry had driven himself to the utmost was evinced by his panting horse. That he, himself, was near exhaustion was not quite so evident. His eyes, mere slits, were weary and dog-tired, yet gleamed with the passion of battle; of the fox who has, for a time, successfully eluded the huntsmen. From beneath his rain-dripping Stetson he peered through the night, the way he had come; his arm was thrown over his horse's neck, and with growing exultancy he listened to the waters, below him, rushing through the canyon.

It had been a great run, a glorious run. John Coventry smiled grimly. Back there, somewhere, was the man—Sergeant Garth McGoobe of the Canadian Mounted.

Three Point Rivers had never been kind to Coventry. Prospector, woodsman, hunter — and outlaw, Coventry had, for the past year, followed the "lone trail," frequenting Three Point Rivers only as occasion required, or as the mood took him, which, indeed, was seldom, for Coventry hated Three Point Rivers and its three hundred-odd inhabitants with an intensity which months had not alleviated.

From the moment when he had returned to his cabin and found the note left by his wife, Mary, had Coventry broke against the law. In his first burst of passion he had saddled his horse and sought to follow the week-old trail of his fleeing wife, and Omett—Omett, the handsome, dare-devil scapegrace, who for long had been under the probing eyes of the police; but they could never get anything on Omett. And Coventry, with weeks of baffled search behind him, broken, embittered, took to the hills, where he lived by his courage—and his guns.

The Outlaw's Son

By Thomas Forsyth-Hunter

They called him Black Drummond, the Outlaw. But they did not know that Black Drummond was Coventry, the man whose wife had run away with another, for months the talk of the North. No, they never connected Coventry with Black Drummond, the Outlaw. Even Sergeant McGoobe was at fault there.

Only now—that ill-fated moment in the Blue Stone Saloon, when Little Benny, the gambler, had risen from the card-table, and with one finger extended at Coventry, who was seated across from him, said: "Why, God—you're Black Drummond! How Little Benny knew, Coventry never stopped to conjecture. It had all happened in the flash of a second. Two guns—two shots sounding as one. Little Benny had slumped forward over the card-table, shot through the body. Coventry was outside and racing through the night on White Star's back. But before he had passed outside Three Point Rivers he heard the shouts of men, in which, above all, was the stentorian voice of Sergeant McGoobe, and the clattering of horses.

Coventry smiled ironically. Oh, yes, he was what they called a bad-man, heartless, cunning, dangerous, cruel, merciless, ruthless.

They knew now, though, that Black Drummond was Coventry. Sergeant McGoobe was a stubborn bloodhound once he got started. Coventry knew this, but he only laughed. The day was never made when they would get Coventry, alias Black Drummond. There was a little place in the hills

where he, Coventry, would be safe. Three Point Rivers and its surroundings would never see him again.

In Little Benny he had killed his first man. He had often wondered how it would feel. He knew now. He sensed the fierce exhilaration which goes with it; the razor-edged sharpness, the unconscious handling of his guns, the roving keenness of the eyes, the needle-sharp shrewdness of the brain.

He had led them—that rough mountain posse which had followed on the heels of Sergeant McGoobe—down Pan Handle Gorge, and there had eluded them. Well, there wasn't another horse as fleet-footed as White Star, nor a man who was as careful of erasing his trail as he, Coventry.

Through drenched masses of foliage he and White Star had trotted. Soaked to the skin, scratched by hanging boughs, Coventry had kept on. They had come to Pete Canyon. At the narrowest place it was twenty feet across. White Star had jumped it. That was at dusk of the second day. He had saved miles of circling by thus trusting to White Star's power.

Now it was dark again, still raining, and as Coventry listened to the snarling of the waters in the canyon he laughed grimly.

He felt safe now. Even supposing they were to pick up his trail, it would take his pursuers many, many hours to get up to Pete Canyon, and many more to get around. And by then he, Coventry, would be hidden in the hills. They would never find him. No, not even the astute Sergeant McGoobe.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that just at present he was in a country he didn't know. Still, he would take his time, slowly circling as he advanced. The next dawn but one should see him safely hidden in his little stronghold.

But now, he would get out of hearing of these

snarling waters of the canyon. Somehow they began to irritate him. Giving White Star a loose rein, Coventry pushed on into the woods.

PERHAPS three hours had passed when White Star abruptly stopped and uttered a faint whinny. Coventry lifted his head from his breast, where for the past hour he had been sunk in bitter reflection. Scarcely half a dozen yards away stood the dim outline of a cabin. In one window flickered a light.

For a moment the outlaw was undecided. Then he shrugged, and whispered to White Star:

"It's shelter anyway, old pal; and food, we trust, eh?"

Fastening White Star in the shelter of a clump of pine, Coventry walked across the little clearing to the cabin. On the way to the door he passed the window. He looked in.

The scene he beheld startled him. The little room was strangely desolate of furnishing. The stump of a candle was glued to a tin on a crudely hewn table. In one corner was a woman's rocking body. Her face was covered with her hands. She was crying.

Coventry stood for a moment, staring. In that instant he knew that he and White Star would go without food that night. A woman. Coventry would as soon turn back to meet McGoober as to ask favor of a woman. To him a woman meant but one thing. He had come to hate women, looking upon them as all the same.

He was turning away from the window, the old wound reopened, when he glimpsed something which held him.

By the woman's side, lying on an impoverished bed, was a baby. From where he stood, even in the ghostly flickering of the candle, Coventry saw the deathly whiteness of the little face, its opened, twitching mouth, its laborious breathing.

The baby's face fascinated him. Somehow it was familiar. Its eyes he imagined, should be blue, its hair sandy. Even though the face was so wan, so pitifully haggard, the chin and lips showed resoluteness of character.

Where had he seen that child before? Coventry asked himself. He had seen the child. He knew he had. Yet he knew that he never had seen the child until this moment.

With a sudden decisiveness, not knowing why, Coventry walked to the door. He pushed against it. It was unfastened, and opened to his touch. Stepping inside, he turned to close the door behind him, but a sudden gust of wind tore the door-knob from his grasp.

The woman started to her feet, turned—and screamed.

IT WAS a sickly and sunken face which stared at Coventry, a face which once must have promised much beauty. She was young, and old, a little slip of a thing, in a ragged white gown, with blue eyes and sandy hair.

John Coventry stood as one thunder-stricken. All vestige of blood was drained from his face, leaving it an unnatural whiteness. He stared. Then his face became suffused with a great fury. It was a terrible face. The woman pushed out her hands in mute appeal, as if to ward off an attack. A cold, satisfied smile played about Coventry's mouth. Suggestively he fingered his gun.

"So—Mary, we meet again."

Her hands fluttered to her throat, as if she were choking.

"Yes, you have found me," she whispered at length. "What—what are you going to do—to me?"

He smiled sardonically.

"Do? Why—kill you, of course. I swore," he said deliberately, "that when I found you I would kill you—kill you both, the hound!"

"You will never kill him," she answered, with a shudder.

"I swore I would kill you," he continued, not heeding her interruption, "as you—killed all that was good in me. You know—" he smiled that slow, terrible smile of his "you know who I am?"

Her lips refused to speak.

"I am Black Drummond."

She was moved, as he had meant her to be.

"You—you are Black Drummond, the Outlaw?"

He nodded coolly.

"Yes, I am Black Drummond. Black Drummond, the stage-robber. Black Drummond, the

terror of the hills. And Black Drummond—the murderer. Yes, I am Black Drummond—and you are Black Drummond's lawfully-wedded wife!"

She moaned.

"Mary, perhaps you do not know how a man feels when the woman he has loved goes the hellish way you went," he went on with the same deadly calmness. "It is a horrible thing. When you went with that cur, Omett, you killed that which was me. My God! why did you do it?" A sudden wave of passion engulfed him. "I was working for you, loving you. In my heart you were something pure, something that was—good, beautiful,—wonderful. And all the time—that loveliness was breathing its vile poison into the heart of its mate."

At this she cried out sharply.

"And—and now—I am going to kill you, and Omett," he said, lifelessly.

"Not him," she managed to whisper.

"Oh, yes. Wherever he be I will find him, some time. Perhaps," he looked at her searchingly, "I would not be far wrong in thinking he had left you?"

She lifted her head.

"Never mind." And added: "If you are going to kill me—do it now." She tried to be proud, but her lips quivered.

He nodded, no relenting on his face, nor in his heart. She stood immovable, facing him, white as the death which was so near. The outlaw lifted one of his guns; his finger pressed lightly against the trigger, and tightened, as he took perfect aim on her heart. But he could not help but gloat for a moment. His revenge was soon to be a reality. Then Omett. He laughed to himself, mirthlessly. Then his mouth grew taut, and his gun slipped sideways, as to his ear came a thin, hacking cough. "What's that?"

passion. His hand gripped the woman's bare shoulder, and he swung her to her feet, facing him.

"So—his baby! Yours and his! Damn you! Oh, God, that it should be thrown back at me like this. I'll—I'll kill you here and now, before that infant's eyes, and your blood shall harden on its body!"

She flung herself from his grasp, with a sudden frenzy.

"What are you talking about?" she cried wildly. "Who says it is Omett's son?" She struck at his face with her clenched fist. "Oh, you cursed fool! Don't you know? That baby—it is ours. He is your son. Yours!"

His gun fell unheeded to the floor. He shrank back from her passion, like a struck dog. He clutched at his throat.

"Our son," he whispered hoarsely. "Our son. My—son. Beware, and do not make a mock of me—"

"As if I would, at such a time. He's dying."

Can't you understand? Dying for want of food. And he will die—in a little while. You watch—he'll die."

He looked at her, afraid that her senses were going. Then his eyes dropped to the baby, and clung, with terror in their depths, on the deathly whiteness of the little face, the poor, emaciated cheeks, flushed in spots, the spasmodic contraction of the eyes, its laborious breathing. His baby. His baby. Of course, he understood now—his chin, his lips. They belonged to him, John Coventry. Yet—when she had left with Omett?

"Mary—tell me. For God's sake, tell me—everything." No longer was he the hard, merciless avenger.

"Oh, yes, I will tell you." She spoke rapidly, her hands opening and closing at her breast. "Oh, I was a fool, I know." A rending sob shook her.

"But listen to me. I never lived with him. We came straight to this cabin, without a pause. He left me in the cabin while he went outside to see to the horses. It was dark and windy. I heard a cry. I ran outside—and found him—on his back—the two horses backing and plunging nearby. He never regained consciousness—but died an hour later."

"My God! But why didn't you come back, then? I would have forgiven you—had I known."

"As if you could know—that. Tears gathered in her eyes. "Oh, I was a fool, a wicked fool. But I've paid for it. I've suffered."

"I've suffered too. I meant—I meant to kill you," he said miserably.

"Kill me now. It will be peace."

He shook his head. "Not—now."

"I want to die—with Baby. God, do you think I want to live—without my baby?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"No—milk. No—food. Something's the matter—with his lungs."

"Where was—he born?"

"Here—eight months after I left you. Oh, if I had only thought, known, I would never have been—such a fool."

"And you—suffered alone?"

A shudder shook her. "Please don't talk about it. God knows how I came through. How I've kept my baby with me for so long I don't know. I got a little food—bits at a time."

"Poor little girlie."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"You call me—me," she gulped, "—that."

"Why, of course. Maybe—I love you still."

"Is it possible?"

He smiled sadly. Then—

Continued on page 72



White Star's lean body rippled as he sprang out. The yawning gulf showed below.



Her hands fluttered to her throat, as if choking. "Yes, you found me," she whispered.

He was forgotten. With a rending sob the woman turned to the impoverished bed, and threw herself face down over the little twitching body.

Wonderingly he looked over her shoulder. The baby which he had seen from the window. So strangely familiar. Blue eyes and sandy hair. And—and Mary had blue eyes and sandy hair. He started, and once again his face was engulfed with

The Young Lochinvars of Hockey



Front Row
(left to right):
F. G. Maxwell,
R. Benson,
F. Fredrickson,
M. Goodman,
W. Byron.

Back Row
(left to right):
H. Axford,
H. Woodman,
H. Haldorson,
R. Johanneson,
C. Fridfinson.

THE FALCON HOCKEY TEAM—Winners of the World's Championship at the Olympic Games, Stockholm, Sweden, 1920.

*Young Lochinvar is come out of the West!
Through all the wide prairie his skill was the best;
And save his good hickory, he weapon had none.
Oh, all the West grieves that its Lochie is gone.*

SO MAY Scott's famous poem be parodied to describe the migrations of hundreds of Western Canadian youths to Eastern Canada and the United States. Many a boy who a few years ago played hockey on backyard rinks, with tousled head and sagging ankles, has this year received his passport under the classification of "professional entertainer," thereby putting himself into the ranks of the Martin Harveys and the Harry Lauders.

And in no sport is the honor better deserved than in this king of winter games, for in the practice of it sheer physical ability is not enough, any more than is the bulldog courage of the prize-

By W. D. Stovel

fighter. Heeney would not last long on the steel blades. In the ideal hockey player there must be a rare combination of obedience under discipline, initiative in tight corners, sobriety, mental alertness, and unselfishness as regards teamplay, to balance the good sense of physical equilibrium, the strong constitution and "that quick spirit that is in Anthony," as friend Brutus once said.

Yet with all these potentialities you might not have a hockey player. There must be first the desire to play. This may come in many ways: perhaps a father, a brother, or a cousin has played on some "big" team; perhaps there is a strong club of older boys in the neighborhood, or perhaps there is an idol at school who is a star with the puck and stick. And so, without conceding very

much to the influence of heredity, we at least can admit that environment has a lot to do with it.

"GEE—IMINY, Brick, d'ja see that one curve"? "Aw that ain't nuthin'; watch this one an' see if it don't smoke."

Both strange and wonderful is the way of a boy with a stick—a wee stick which may be battered, splintered and taped almost beyond recognition. We see him "creeping like snail, unwillingly to school," with his "g'ogerphy," scribbler and an apple crammed into his pockets and a stick in his hand. As he walks backward down the middle of the icy street he is intently engaged in shooting a rubber disc to a companion who follows him at a suitable distance.

How vaingloriously he smiles as he picks a "high one" nonchalantly out of the air! And wouldn't he rather die than show any sign of the excruciating

Continued on page 56



JUNIOR HOCKEY FINALS—SEASON 1924-25

Regina Patricias, Saskatchewan Champions.

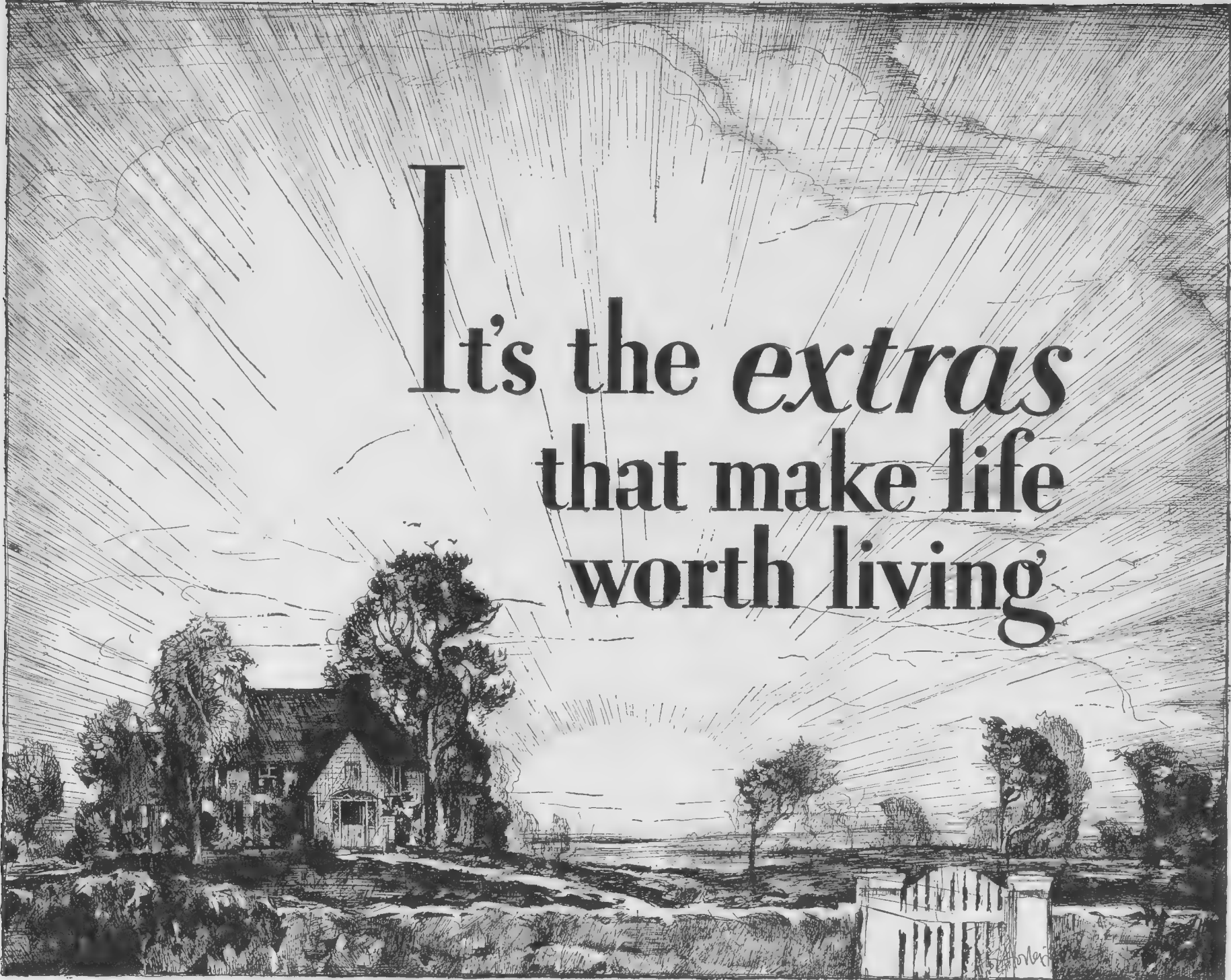
Owen Sound Greys, Canadian and Ontario Champions.

Front Row (left to right): L. Cain, B. Flarity, H. Silverthorn (Owen Sound), *E. Watson, *R. Martin, S. Buckles (Calgary). Second Row (left to right): *T. Graham, G. Elliott, J. Jamieson, *M. Keeling, H. Smith, E. Wright, *R. Weiland (Owen Sound), L. Doll, E. Lewis, E. Poulin, *B. Irving, J. Gleason, *J. Loucks, *V. Ripley, *H. Lewis, *S. Adams (Calgary). Third Row (left to right): J. Gilhooley, *J. Gottselig, H. Cassell, *S. Acaster, J. Cunniff, *K. Doarty, B. Dowie (Regina), J. Grant, R. Davis, R. Stephenson, R. Johnson, J. McVicar, *A. Chapman, *H. White (Winnipeg Tigers). Fourth Row (left to right): E. Pratt, N. Whitten, P. Ryan, E. P. Hicks (Owen Sound), W. Graham (Regina), R. Hamell (Owen Sound), W. Ripley, J. Clements (Calgary). Back Row (left to right): C. Scannell (Regina), J. E. Myers, L. S. Mitchell (Winnipeg Tigers), A. R. Morrison (Winnipeg Playgrounds Commissioner), W. J. Holmes (Amphitheatre Rink Proprietor), A. Dowd (President Winnipeg Junior League), E. Wasdell (Tigers).

The players whose names are marked marked by an asterik have become associated with professional leagues.

Winnipeg Tigers, Manitoba Champions.

Calgary Canadians, Western and Alberta Champions.



It's the *extras* that make life worth living

YOU buy a cottage. It has a lovely view. That's the extra.
You buy a tire guaranteed 12,000 miles. It gives you 13,000.
That's the extra.

No matter what you are getting, wise buying will almost always find the extra—the baker's dozen.

When you buy laundry soap you are buying cleaning help. And when you're getting help, get *extra* help.

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help—*extra* help that saves *you* by making your work easier.

For every golden bar of Fels-Naptha brings you two active cleaners instead of one. Good golden soap and plenty of naptha (you can

smell it!), combined by the special Fels-Naptha process. Naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt-remover; working together they get your clothes clean without hard rubbing . . . they help you save *yourself* . . . and that's why millions of women say "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

With washing machine or tub, Fels-Naptha gives you this generous *extra* help—in cool, hot or lukewarm water—or when your clothes are boiled. It's excellent for painted woodwork and other general household cleaning, too. This is *extra* help that you should have. So ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha today. Get it by the bar or in the convenient 10-bar carton.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



At the Top of the Mast

By Peter B. Kyne

Illustrated by W. H. Rankin

CONCLUSION

FOR three days following his arrival in Portland, Detective O'Shea gave himself up to seeing the sights of that interesting city while he waited for a telegram from Rand. It came, on the evening of the third day. Rand wired that he had a splendid property down on Coos Bay, Oregon, and was sending his partner, McDougall, to Portland the following day to consult with him. O'Shea wired back immediately:

"Would prefer that you come yourself, if possible. Haven't met McDougall and would much prefer to do business with you."

"That will make him uneasy," O'Shea mused, "and he'll be afraid to take chances. So will his partner, and he'll urge Rand to come in person. Rand can't refuse, for his partner will batter down all of his excuses. Guess I'd better wire Horton."

He did. Whereupon Horton swore to a complaint, on information and belief, and a felony warrant was issued for John F. Mallory, alias Frederick Rand, alias Henry Price, and dropped in the mail with a special delivery stamp on the envelope. That envelope had no sooner been deposited in the San Francisco post office than Detective O'Shea received a wire from Rand, stating that in deference to the former's wishes, he was coming to Portland himself.

Rand arrived at O'Shea's hotel in Portland some eight hours before the warrant for his arrest. He had a map of ten thousand acres of Douglas fir down on Coos Bay, and suggested that they go down there, starting the following morning, for an examination of the property.

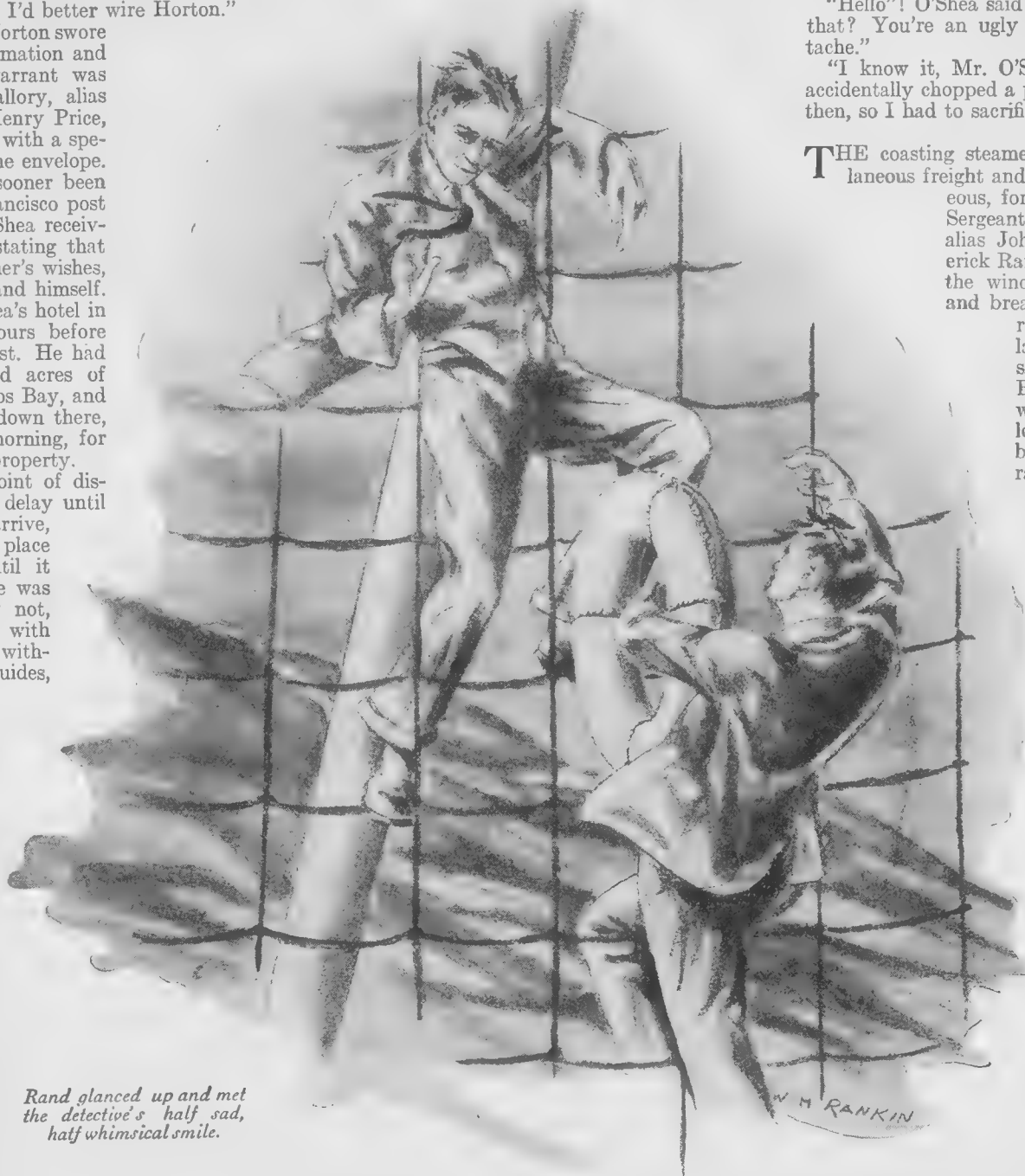
O'Shea was on the point of dissenting and playing for delay until the warrant should arrive, whereupon he would place Rand under arrest, until it occurred to him that he was on his vacation! Why not, then, combine business with pleasure? Rand would, without doubt, secure guides, cruisers and horses and take him on a tour of inspection of the property, and the trip would doubtless be most enjoyable. It would take them a week at least to make even a cursory survey of the property.

The prospect of a week's camping trip in the great northern woods decided Detective O'Shea. He would not serve the warrant in Portland, but would hold it in case of emergency. He would look at the land, declare himself willing to purchase it, and induce Rand to accompany him to San Francisco voluntarily for the alleged purpose of closing the deal. And he would arrange it with Horton that immediately upon their arrival in San Francisco some other officer would make the actual arrest, and Rand would be none the wiser, for once arrested and charged with felony he would, of course, naturally abandon any further efforts to close out for the timber lands with O'Shea. He would consider that his arrest and impending conviction would frighten his pseudo customer away.

"I'll do just that," soliloquized O'Shea. "Somehow or other I like this fellow, and I hate this roping business. I'll just play this thing so Rand will never find me out. He's a crook and I'm on my vacation. Damn the odds. I'll give him the old bunk about my bankers and my wife's consent, and once he thinks he has me hooked, he'll be afraid to let me out of his sight. After all, why should he be suspicious? To all intents and purposes he's been dead for a year and a half. He'll

take a chance and follow me to close this deal." "We'll start in the morning, Mr. Rand, he informed his victim. "And as I suppose we'll be out in the woods at least a week, I'm going to buy a fishing-rod and a rifle and some outing clothes."

"By all means," replied Rand, and he went with Detective O'Shea and helped him to select his purchases.



Rand glanced up and met the detective's half sad, half whimsical smile.

THAT was without doubt the finest vacation Detective O'Shea had ever had. The manager of the North Bend Lumber Company, which owned the land that O'Shea pretended to be inspecting, furnished them with horses, a guide, an excellent cook and grub for ten days, and they plunged into the wilderness. When they returned they were bearded, ragged, and tanned, and excessively cheerful. O'Shea professed himself as delighted with the property, and but one obstacle stood in the way of his immediate purchase of it. As a matter of principle he always consulted his wife and advised with her, but this, he assured Rand, was a mere formality. Would Rand accompany him to San Francisco and consummate the deal? It would be necessary for O'Shea to arrange with the bank there for the transfer of funds from his bank in Decatur, Illinois. Moreover, the main office of the North Bend Lumber Company was in San Francisco and

it would be necessary to proceed there in order to look over the abstract of title and have the deed drawn up by a reliable attorney. In fact, O'Shea cited a number of reasons why Rand should accompany him to San Francisco, any one of which dwindled into insignificance when compared with the all-important reason—the desire for a tremendous commission to McDougall & Rand.

As O'Shea figured he would, Rand readily consented to accompany him. As a steamer was sailing from North Bend for San Francisco the following morning, he suggested that they book their passage on her, and O'Shea declared he would go and purchase tickets. When he returned he was secretly amused to discover that as a precautionary measure, Rand had shaved his moustache!

"Hello!" O'Shea said bluntly. "Why did you do that? You're an ugly customer without a moustache."

"I know it, Mr. O'Shea. But while shaving I accidentally chopped a piece off it. It was lopsided then, so I had to sacrifice it entirely."

THE coasting steamer Omega, carrying miscellaneous freight and passengers (also miscellaneous, for its list included Detective Sergeant O'Shea and Henry Price, alias John F. Mallory, alias Frederick Rand), proceeded slowly down the winding channel of Coos Bay and breasted the choppy seas that

rolled in from the Pacific to lash themselves into a wild smother of foam on Coos Bay bar. To the south and west the sky was dark and lowering, and a southerly breeze, carrying a hint of rain, sang through the rigging of the Omega. Detective O'Shea, finding that his head and stomach were inclined to behave in the open air, left his stateroom a few minutes after the first premonitory wallow of the steamer informed him she was passing out, and climbed to the hurricane deck.

In the lee of the chart house and just aft the bridge he paused to light a cigar. The captain, enveloped in a heavy watch coat, was striding nervously backward and forward across the bridge, pausing occasionally to stick his head through a little opening from the bridge into the pilot house and address a brief order to the man at the wheel. While O'Shea was standing there Rand came up on deck and joined him.

"I don't like the looks of this bar, O'Shea," he said. "It's breaking very

heavily. I do wish we'd crossed out earlier in the day. It's getting rougher every minute, and dinner is out of the question until we strike smooth water—good land of love, Rand, look at that wave!"

"Hang on!" yelled the captain, and the two passengers sprang for the iron bridge-railing and grasped it, just as a huge green sea came in over the port counter, swept the entire length of the hurricane deck and poured off in huge cascades on the starboard side, carrying everything movable with it. O'Shea and Rand were drenched to the skin and a little frightened as the water receded and left them, half-blinded and gasping, still clinging to the iron bridge railing. They could feel the Omega shiver with the impact of the terrific slap from that sea.

"The helmsman let her fall off that time," sputtered Rand. "She took that sea over her counter. Listen to the skipper roast him."



"Oh, it's a Parsee coat I picked up at Malta," Mrs. Iselin says of this becoming frock, gorgeously embroidered in the hues that best set off her beauty. She designed it herself, like the debonair caped "highwayman's" coat worn with the chic Reboux tricorne of the larger portrait.



MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II is the wife of the internationally distinguished yachtsman. Her chic, her charm, her Titian beauty, her generous heart, her merry wit, and her many brilliant talents make her one of the smartest and one of the best-loved women in society.



"Women are loveliest in evening dress," says Mrs. Iselin. "There is charm in smooth white skin!" This dramatic Lanvin model of antique green brocade and silver lace reveals the ivory beauty of Mrs. Iselin's neck and arms. A magenta girdle and slippers with magenta heels are worn.

"A lovely skin is essential to Chic," says

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

MRS. ISELIN'S BEAUTY recalls the gorgeous Renaissance. She has burnished copper hair and wonderful green eyes like precious jewels. Her perfect skin is white and smooth as ivory. Tall, smartly slender, graceful in every gesture, Mrs. Iselin is famous for her chic.

Color is her hobby. Color can make or mar a woman's beauty. For her own auburn type she chooses tawny browns and tans, yellows and greens. Her home is a magnificence of color. Every tint but pink is in the great living room—red lead floor, lemon yellow walls, sapphire and magenta, flame, emerald.

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"The Cold Cream has always been my standby. Now the Tissues are exquisite for removing cold cream. The Freshener keeps your skin firm and young. The Vanishing Cream gives a delightful powder base. I've used it on my hands for years."



Mrs. Iselin's dressing table with special green glass gift jars made by Pond's to hold her Two Creams and Freshener.



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The skipper was, indeed, reproving the helmsman in no uncertain language. "Hold her head up, you blighter," he roared. "Hold her up. D'ye want to blanket her and sink us like pig lead?"

"She won't hold up, sir," the helmsman shouted back. "I gave her half a dozen spokes that time, sir, and she wouldn't answer me."

O'Shea saw the captain spring to the speaking-tube that led to the engine-room. "Kick her wide open and give her all you have," he called to the chief. He looked up as he turned from the tube and saw his two passengers still clinging to the rail. O'Shea expected the captain would grin at their bedraggled appearance, but instead, the sight of him and Rand appeared to deepen the anxious look in the master's eyes, and instinctively O'Shea scented trouble.

"Go below and lock yourselves in your cabin, gentlemen," the captain commanded. "We're in for a bad buffeting on the bar and if you hang around the deck we're extremely liable to lose you—hard-a-port!"

The last words were a ringing shout, and through the little aperture leading from the bridge into the pilot house O'Shea could see the spokes flying as the helmsman spun the wheel. But the Omega was sluggish and another sea came in over her counter, completely blanketing her. As it receded the captain again took up the speaking-tube and O'Shea pressed nearer to hear what he might say.

"What's the matter down there?" he heard. "Haven't you got any steam? She keeps falling off, Chief. She won't buck into them and ride them out—leaky tubes! Oh, damn the owners! Why will they send us to sea in a coffin? . . . Yes, Chief, I know. But pour the fuel into her. I can't turn back now. I might lose my rudder. It's safer to go ahead. Maybe we'll weather it."

Slowly the Omega crept out over the bar, shipping a sea every few minutes, wallowing frightfully and groaning in all her aged timbers. They were almost over when a succession of monstrous combers came rushing in from sea to meet her. She rose to the first and rode it out, swung a little, despite the helmsman's desperate efforts to hold her head up, and took the second wave over her lower decks. While she was still awash, yawing frightfully, the third sea blanketed her completely.

"What the devil's the matter with her?" shouted O'Shea.

"Leaky, rotten boilers, that's all," replied Rand coolly. "She's a big boat in a frightful sea and she hasn't power enough to buck her way through." He reached for a cork ring that hung on the bridge railing at the starboard end, and slipped it over his shoulders.

"Better help yourself, O'Shea," he advised. "We'll be lucky if we aren't kicked back on the bar smothered and banged to pieces."

At that instant the fourth wave hit her. She heeled far over on the port side and swung broadside on in the trough of that awful sea. An instant later another sea had snatched her rudder out as clean as a dentist extracts a tooth, and O'Shea saw the wreckage whirled by, riding high on the crest of the departing wave. Thirty seconds later another monster wave raked her, and before their very eyes the charthouse tore loose from its anchor bolts and went over the side. The captain, grasping the other cork ring at the port end of the bridge, went with it.

"This is no place for the head of the O'Shea family," gasped Mike O'Shea. "To the top of the mast for me. This is a wet spot," and as the water receded for a brief period, he rushed for the main-

mast shrouds. Rand followed him and ere the next wave swept the doomed Omega, driving her a hundred yards shoreward, hunter and hunted were high in the ratlines above the boiling wash of the decks.

Screams echoed through the dying ship, and beyond, in the smother of foam, O'Shea could make out half a dozen human forms struggling hopelessly. With her rudder gone the Omega was hopeless, and under a merciless and trip-hammer buffeting from the ravenous seas, she drove rapidly toward shore. A dozen of her crew and passengers had sought safety in the mizzen rigging, but the main rigging remained occupied exclusively by O'Shea and Rand.

Presently, as the battered hull drifted over the darkening water, her house went by the board, and tons of water poured into her engine room, exploding her boilers and drowning her engine crew like rats in a hole. With the engine dead, the boat drifted more rapidly. She presently entered the long fringe of white spume that marked a sunken reef. Over the first ledge she drove; rose high on the crest of a wave and fell with a horrible crash, impaling herself on a spindle of

rock that thrust its cruel nose six feet into her vitals. Her back was broken and her stern torn loose, carrying the poor devils in the mizzen rigging into eternity. Detective O'Shea turned his face away and climbed higher in the rigging, nor paused until he had reached the masthead. Rand followed him.

They were alone on the wreck of the Omega, and of the Omega all that showed above the water was sixty feet of mainmast, at the top of which the two men clung. Rand still had his cork ring around his body, but O'Shea had nothing but his two sturdy arms and legs to defend his life when the mast should eventually go.

In fifteen years on the San Francisco police force, Mike O'Shea had risked life too often to be afraid now in the face of death. Moreover, he was of the breed that dares to face it smiling, and he smiled now as he glanced down at the man he had been sent to rope. Fate had played Horton and him a colossal joke and Michael F. O'Shea was human enough to laugh any time the joke was on him. Rand glanced up and met the detective's half-sad, half-whimsical smile. He did not smile back, for there was no humor in this dreadful predicament for him. Nevertheless he essayed a jest.

"It's pretty tough, losing a nice fat commission, after I've worked so hard to put this land deal over," he complained.

Again O'Shea smiled. He liked Rand for that speech. "I wish you joy of your life preserver," he retorted. "If a fellow could win past these breakers there's fairly smooth water inside the reef. I believe I could make it, but drat the luck, I never learned to swim."

"It will be rather hard on Mrs. O'Shea and the kiddies," said Rand sympathetically. "Still, it isn't half so hard when a man knows he's leaving his family well provided for."

O'Shea winced at that. He thought of his wife and the little girls and his boy Jim, awaiting his return in the little mortgaged cottage in the Mission, and the whimsical look died out in his Irish face while his fine eyes filled with tears.

"It's tough," he murmured. "It's awful tough." Rand unswung the cork ring from his body and handed it up to Detective Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea. A wise business man always protects his deals," he said, with another faint attempt at humor. "I can swim a little, and we might get through and put this deal over yet. If I don't—

well, what matter? You've a family—you've got responsibilities—the world needs you. Take the life preserver, my friend, and try for the shore before you get chilled clinging here in your wet clothing."

O'Shea choked up. He could not speak, so filled was he with admiration and gratitude to this hunted man for his simple sacrifice. He wanted that cork ring—not for himself, but for his loved ones at home—for his girls, that he might guard and protect them, for his boy, that he might train him in the same rugged honesty that had brought his father to his death. But under the circumstances, Michael P. O'Shea knew he could not accept. He was a roper, and this man who made the offer was a crook. O'Shea shook his head.

"You're a brave man," said Rand simply. He reached out his hand and clasped O'Shea's. "But I'm not afraid to go, either. In fact, I'm a little glad it's coming, friend. It may save me the disgrace of some day blowing out my own light."

Even in that supreme moment Mike O'Shea was detective enough to be a good listener.

"I have something on my mind, O'Shea," Rand continued quickly. "It's sat on my soul so long I've got to tell it to somebody, and of all the men I've ever met you seem to be the only one that would understand."

He drew a check-book and a fountain pen from his pocket. "Hold me, O'Shea," he continued. "I want to write something."

O'Shea held him and Rand wrote. The detective couldn't help seeing what it was his victim was writing. It was a promissory note for twenty thousand dollars, in favor of the Pacific Life Insurance Company, and Rand signed it "John F. Mallory." Then he blotted it and endorsed the note "Frederick Rand." He handed it to O'Shea.

"We're going to take our chances together on this cork ring, O'Shea," he said. "I want you to take this promissory note. It constitutes a valid claim against my estate, which is able to pay it. If I am drowned and you survive, turn this note over to the Pacific Life Insurance Company at San Francisco. I owe them twenty thousand dollars. Now listen to what I am going to tell you, O'Shea. It's important, and your testimony is all that will help right a wrong—that is, if you survive. If we both go out—why, the thing ends there. But if one or the other of us gets through, I want to square myself. I've always intended to, but I've procrastinated, and besides, nobody knew me and I needed the money to give myself another chance in life."

Detective Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea tucked the note, written on the back of a blank check, in his inside vest pocket.

"Very well, Henry Price," he said calmly. "I'll do that for you, if I live. And never mind your story. I know all about it—everything except the motives back of it. The fact of the matter is, my friend, I'm not a timber-buyer at all. I'm Michael P. O'Shea, a detective sergeant from the San Francisco police bureau, and I came to Victoria to get you. I'm what we call a roper. I've induced you to put your foot on American soil, and if we had reached San Francisco you would have been arrested and charged with a felony on this insurance deal the moment you came down the gang-plank," and O'Shea unbuttoned his vest and showed his shield pinned to his suspender. From an inside coat pocket he brought forth the warrant for Rand's arrest and showed it to his prisoner.

"There's the warrant for you," he said blithely. "Watch me serve it," and he tore it up and tossed the fragments into the surf.

Rand's face was very white and pitiful. "But I—I—" he stammered—

"—are no crook," supplemented O'Shea. "You're an honest man and the only honest man I ever knew that did time. You forged a check and did three years in Joliet. Why?"

"It was a woman's honor against mine," replied Rand brokenly. "I thought more of hers."

"I believe you," O'Shea answered. "And this insurance deal—that was an accident. I always said so. You paid the premium a year in advance, which was throwing away money, because you pulled the trick in six months. Again, why?"

"I married, you know—and I changed my name and moved to California before that. I didn't tell my wife. I thought perhaps she would never know. I—"

"One of your old friends from Joliet bumped into you and blackmailed you, eh? They usually do—the damned crooks!"

Rand nodded. "My poor wife had social aspirations, O'Shea, and the good Lord hadn't given her a very broad vision. The news hurt her. She was



The White Road

By William Thompson

*In and out among the trees
My wandering white road bends;
I wonder where it comes from
And where its journey ends.*

*My cot is on the hill side
The white road passes by,
And trails its way to somewhere
I often wonder why.*

*Grave pine trees march beside it—
The little road I mean—
And footprints in the drifting snow
Make furrows in between.*

*Its path is like a vagrant brook
That turns and twists and bends—
Perhaps it just goes on and on
And never really ends.*



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This is only to be expected, for Fisher pioneered closed body building nearly twenty years ago—and co-pioneer.

Fisher first created the closed body at reasonable prices twenty years ago—and in every price division today, Fisher is creating new, finer beauty, durability and body value in the brilliant cars which are listed herewith.

CADILLAC • LASALLE • MCLAUGHLIN-BUICK • OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE
PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

The Young Man and His Problem

The Personal Pronoun

SOME time ago, a Manitoba business man handed me a letter that he had received from a firm of wholesalers and remarked that he thought I might find some peculiar features in it. The letter read as follows:

GENTLEMEN:

We have your favor of the 9th instant, asking us to send samples of baseball gloves and mitts. We are sending by express a selection from our range. You will note that we have made a big improvement in the appearance of our baseball goods this year.

We had Mr. Ellor, of the Mail Order Department, and Mr. Wallis, of your Toronto store, in to see us, and they expressed themselves as well pleased with our line this year, and are using a full range.

We also sent a set of samples some time ago to your Mail Order Department No. 22, and they have sent us in some nice orders for the numbers they selected.

We trust you will go carefully over these samples that we are sending and we feel sure that you will find the goods satisfactory and that the prices will compare with anything that is being offered.

We may also say that we are putting up the goods in very attractive display boxes which will help considerably in selling them.

We also have a nice line of baseballs and we are sending you a few of these samples. We think you will find these balls compare very favorably with anything else that is on the market, and we shall be pleased to receive your orders for any of the numbers that we have sent samples of.

Yours very truly,

I think that perhaps the feature that impressed the business man who handed me this letter was the number of times the personal pronoun occurs. All told, the words "we," "our," and "us" occur twenty-one times, and each paragraph begins with "we." The fault of such a letter is, perhaps, that it is too self-centred and that it does not consider sufficiently the reader's point of view.

By way of contrast another letter, also trying to secure business, is presented:

GENTLEMEN:

The crowds, like moths, are attracted to the light.

Are your show windows so brightly lighted that the passing crowds Stop and Look.

Competition is keen—but if you show the value of your merchandise by attractive, well-lighted displays, you will sell it.

Light your show window displays with X-Ray reflectors. They will create sales.

X-Ray are the original and most powerful reflectors made. Over five millions are in use.

Without obligation to you, we will explain how the lighting of your show windows can be improved and if you desire, give a complete layout for using X-Ray reflectors for either white or color lighting.

Telephone us—Kinloch 46 or Bell 607-W when to come over.

Very truly yours,

Not one of the paragraphs in this second letter begins with the personal pronoun, the emphasis being placed rather upon the customer and his interests.

The discussion may be concluded here, perhaps, by a quotation from an article by the Bishop of Southampton concerning certain Japanese customs:

"If the traveller attempts a few words of the Japanese language, he promptly discovers that not only is there no direct translation for "I want," "I hope," "I think," and all our other self-conscious forms of speech, but the Japanese pronoun "I" is a matter of four syllables, and is sparingly used; A Japanese will talk for ten minutes without using it.

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

The Worst of it

SOMEWHAT frequently young men consult me personally with regard to courses of study that might prove helpful to them as a means of promotion and after listening to a recital of their aims and ambitions, I have made such suggestions as I thought might prove helpful to them.

Somewhat frequently, too, I have received some such answers as the following:

"I believe that would be a good course, and I should like to take it, but the worst of it is that it will take a lot of time."

Occasionally, I have been able to persuade such students that the time would be well spent, but as a rule, a student who thinks in terms of "the worst of it" does not make satisfactory progress. If he could catch knowledge as easily, say, as he might catch the measles, he might be satisfied, but he begrudges the time and effort necessary for the acquirement of more technical knowledge, and often finds, when it is too late, that the golden opportunity has passed, and that he is condemned to routine work for lack of an earlier effort of will-power.

Professor William James has put the secret of achievement in a few words:

"If you only care enough for a result, you will almost certainly attain it. If you wish to be rich, you will be rich; if you wish to be learned, you will be learned . . . Only you must, then, really wish these things, and wish them with exclusiveness, and not wish at the same time a hundred other incompatible things just as strongly."

For young men who have left school, and who are working, the correspondence school may frequently prove a great help. Many technical subjects may now be studied by mail courses. In such courses, pamphlets covering sections of the subjects selected are supplied week by week, together with instruction sheets; the students work and return the lesson sheets, and these are carefully corrected and graded, and sent back with such supplementary material as may be necessary. Frequently, during or after the course, bound volumes are supplied as additional reference material.

Many technical courses are now offered by mail instruction, and in the field of business, postal courses have proved particularly successful. Among the subjects offered by postal courses are:

Shorthand,
Typewriting,
Business Arithmetic,
Advertising and Salesmanship,
Secretarial Training,
Office Practice,
Modern Languages,
Business Correspondence,
English Composition,
Penmanship,
Bookkeeping and Accounting,
Cartooning,
Commercial Law,
Applied Economics,
Business Administration.

The editor of this page will be pleased to help young men in their choice of suitable courses, and inquiries concerning the course and cost of postal courses will be answered promptly.

The Stamp Collector

A MASSIVE volume of 1760 pages has been issued by the Scott Stamp and Coin Company, 1 West 47th Street, New York, for the guidance of stamp collectors, who form a fraternity in all parts of the world, numbering many thousands. There are several Canadian stamp societies and in these, Western Canadians are well represented. Recent years have witnessed many new stamp issues by the various countries of the world, including some most attractive issues in Canada, the new Canadian air mail stamp being one of the most recent.

To chronicle all these new issues, the Scott catalogue has been greatly enlarged, but the price, two dollars, remains the same.

The present edition, which is the 85th, gives the date of issue, shape, and value, of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any government in the world, with illustrations of nearly every type of stamp. The present market values are also given.

There is a special eight-page section providing information for young collectors, and a watermark section of twenty pages, which illustrates every watermark appearing on the stamps listed in the catalogue. These illustrations were made through a photographic process and are exact reproductions of the watermarks as they appear on the stamps. Other special sections relate to stamps procurable in sets and to supplies needed by collectors.

Chronicles of new issues are recorded in Scott's Monthly Journal, a magazine for collectors, issued at one dollar a year. In this are included notes on new stamps, a question and answer department, and interesting illustrated feature articles by authoritative writers.

According to the catalogue, the first Canadian stamp, a three-penny red, was issued in 1851. Today, it is valued at \$125.00 unused, and at \$15.00 used. A Canadian twelve-penny black, is valued at \$1,250.00 unused, and \$100.00 used. Another variety of the same stamp is so scarce that it is not priced. The Canadian section of the volume requires seven closely printed pages to chronicle the issues of the Dominion.

The Use of Time

IN AN article in Pitman's Journal of Commercial Education, it is said that the distribution of time raises problems. Part of each day must be devoted to rest, for the majority of us another part must be spent in toil, and there is none who is without daily leisure.

One eminent British lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, expressed his opinion in the well-known couplet:

*Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spent in prayer, the rest on Nature fix.*

Another, by Sir William Jones, distributes time differently:

*Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven.*

Modern conditions may require a different allotment of time and it is certain that ideas on the wisdom or folly of the distribution of time differ. The young man would be well advised, however, to give some thought to the question and to ask if he is spending his time to good advantage.

Perhaps the quotations that follow may help in making a decision:

I wasted time, and now time doth waste me.—Shakespeare.

We take no note of time but from its loss.—Young.

O call back yesterday, bid time return.—Shakespeare.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.—Mason.

We must improve our time; time goes with rapid foot.—Ovid.

Nobody has ever found the gods so much his friend that he can promise himself another day.—Seneca.

Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost.—Bishop Horne.

Time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, signifying that we must take time (as we say) by the forelock, for when it is once past, there is no recalling it.—Swift.

Swift's Premium



When buying a whole—half—or sliced Ham or Bacon look for the distinctive "Swift" branding on the side.



THE delicious goodness, rich flavor and superior quality of Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon have long been recognizable in taste and savor by those who appreciate superior foods.

These famous Swift products have also been easily identified by distinctive package and branding, but as a further safeguard to the discriminating purchaser and conscientious dealer—in addition to the parchment wrapper, the blue no parboiling tag and the large "Swift's Premium" brand on the rind,—the name "Swift" is branded in dots on the side of each piece.

Premium Bacon is as distinctively tender and fine-flavored as Premium Ham. Served alone or cooked with other foods, it gives them additional richness and fine savor. As in the case of Premium Ham—Premium Bacon is also easily identified by the brand, "Swift," which appears in dots on the side.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

"Famous for Brookfield Butter, Eggs and Cheese"

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



The House of Comfort

By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

Written for *The Western Home Monthly*

NEARLY all of us have, at some time, surrendered to the joy of home building—not for us the apartment block with its stuffy little over-decorated closets dignified by the name of rooms—or the house where the monthly rent is always due. The house, however small, must be the only house in the world where we can take vast comfort in installing our household gods. One of the compensations of a lean purse is that nearly always a little house is more lovable than a large one. I must not, I suppose, speak for the whole world, but to most of us it is a fact, and no doubt because we enjoy an intimacy in the building of a small house which is generally entrusted to others in the building of the mansion.

Our home-building instinct begins early. Babies build with blocks, little girls play with doll houses, and unfortunate is he whose boyhood has not contained the hut built in the bush. There is no game the youngsters love so much as playing at house, and as we grow older the happiest of mortals is he who can still retain the childhood's impulse of playing at building a house.

A few years ago I was staying at one of the magnificent hostleries which have sprung up from coast to coast. I looked out of my turreted window away down upon the sleeping city which clustered around the great hotel, seeing the regular lines of the roofs below me in the moonlight, and seeing indescribably blue the great river running seaward beside it. And on the opposite shores in the far circle of the hills the quiet trees surmounting them, and in the bright moonlight I saw this house. The next day I went to it and at the closer view it drew my affections, giving a sense of having its foundation in the warm kindly earth—not merely an artificial construction of man's hands. The finger of time had touched its roof-tree and left a mellow sense of hominess. I could imagine the tender care that had been given it by its occupants as I stepped on the brick threshold—an entrance is generally a guide to the character of a home, an index to the taste and personality of the people who dwell in it—this

one was no exception. The round-headed feudal-looking entrance with its plank door studded with nails and wrought-iron hinges gave notice to the world of the protection it afforded and yet the four



The round headed feudal-looking entrance gave notice to the world of protection it afforded, and yet the small four panes smiling at you had an air of invitation

small panes smiling at you had an air of invitation. The iron lanterns suspended on each side gave a light of welcome; the old-fashioned tubs with bushes in them completed the scene. And there the house stood with its wide rough-sawn spruce clapboarded sides mitred cunningly at the corners. Since entering that doorway I have often thought of the impression given by this house and at last have striven to translate some of its magic on paper.

A house can look just what it pleases.

This one looked to me like a home—a place to rest in.

Not a house for one of those desirous of instant perfection or a house that could pass through long naked months of waiting to be sold and then hustled into the arms of an intolerant buyer. Its loveliness grew upon me gradually—a home to be happy in once you have stepped across its protecting threshold into the vestibule, taken off the outdoor clothes and are in the hallway, watching the stairs climb past the regular windows, then entering the living-room.

We all know how some rooms are ugly and remain ugly in spite of all our efforts to overcome the evil. We hang pictures, fill the libraries with rare and beautiful volumes, lay down Persian carpets and yet in spite of all these it remains ugly. But I cannot imagine this living room as being undesirable. Character as well as the scale of a room is determined and established by the fireplace, which theoretically dominates. Proportion in a room is vital to its success, for on proportion depends the measure of failure or success of the interior. Splashing color about is not a remedy, piling decoration on decoration will not deceive. We instinctively know that there is a false harmony—a jarring chord, so that if the house is badly proportioned, whatever other good features it may have can never fully atone for what is really a fundamental deformity. There is no code of proportion for rooms. Rooms that seem perfectly contented and restful in a farm house would prove entirely inharmonious in a Spanish or Georgian design.

Continued on 42



A picture of DEL MONTE Peaches can only suggest their flavor and luscious appeal. How often do you serve this tempting fruit?

More people want Del Monte than any other canned fruit brand—because the quality inside fulfills the promise the label makes—

AND WHAT VARIETY IT BRINGS TO YOUR TABLE

DEL MONTE PEAS

For instance, garden peas! You'll like our two new styles of grading—each a blend of different sizes, much as you would shell them at home. Early Garden Sugar, a blend of all but the largest and smallest sizes. Midget, a blend of very small sizes only. In both, the finest flavor ever achieved in canned peas.



FRUITS FOR SALAD

Or think of a real fruit salad right on your pantry shelf—ready to serve! Five delicious fruits—from a single can. They save time in shopping—and the bother of preparation! *Inexpensive*, too—compared with equally tempting combinations made at home!

Help For Those "3-meals-a-day." For more than 200 suggestions on the service of these and other DEL MONTE Products, let us send you "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and our collection of DEL MONTE recipe folders, especially planned to meet the needs of everyday meals. All of them free. Address Department 37-T California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

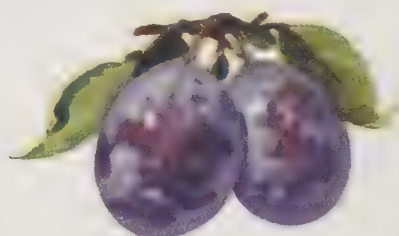


CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

And don't overlook Crushed Pineapple—with all its delightful, tropical flavor and fresh appeal. Almost no limit to its many handy uses—for fruit cocktails, tarts, puddings, sherbets and drinks. The best of Hawaiian fruit—in every can!

FRESH PRUNES

Not dried prunes—not canned stewed prunes—but *ripe* prunes, canned fresh from the tree when bursting with juice. What distinction of flavor! And how you'll like their new appeal. Sweet, but not too sweet—with just a touch of tartness to give them zest. Especially fine for breakfast. Remember—DEL MONTE *Fresh Prunes*—in cans.



MORE THAN A HUNDRED



DELICIOUS VARIETIES

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**

The "table cloth" for bare tables



ON the bare table, so chic today, a beautiful finish is the only cover. Yet never, even when guarded by cloth and pad, has the table been better protected from scratches and scars.

Surely the modern hostess does not use former furniture polishes that merely cleaned or left a gloss of grease to show even finger prints. What, then, is her secret? Johnson's Wax! It spreads an invisible "table cloth," a hard and flexible film that guards against the scratching of silverware, the white rings from perspiring goblets, the searing of hot plates.

Merely applying it takes up every vestige of dirt. It rubs to a rich cloudless lustre that

softly mirrors your china and glassware. Dust glides off its greaseless surface. Finger marks fade away like a breath.

Equal wonders are waiting for your discovery when you try Johnson's Wax on all your furniture, woodwork, leather upholstery, motor car. And your floors will stop growing older the day you put on them the beautifying armour of Johnson's Wax. It wards off wear and grime; keeps them forever lustrous, satin-like, unblemished.

Mail the coupon now and try it.



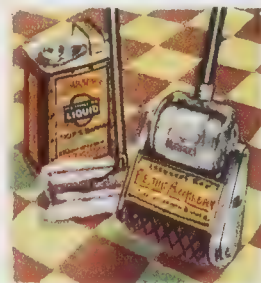
S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Limited, Brantford, Canada
"The Interior Finishing Authorities"

Branches: Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, and Montreal
Waxes, Varnishes, Enamels, Wood Dyes, Fillers, Wall Finishes

The new electric way to wax-polish floors

As easy as walking over them.

Johnson's Electric Floor Polisher does all the work. Great popularity and production have cut the price \$13 on the new model. Reduced from \$48.50 to only \$35.50, complete with lambs' wool mop and one-half gallon of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Sold (or rented by the day for very little) by grocery, hardware, paint, electric, drug, furniture and department stores. The bigger De Luxe Polisher for bigger floors \$75.00



COMPLETE
\$35.50

Johnson's Wax Polish

FOR FLOORS • FURNITURE • WOODWORK • LINOLEUM • AUTOMOBILES

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Limited, Dept. W-2, Brantford, Canada

Send me enough Johnson's Liquid Wax for my dining table or the floor of a small room. Also your illustrated booklet on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps.

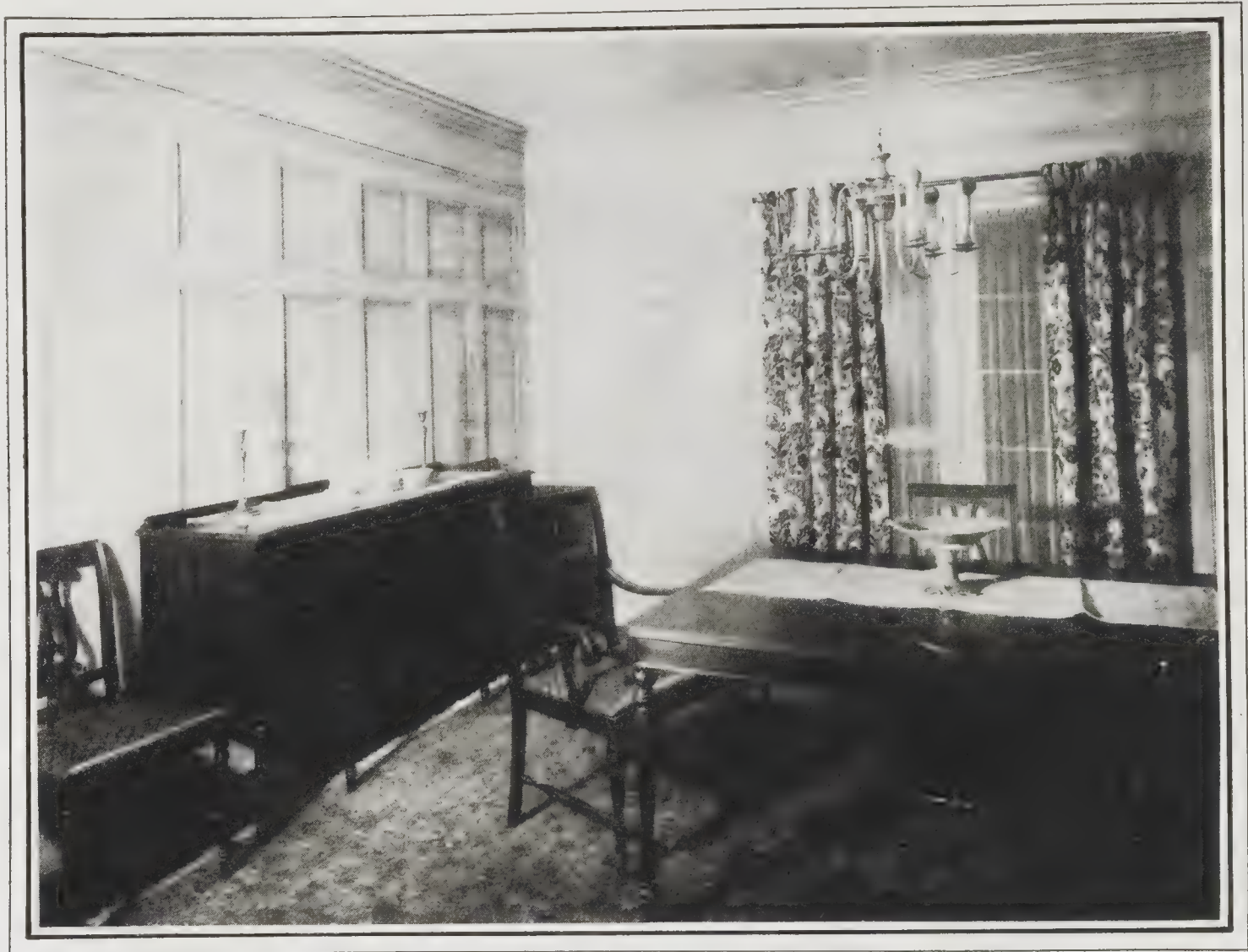
What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers? ☐

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

PROVINCE



The dining-room, whatever its style, becomes to a marked degree the background of the table when dinner is served

We Dress our Tables in Many Modes

Finding Variety in Every Type of Needlework and a Broad Range of Colors

By Katherine M. Caldwell

THE dining-room, as the scene of so much of our most gracious hospitality, and as the pleasant gathering-place of the family in the relaxation of the dinner hour, offers the home-maker peculiar opportunity for the exercise of her best gifts. I have been giving special attention lately to the new ideas for the incidentals of dining-room equipment, which the smart shops are featuring, and to charming adaptations of old ideas with which clever women are gaining good effects. Napery, silver, china and glass, have never been so varied and so interesting before; have never had opportunity to mean so much in the distinctive filling of their various offices.

This fact holds, no matter what the architectural style of your dining-room or what the style of its furniture. Perhaps your room is a stately place of panelled walls, silk damask, glowing woods, a beautiful period room carefully carried out. Maybe it is a simple modern room, a pleasant blend of old and new such as the dining-room shown in our illustration. Or if you are one of those adventurous souls who like to try out new paths, you may have "gone modernistic," achieving, if you have done it well, a smartly novel effect. Or again, you may dine in a bright little room, beautiful because you have made it so with a simple foundation and stains and paints cleverly mixed with "taste and sense."

I am not going to speak of these matters this month—the dining-room itself is to be just *background* for our topic. It is the "furnishing of the furniture" that holds our interest for the moment with the table as the principal focal point.

JUST as we have almost unlimited choice in the styles for our major furnishing, so we have it in everything from the covering we put upon our table to the flatware at each place. It is not such a long time since the well-dressed table would wear nothing but a cloth of snowy damask; degrees of grandeur were measured by the fineness of the linen, the clearness and beauty of its satiny design.

Then came innovations. The conservative woman paused—if she did even that—looked them askance and clung to her damask. Gradually, however, the advantages of the individual place doily and its runner for the centre of the table, battered down the original resistance; it was so *sensible*—so easy to use, so easy to launder, and it could be replaced in sections in case of an accident! The most conservative home maker granted the doily service its place.

The new arrival needed only to get its foot in the door, to sell fabrics to the housekeeper which she had not dreamed of using before. Heavy linens—even cheap coarse linen that could be made up nicely to have quite the air of handicraft; cottons, such as repp; and for gay summer sets, the ubiquitous chintz, offered itself in too clever a fashion to be refused; I never cared so much for the all-chintz doilies as for the hem of chintz applied to natural or colored fabric in a plain weave.

We now look upon our doily sets as so important that we use them for the loveliest and most elaborate forms. Exquisite sets from Italy and France are encrusted with embroideries and hand-made laces, chiefly fillet, Venetian and fine Irish lace. Such sets grace the most formal board—for the hostess who does a great deal of entertaining will, as a rule, dress her table in all the accepted styles, to gain the natural social advantage of broad variety.

We have even the all-lace set—and here again one must marvel at the speed with which a new idea is caught up and its results offered us in many ways. Your all-lace set may be the so-called "antique fillet"—its color, a rich creamy tint or an écreu, its thread very heavy and pattern usually rather bold. This type of lace sold at a moderately high figure when it first made its appearance, but countries in which work of this kind is done extra-

ordinarily cheaply, have taken up the making of antique fillet and are sending us very good looking sets that will sell around \$5.00—I have even seen them as low as \$3.95; thirteen pieces in very good quality may be had for \$6.95 and \$8.95.

Next in the order of expense come quite fine qualities in the large-meshed antique fillet, at several times those prices. And if loveliness and not cost is a consideration, one can have a rare lace in the whole or almost all of the doily.

CLOSE upon the heels of the individual place doily, came the long runners which extend the full length of the table at each side, falling more or less over the ends. Each runner carries the desired number of places; individual doilies of the same width take care of the two end places and there is a matching centrepiece which may be long or short. I have gone carefully over the stock of leading linen merchants to see if these long runners have broken in, as yet, to the ranks of the lower-priced sets, but find that they still appear only in the more exquisite materials, laces or richly embroidered linens heavy with the loveliest laces. There is no question of the acceptance of this kind of table dressing for the formal occasion—I think that one of its first sponsors was the Lady of Ontario's Government House at the occasion of the Prince of Wales' first visit; the exquisite table of the state dinner given for the Prince, carried runners of beautiful lace the full length of the very long dinner table.

But do not let me give the impression that these things, by virtue of either novelty or loveliness, have displaced damask in popular favor. As is natural when anything novel takes our fancy and has the merit to justify its acceptance, doilies of all kinds, runners in variety, and many types of small cloths, did seem to threaten the damask cloth with at least temporary oblivion; but the moment passed. We realized that we could no more

Continued on page 68

Come Let Us Read A While

By Sheila Rand

When Women Fight

OF ALL the depressing books I have read lately, the prize, I think, must go to "War among Ladies," by Eleanor Scott. Ever since I had experience of being a pupil teacher in an L.C.C. school many, many years ago, I have always shuddered at what my fate might have been had I become a fully-fledged teacher. One starts off with such high ideals—the young plant to train the way it should grow, the plastic mind to mould, virgin soil to be sown with seeds that will bear fragrant flowers and rich fruit. What joy to see the wakening intelligence. Who of the teaching profession has not experienced the rush of these emotions? And then the disillusionment, the realization that the school teacher influence is slight compared to the home influence and that her strength is naught when one considers the mighty, unseen antagonists, heredity and ancestral background. "How pessimistic you are!" I hear some teachers exclaim. Yes, and only because I have just finished "War Among Ladies," which has for its subject a school room, for its actors, women teachers; for its scenes, the revolving duties and superficially-given lessons, the making up of time-tables, the telling children not to talk, the supervising of the lunch hour and all the wearisome, petty trivialities that seem to thrust aside the things that should be of importance in school life.

Eleanor Scott has drawn a most depressing and impressive picture of scholastic inefficiency, petty intrigue, cattishness, neurosis, failure and lonely spinsterhood. There really is not a bright spot in the whole story and the pitiable plight of Miss Cullen, who realizes that she can no longer teach but who dare not resign because she will lose her pension—and without this pension her twenty years of hard work are as naught and she will be penniless. Very, very cleverly written, but in such a minor key and all in grey tints that this book will certainly not become popular among those who wish to encourage women to enter the teaching profession.

Hunting

SEVERAL reviews in leading English newspapers had led me to expect a combination of lewdness and brilliance in Margot Asquith's novel, "Octavia" (Cassell & Co.). There is neither. Those who will seek in this novel for highly-flavored, definitely immoral scenes will be disappointed. Bad taste—yes. Two or three passages could only have been written by someone whose susceptibilities were blunted or, shall we say, whose consideration for other people's susceptibilities were blunted, otherwise the story is peculiarly free of present-day sex insistence. There is nothing brilliant, and this one might have expected from Margot Asquith. What held my attention most were the chapters devoted to country, the people and the horses. So cleverly has this been done it is just as if Margot Asquith were clicking a camera and later developing the films and giving us the results. I believe it is not the province of a reviewer to touch upon the effect a book had on her, but only to discuss how the author had achieved her purpose, but I must just say this: I have never imagined that there could be a section of society quite so stupid, quite so dull, quite so self-indulgent as the hunting people described in this novel. The story is concerned with Octavia, who at the commencement is interesting and convincing, but who, as she marches through the book, becomes unreal and irritating. Her psychology in her relationship to her young husband, whom she chose for love and no other reason is, I think, quite absurd. Had Octavia been portrayed as a cold, sub-normal girl one would have said that Margot Asquith had portrayed the end truly, but she was a very passionate girl and she proved her passion prior to her engagement. Therefore I say her extraordinary behavior to her husband cannot be accepted, and therefore merely becomes an incident in a novel, instead of making us believe that it could really happen. I wonder if the author got tired; Octavia was enough to tire anyone. I think she must have, because the story trickles out to a most uninteresting and weak ending. I think that most sections

of the reading public will be disappointed with Octavia because it is not as "naughty" as they expected a book by Margot Asquith to be, or because it is not at all brilliant and others because it lacks all humor. This is a very strange indictment—one can hardly imagine that she who has been called "The wittiest woman in England" could have written a book so unrelieved by a single glint of humor.

Unto the Third and Fourth Generation

I ASKED at the library most eagerly for "The Babyons," by Clarence Dane. I am always so interested in everything that this brilliant woman writes. I took it with me on a train journey, four and a half hours there and four and a half hours back, all in the same day, so that I had plenty of time to read without interruption. For my happiness it would have been better had I sat and gazed out of the window at the beauties of an English summer, not spent those hours in company with the queer Babyons with the hint of madness in their wild eyes and the tragedy in the story of each generation. "The Babyons," Clemence Dane's latest novel, becomes very wearisome. I almost said boring, but this would not have been true. It is too cleverly written ever to bore, but it palls dreadfully. As one passes from generation to generation and watches Miss Dane link them up, the story seems so artificial. Curiously enough, the spots in the story which seem well-nigh impossible, are the very ones that impress one with their actuality and make one creep and shiver. This is the writer's art. I am very partial to the family chronicle type of novel, such as "The Babyons," but from 1750 to 1906 is a long stretch and when there is nothing but misery throughout the hundred and fifty years and more, it is no wonder that I was glad when the train steamed into Euston and I shut "The Babyons" securely into my attache-case and went forth into a saner, sweeter atmosphere.

Undiluted Passions

JOHN KNITTEL spares us nothing. Five hundred and twenty-four pages of emotional horrors, dragging us down into the abyss where souls are in torment. This novel, "Into the Abyss," does not seem to belong to this generation. I remember reading its prototype twenty years ago when I sneaked off with a novel no young girl was supposed to read. The author has tremendous power of painting word-pictures and describing emotions and injecting philosophical speculation into dairy farming. No one can deny the strength of this book, but what a horrible subject. The beautiful Terese poisoning her elderly husband with arsenic prior to the birth of a child of which she is the mother and her husband's son the father. The descriptive parts of this book really interested me the most. It was as if I were looking at a number of paintings of a strange country, interpreting the habits and customs of a strange people, a large agricultural area in the Bernese Oberland.

Farewell to Youth

IN "The Pitiful Wife" and "The Lovely Ship," Storm Jameson tortured us with poignant pictures of unhappy women. In "Farewell to Youth," it is the boy, Nat, who pulls our heart-strings from their moorings. Ann is a pitiful and pitiable little thing too, and so is Emily, Nat's marvellous mother and, for that matter, so is James, his father. They are all so lovable and so hurt by life. I think Storm Jameson must have a complex about life! All her books make one ache with its cruelty. Of course, this is a beautifully written story; that goes without saying, seeing who the author is. I love all her books—this as much as any—but "The Lovely Ship" is for me still my favorite. No, I have told you nothing of the plot of this new novel. It is desecration to dish up a plot as if it could be separated from the descriptions of the natural scenery, from the pen portraits, and from the haunting atmosphere.

A Wells Mixture

LOVERS of H. G. Wells will welcome this book, "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island" (Ernest Benn Ltd.), whether they quite grasp the significance of its meaning or not. It is narrative, allegoric, didactic and prophetic, all at different times.

Arnold Blettsworthy, the hero, "one of the Blettsworthys of Wiltshire, you know," is a wealthy young man who makes rather a mess of things in London a few years before the war. His nervous system necessitates a world tour in a tramp steamer and the first half of the book is a delightful and stout story of adventure pure and simple. The captain conceives a malignant hatred of his supercargo and on the wreck of the Golden Lion, somewhere off the coast of South America, he knocks the hero on the head, escapes himself with all the crew and leaves Arnold to his fate. He wakes up in an uncharted island of cannibal, yellow-skinned natives, and for five years spends his life among them, escaping the fate which would have certainly befallen him by reason of his being raised to the eminence of a Mascot and known as the Sacred Lunatic.

Here begins the allegorical part. The inhabitants of Rampole Island are terribly low down in the human scale. They are filthy, cruel, lazy and, of course, ignorant. The fauna are pre-historic. Giant sloths, who neither breed nor die, stand for our moribund institutions, the penalties for so-called crimes, the unintelligible taboos, are all caricatures of our own social system and legislative fatuity. The third part is the story of his return to Europe and his part in the Great War. The allegory is ended and the history of actualities and facts takes place. This last part is a masterly piece of Wellsian description, treated with a restraint we have become unaccustomed to in books from Mr. Wells lately. When the philosophical lawyer, Mr. Ferndyke, arguing with Arnold on the futilities and stupidities of the War, says: "As the dust clears away and because of this War and through this War, the world will have made a great stride forward, a vast stride forward. And when the full reckoning comes, the world will be found a great way nearer peace and unity"—he puts in a nutshell what we all believe and hope for. Take it in many of its aspects, its story of adventure, its story with a purpose or its story of the war, Mr. Wells' new book is a book to read. The last chapter is a masterly survey of things as they are and an optimistic forecast of the future. For that chapter alone, Mr. Wells deserves our thanks.

A Canadian Lyrist

DELPHINIUMS

*Blue, faery flowers a-glimmer in the dawn,
Or, at the noon-tide, burning deeper blue,
Each glowing summer, with her lavish hand,
Kindles your flaunting loveliness anew.*

*Arrayed in splendour 'gainst the grey stone wall,
The guardians of the pleasure, you appear.
The bee sucks nectar from your velvet blooms,
And all your cluster'd beauty speaks good cheer.*

THIS is one of the shorter poems from a slight volume just to hand, "Songs of the Wayside," by May Ethel Smith (published by Arthur H. Stockwell). I believe that Miss Smith is a resident of Winnipeg, so that there will be many Westerners to take interest in her first publication. The poet is obviously a great lover of nature, and sees with delight the beauty of the approach of Spring, the glory of Summer flowers and the Autumnal woods. Here is a verse from her poem, "The Blue Jay," which shows how keen are the observations of this writer of lyrics:

*Like a blue flash of sunshine, darting, quick,
His crest black as the shadows of a midnight sky,
Robbing the rowans of their clusters thick,
Crimson, 'mid tawny leaves that, lingering, die.*

*Or, perched upon the fence, joyous and free,
Rifling the creepers of their inky store,
He dallies still. Then flits from tree to tree,
Wings to the woodland and is seen no more.*



"Isn't he darling?"

The Joy in Healthy Babyhood

SOUND asleep and happy. Cheeks flushed with the pink of health. The faintest of smiles about the rose-bud mouth. Gathering strength for waking hours, when eyes so tightly shut now will open wide, contented and inquiring. . . Growing, always growing, what a joy a healthy baby is!

The happiest, healthiest babies are breast-fed. For, in maternal milk, Nature has provided the ideal food for healthy growth. Maternal milk is germ-free, of correct composition, and protects the child from nutritional diseases such as rickets and others.

Ovaltine Makes Breast-Feeding Possible

Doctors, nurses and mothers are frequently testifying to the remarkable qualities of this delicious beverage for producing a rich supply of maternal milk. Sometimes, too, we hear from a proud and happy father. One recently wrote us:

"My wife and I feel sure that the fact that our baby {7 months} is the most contented and happy baby in the world is due in no small measure to the benefits derived from Ovaltine. My wife, of course, feeds baby herself, and

that is, no doubt, how baby also benefits from this wonderful food.

"There have been one or two occasions when we have been without Ovaltine for a few days, but we very soon found out that it had become absolutely necessary. My wife became easily tired, at times had not sufficient milk to feed baby, and baby was appreciably different.

"All this was altered when Ovaltine was again included in the mother's diet. As the same thing happened, I think, three times, it proved quite conclusively that we were quite right to accord the credit to Ovaltine, and have since taken care not to let the stock run out."

Ovaltine is not a mere haphazard mixture of its several ingredients, but is manufactured by an exclusive scientific process. This retains, *unimpaired*, all the essential elements of its valuable ingredients—ripe barley malt, fresh eggs and creamy milk from England's richest pastures.

Easily digested, Ovaltine provides that priceless reserve vitality which tides expectant mothers over the trying time of confinement . . . enables them to breast-feed baby successfully . . . and brings them back to normal health, again, quickly. Ovaltine is made in England.

Ovaltine is sold at 50c, 75c, \$1.25 and special \$4.50 family size. It is economical to buy the larger tins. Drink Ovaltine for health the year 'round.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

ENABLES MOTHERS TO BREAST-FEED THEIR BABIES

Ovaltine Rusks are a great help when baby is teething. Made from finest Canadian wheat-en flour. More appetizing, easily digested and far more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.



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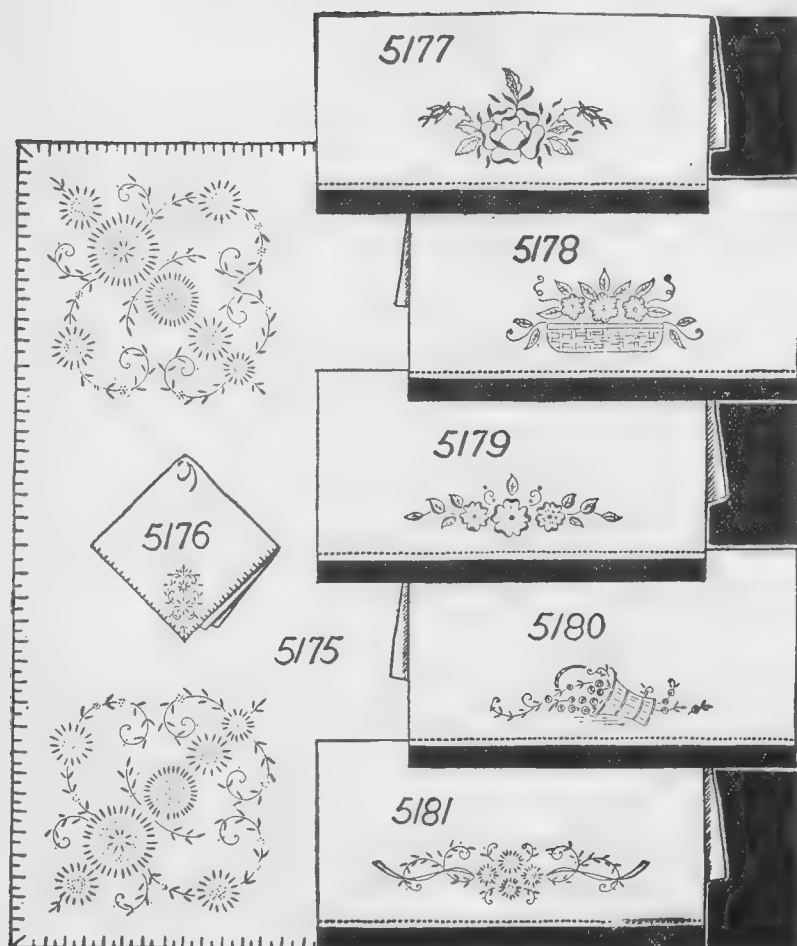
DESIGNS TO CHARM THE HEART OF THE ARTISTIC NEEDLEWOMAN



For Wee Baby

These charming little dresses of a rare daintiness are all that can be desired.

3167-2451—Stamped on soft white nainsook ready to be embroidered \$1.29. On a fine white Swiss muslin \$1.49. C.B. embroidery thread 30c. These two models are also stamped on Crepe-de-Chine, \$3.45. Silk embroidery floss 50c. Tracing pattern 20c each. Hot-iron transfer 35c each.



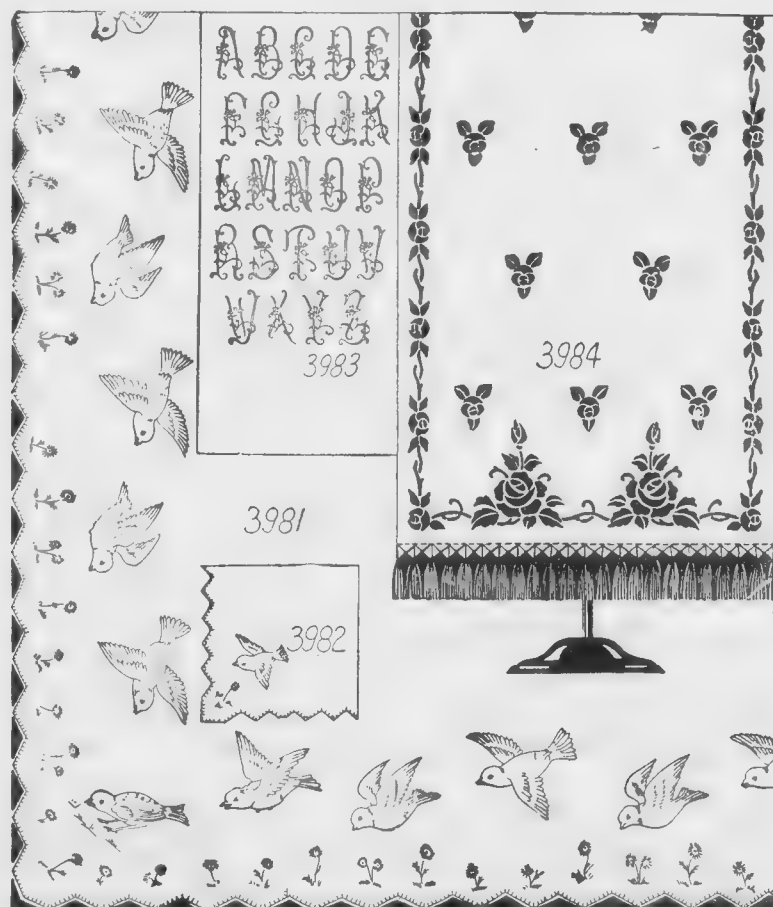
Colored Embroidered articles are always beautiful

5175—Tea Cloth. 36x36 ins. Tracing Pattern 20c. Hot-Iron Transfer 30c. Stamped on Wabasso linen finished cotton best quality \$1.29. On pure English bleached cotton 89c. C.B. Embroidery cotton 30c.

5176—Serviette to match Tea Cloth. Tracing Pattern 15c. Hot-Iron Transfer four for 25c. Stamped on Wabasso unbleached cotton six for 39c. C.B. Embroidery cotton 15c.

5177-5181—Five pretty Towel designs.

Towels—Are made up and finished with hemstitched colored borders of blue, pink, gold or mauve. Stamped with any one of these designs 39c each or two for 75c. C.B. Embroidery cotton 20c.



This is a pretty Bird design to be Embroidered in colors to your own taste

3981—Tea Cloth 44x44 ins. Tracing Pattern 20c. Hot-Iron Transfer 30c. Stamped on Wabasso best quality unbleached cotton 98c. On English linen-finished cotton \$1.98. On pure Irish linen \$2.98. On pure bleached English cotton \$1.29. C.B. Colored Embroidery cotton 40c.

3982—Serviette to match Tea Cloth. 44x44 ins. Tracing Pattern 15c. Hot-Iron Transfer four for 25c. Stamped on best quality Wabasso unbleached cotton four for 39c. On Wabasso linen finished cotton four for 69c. On pure Irish linen \$1.49. On pure bleached English cotton four for 59c. C.B. Colored Embroidery cotton 15c.

3983—Complete Alphabet. Size of Letter 2½ ins. Hot-Iron Transfer two complete alphabets for 30c.

3984—Table Runner 17x52 ins. Tracing pattern 15c. Hot-Iron Transfer 20c. Stamped on ecru linen \$1.09. On Black Satin \$1.98. Silk Embroidery Floss 80c.

Is loss of Charm the PRICE GIRLS PAY for Smoking?

A cigarette poised in dainty fingers—perhaps it does look graceful. And so very sophisticated! But there's a price girls must pay for smoking

TEETH—once white and perfect to look at—soon grow stained and yellow. Delicate membranes of the mouth and throat become parched and dry.

And what is more disastrous to any girl's charm than a stale tobacco breath?

There is only one way to escape the penalties of smoking. Veteran smokers discovered it long ago. Now girls are finding it out.

It is simply to use the one tooth paste created specifically to correct unhealthy mouth conditions. This tooth paste is **Pebeco**.

Pebeco's main ingredient is a special salt that keeps the saliva flowing normally hours after you have brushed your teeth.

At the first taste of Pebeco you feel the quick invigoration, the instant watering of the mouth that its cool, salty tang calls forth.

Stains of nicotine are washed away. Your throat and mouth keep deliciously moist and cool. Your teeth become white and sparkling.

Get a tube of Pebeco. Use it twice a day. See if your mouth does not feel healthier, cleaner. Notice, too, how sweet and fragrant Pebeco keeps your breath.



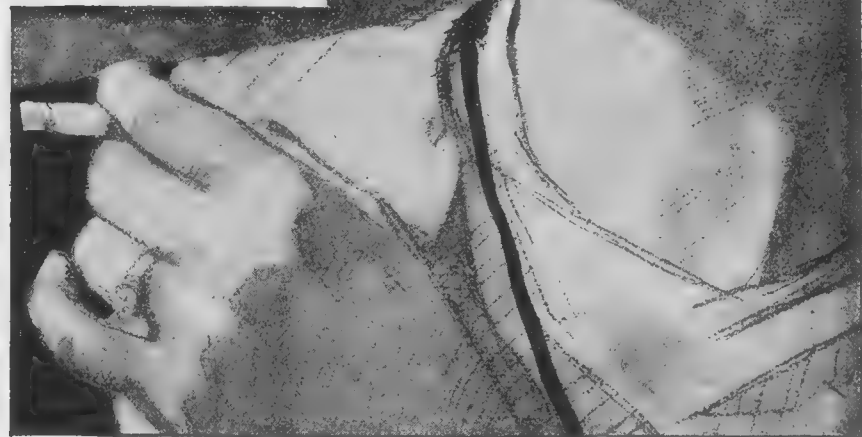
A letter from a veteran smoker

"I find that Pebeco is the only dentifrice that makes my mouth feel thoroughly clean throughout the entire day. I notice also that Pebeco removes all traces from one's breath, leaving a pleasant after-taste and stainless teeth.

"It is a great pleasure to be able to smile and talk close up to people—without the slightest feeling of self-consciousness."

Very truly yours,
(Signed)

C. LORING ELLIOTT



Read this letter from a girl smoker

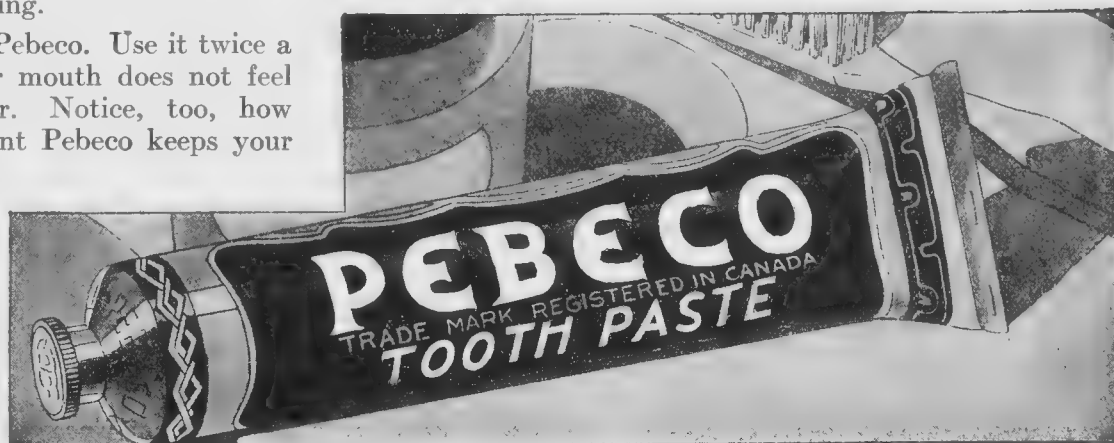
"Any girl who smokes as much as I do (a package of cigarettes a day) has got to be pretty careful of her teeth. When I first started to smoke about two years ago I noticed that my teeth were becoming quite discolored from nicotine. And I almost always had an unpleasant taste in my mouth after too many cigarettes.

"One day a friend suggested Pebeco Tooth Paste. I shall never forget the sensation when I used it for the first time—the fresh, wholesome feeling it gave my mouth. And the marvelous part of it was that this feeling of cleanliness lasted for hours.

"To me, a healthy, moist mouth and white teeth are absolutely essential to a woman's well being—socially and otherwise. Thanks to Pebeco I now enjoy this condition."

Very truly yours,

(Signed) VIRGINIA WARREN



Distributed in Canada
by Lehn & Fink
(Canada), Limited, for
the owners of the
Canadian trade-mark
"Pebeco."

Over thirty years ago a great specialist in oral hygiene created Pebeco's world famous formula. Today millions who use it regularly have sound, healthy teeth—free from harmful mouth acids.

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When You Have Your Bridge Club . .

place on each table one of the smart new Congress Bridge Sets—two mated packs of beautiful Congress Playing Cards, four tally cards, and a score pad; all in matched full color designs with gold edges. Single table sets packed in a decorative gold-stamped telescope case; or three sets in a special package for large parties, gifts, or prizes. Many new designs. At your dealer's . . . or write us if he hasn't these new sets in stock.

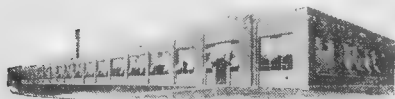
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Easy Lessons in Auction Bridge, 120 pages, complete instructions, and the latest official rules—10c postpaid.



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**CONGRESS
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PLAYING CARDS**
MADE IN CANADA

At the Sign of the Green Light

The After-Christmas Comedy in the Shops

By E. G. Bayne

WOMEN will change anything and everything. They have changed the fashions and the destiny of empires and the map of the world. They have even been known—but tell it not in Gath—to change the figures on a price-ticket. An indulgent world long ago accorded them the privilege of changing their minds, and modern commerce, recognizing certain unstable tendencies in the fair, or shopping sex, has been at pains to establish a system for the return and exchange of purchases. Hence the existence of the numerous try-again departments in all of the large stores. Ninety per cent of the goods accepted over the counters of such departments are the purchases of women.

Take a look at the line-up at any hour of any day and you cannot fail to observe that it is a skirted one. Where a solitary male being has ventured to join it you may be very sure that it's because his wife has sent him. He wears the look of a whipped pup or a groom at a wedding-party. He tries to press in and get his business done but finds himself continually jostled aside until his spirit and the frail package he carries are all but crushed.

Women may be depended upon to take prompt and full advantage of the money-back-if-not-satisfied privilege and they now have the exchange habit so deeply rooted that it is no uncommon thing for a woman to set out on a deliberate buying orgy on a Monday, continuing the debauch Tuesday and Wednesday perhaps, and spending the last three days of the week sobering up at the exchange desk. The weeks immediately following Christmas are, of course, record ones in the exchange departments. You don't have to think up elaborate excuses for having to return anything whatsoever. It is taken for granted that what you have brought is something that some misguided friend gave you for a present and which you haven't the least use for and—whisper—lots of folks manage to do a good deal of January exchanging of July-bought goods during this season when the long lines form to the right under the green light and no questions, or very few, are asked. No, you don't have to explain that the shoes pinched or that the scarf doesn't go with Sally's suit, or that the underwear scratched Bobby. If the goods haven't been soiled, damaged or obviously worn you receive your exchange-slip, "as good as money anywhere in the store," and are passed quickly along to make room for the next person. Debarred from exchange at any time, of course, are such things as veils, rubber goods, false hair, jewelry that has been initialled, kid gloves that have been tried on, and dress goods or other material cut from the piece.

After a big wedding or a series of them, business fairly hums at the silver-and-cut-glass exchange. At these times the department has every appearance of a special exhibit. A recent bride received eight duplicates of a cut-glass berry-bowl, which she ascertained had been purchased at a certain big store, and on the day following the wedding, which was a Christmas one, the bride's mother and sister duly made their appearance with seven of the berry-bowls to barter. The young woman clerk at the exchange desk in another shop tells of two girls, brides, one of whom received nothing but silverware and the other a preponderance of glass. They saved the store some trouble by entering into a system of swap between themselves, leaving the shop to take the residue off their hands. It ended satisfactorily for all concerned.

In the return of unwanted gifts, particularly Christmas gifts, human nature reveals itself in many interesting phases and the student of psychology could he station himself in one of these exchange cubby-holes might learn much. An exchange clerk ought by right to be a hard-boiled pessimist, during the months of January and February at least. The things he sees and hears are enough to change a born Cheeryble into a Scrooge

for life. How would you like to listen to this sort of thing all day:

"Say, I want to change this pair of gloves—they aren't my size and I don't like the color anyway—"

"Make me out a slip for this doo-dad. I haven't got a bit of use for it, really. Eh? Yes, it was a present from a friend. She's awful good-hearted but she's color-blind."

"Please give me the money for this pair of hose. No, I don't want another pair, I want the money. If only people would give you a cheque at Christmas and let you get what you like yourself!"

"I'd like the money back for this, please. I wouldn't wear it to a cat-fight."

"Say, listen, will ya please exchange this chromo my aunt gave me? No, there isn't any slip, but I know she got it here—"

Thus it goes from early morn until the five o'clock gong. On the whole, gift-giving seems to be more and more just a colossal farce. One busy exchange visited the other day had a motto on its wall—"DON'T WORRY" and in a little frame on the clerk's desk inside we observed another that said "KEEP SMILING." They need them.

As illustrating the doctrine of the square deal one firm performed a kindly act the other day, which however must not be taken as establishing a precedent. A woman bought a child's frock which she carried away with her—or thought she did. On reaching home she made the astonishing discovery that her parcel contained a cold-meat fork, wrapped in swathings of tissue paper and ticketed at a dollar-and-a-half. She had been in just that one store. It was very evident that she had mislaid her own purchase and picked up somebody else's so she went back at once and after some little parley the firm returned her the fifteen dollars she had paid for the child's frock. This was taking a long chance on the other customer's honesty, but it so happened that the next morning the other woman came in and handed over the frock, demanding her fork. No doubt it pays occasionally to give the customer the benefit of a doubt.

On the other hand, we all know the tale of the lady who ordered a fur coat on approval on a Saturday and returned it Monday with a hymn-book in the pocket! Sometimes a sagacious dress-maker orders a frock sent to her address—her private one—and in a day or two after she has copied it back it comes with pins and chalk-marks and little wisps of pattern paper sticking to it. But a close watch is kept on suspects of this kind, particularly in the case of imported models. Now and then handsome pieces of pottery, rugs, pictures, and silverware will be ordered "on approval"—to adorn a drawing-room for a party for one night; but this doesn't happen very often and never twice at the same address!

There was a post-Christmas shoe sale in one of the big stores. A shoe sale isn't like other sales. For one thing that symbol of separation, the counter, is absent. Salesman and customer meet on a common footing as it were and a certain degree of social intercourse is the result. A lady may allow a gentleman to hold her foot with perfect propriety while she chats casually with a stranger in the next seat and listens to a tale of woe and bunions. Or she may roam around at leisure amusing herself by watching all the number seven feet being coaxed into number four shoes. At a shoe sale the sex that is hard to satisfy exercises all its prerogatives—and the clerks all the forbearance they can muster.

"How in the world," asked a little old lady of a very busy and alert young man, "can you remember always to whom to bring the parcel and change? I've watched you and you never make a mistake!"

"Well, you see madam," he replied gravely, "I never forget a face I've fitted a pair of shoes on."

A fat little foreign woman was arguing excitedly with one of the sales-girls. She held a pair of shoes tied together at the top with string, but one was a five and the other a seven. Three times they had sent her to the green light department and each time she had refused to hand over the odd pair, so finally the salesgirl took them from her by force and threw them on a huge pile of "returns." But while the clerk was making out the slip the foreign woman climbed up the side of the exchange desk and reaching over, at some risk to her equilibrium, secured her shoes again. It was only when another foreign woman appeared and acted as interpreter that the first one's want became at all clear. It transpired that she desired to buy the odd pair! She hadn't paid for them at all but was merely waiting to be served. Her "feets" didn't match. It was a great piece of good luck that she had managed to find a big shoe and a little one paired off. It didn't often happen. So she was permitted to buy the odd pair and went off happy.

Perhaps you think—if indeed you have thought about it at all—that the mail order clerks like most other people settle down into a nice restful slack period after the Christmas rush and proceed to twiddle their thumbs. Glance over the January mail on any one employee's desk and learn otherwise. The manager of one great mail order house declares that a handbook ought to be made of some of the letters that fall like autumn leaves into his department during January and February—a handbook for the guidance of shoppers-by-mail.

"Dear Sirs," writes an apologetic customer, "Some sincere and kindly soul sent me as a Christmas gift the tie I return under separate cover. Be so good as to exchange it for a fried-egg lifter and six noiseless soup-spoons. I appreciate the thought behind the gift but already own nearly two-hundred ties."

"Sirs," writes another man, "my wife gave me this new-fangled pipe with the salt-shaker top for Christmas. Please send instead one quart thermos bottle and a pound of mild tobacco for my old smoke-stained trusty. P.S.—Send parcel to my office address, as per above."

And "the wife" writes by the same mail. "Please take back these long-sleeved bungalow aprons my husband went and ordered for me. I have six already. Send me in place of them a pair of synthetic-jade earrings with drops."

"Gentlemen," begins a proud young father, "am returning engraved gold baby pin with 'Pat' on it. The child was Pat until born—then it became Patricia. Kindly engrave the remaining letters and send back at once."

"Dear Sirs," a reproachful youth writes. "I writ you some time ago and ast what to get for a girl she ain't my girl yet but will be if I kin hit on the right present see. Now gents pick out a good one and hang the expents you kin go as high as \$1 and 25 cents. P.S.—Have saw a good brooch on page 224."

Another young man has a sporting proposition and suggests: "The parcel came and opened up o.k. Could you stake me to a prospector's outfit and one good saxophone in exchange for ten shares in a promising mine—shaft not yet sunk but everything looks jake from the top."

Of a different sort is the favor requested in the following:

"The stocking didn't fit so am sending for a size bigger. I am eighty-four and must have pure wool. What the flappers wear is not for me gentlemen. I hope you had a bright Christmas. Please distribute the enclosed tracts around the office and Heaven will bless you."

Continued on page 55



ACROSS CANADA

Achievement and Promise

THE NORTHERN ELECTRIC COMPANY takes this opportunity of expressing to its staff, to its customers and to the public of Canada, a sincere wish for a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and pledges its devotion to those high ideals of business which are bound to turn promises into achievements.

This Company is engaged in the manufacture of articles which have become daily necessities—the telephone and its accompanying accessories, intricate, exact, yet reasonably priced; wires that carry the electric current, from the great cables that run through the underground conduits to the tiny wires, no bigger than a hair, extending into the telephone; fire-alarm systems; private telephone systems; radio apparatus such as peanut tubes, loud speakers, public address systems, the new talking moving-picture equipment—all these, and many more, does the Northern Electric Company produce at its great Canadian plants. In addition, the Northern Electric Company acts as a national distributor for well-known

brands of electrical goods, such as electric stoves, electric irons, electric pads, washing machines, vacuum cleaners and other household equipment; also power apparatus and illumination supplies. Skilled employees, many of whom have been in the Company for upwards of thirty years, are devoting their lives to the perfection of the merchandise that bears the name, imprint and guarantee of the Northern Electric Company. Fourteen branches under the supervision of experienced representatives of the Company are located at strategic points throughout the Dominion to furnish convenient service to those who make use of these products in their industrial and social life.

Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED
A National Electrical Service

244



The daintiest of women

ought not to be ignorant of scientific physical facts

ONE is the old idea that the most intimate concern of a woman's life should be shrouded in mystery. And a franker, cleaner, more wholesome life is the result.

It is no secret that women have long lived in constant dread of the results when using poisonous antiseptics for personal hygiene. Yet what else could they do? Until recently the only antiseptics that could provide genuine surgical cleanliness, were deadly poisons such as bichloride of mercury and the various forms of carbolic acid.

Zonite meets woman's great need

Fortunately, women need no longer use these dangerous preparations. A new germ-killing antiseptic has appeared which is absolutely non-poisonous. It is called Zonite, and women can use it without fear. With Zonite there is no burning action on the delicate internal membranes, there is no toughening and hardening effect, resulting in an area of scar-tissue. Lastly, Zonite brings into the home no danger of accidental poisoning. Isn't it natural that millions of women today regard Zonite as a godsend in their lives?

Neat booklet—free

A dainty booklet giving the facts concerning feminine hygiene has been prepared. It is frank, concise and scientific. Just sign the coupon below. Zonite Products Corporation, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, insect bites or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.



In bottles 30c, 60c and \$1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 205
165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name)

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Prov.....

Managing Tod

Continued from page 12

our trip. I could scarcely believe that it wasn't just a fairy tale, and that we, Gipsy and Tod Macfarlane, were really going. Then came the letter from Morfington. By the expression on Tod's face I knew there was some hitch.

"Well I'll be——" he said, and I went cold. If he had said a strong cussword, it couldn't have been more expressive than the three he did use.

"Don't tell me it's all up, Tod," I said faintly.

"Oh, gosh, no!" he said, and my frozen veins melted. "Sorry if I scared you. But it's not all it might be."

He handed me the letter. They were very pleased to ratify officially the action of the committee in choosing Mr. Macfarlane's designs for the mural decorations for the new Town Hall. It would be necessary for the final sketches, in color, and to scale, to be in the hands of the committee not later than the first of July. They would then put through the Treasurer's office a voucher for the amount, which, in accordance with their financial system, would be forwarded to Mr. Macfarlane by cheque on the first of August.

When I finished, Tod said: "Well?" "Well!"

"Guess we'll have to tell Paul and Annette those arrangements are off——"

"We'll do nothing of the kind, unless it's absolutely necessary," I interrupted.

The last thing I wanted them to know was that we had to depend on an extra like this for our trip, or that if it failed in any way, our trip must fail.

"We could just tell them we'd meet them later," said Tod.

But I knew how Annette would start figuring the reasons for our change of plan, when only the night before we had settled everything. I wasn't going to give her the chance to think the least little thing that wasn't complimentary to my Tod. It looked like an impasse, and ordinarily Tod's idea would have been all right. But not with Annette and Paul. Oh, no.

"I don't see how we can do anything else," said Tod. "If we're to meet them in Paris on the second, we have to sail from here on the twenty-sixth. And we can't sail unless we have the money to pay our way."

"What about Markham? Tell him you are thinking of going across. He'll see that it is good business, from his viewpoint as well as yours."

Markham did. He suggested that Tod do a series of sketches, showing contrasts in the life of each country we were to see. What's more, he promised Tod an advance in time to get our reservations on the liner. The next move was to write the people at Morfington, asking them to wire the money to us at the Hotel du Nord in Paris, on the second of August. They agreed, and to do him justice, Tod worked so consistently at the sketches that there was no need for vigilance on my part.

The day they were finished, and he was putting on his hat and coat to go and mail them, I took the flat rectangular parcel in my hand.

"There's more in this than meets the eye," I said wickedly.

"You bet there is!" he grinned.

Six or eight weeks of travel was in his mind, I knew, but in mine was the recollection of all the scheming that had brought it about, from the night of steak and mushrooms on. Vanity almost prompted me to tell all, then and there, but as the dear man had thought it his own idea from the beginning, I saw no point in disillusioning him.

"Cross your fingers and say a spell over them," he said, as I gave the parcel back to him. "If I'm delayed a bit, don't worry, as I may drop in to Markham's. Think I left my portfolio in there a couple of days ago."

When he had gone, the thrill of our adventure spurred me on to make lists of things to take, and even to begin a bit of packing. In the midst of it, Tod returned. He threw his hat, gloves and portfolio on a chair, and from one of his pockets drew a small packet.

"I ran into the jolliest thing just after I left Markham," he announced. "It's a

wonder we hadn't thought of it before, Gipsy."

"My curiosity refuses to prick up its ears," I said, "so you might as well tell me right away." Which I have always found an efficient way to have one's curiosity satisfied rapidly.

"Oh, but you must see it in its proper setting," said Tod, disappearing into the bedroom.

A moment later he emerged, disfigured by a pair of hideous sun goggles.

"You fraud!" I said. "I refuse to look at you."

He was quite dashed.

"Why Gip! What did you think?"

"I don't know. Something great and marvellous, at least, from your manner."

"You couldn't expect too much from such a small parcel," he said reproachfully. "I thought it was a corking good idea. The sun on the water will be so strong. And I bought a pair for you, too. I thought sure you'd like it."

He looked so disappointed that remorse seized me.

"It is a good idea, Toddie dear," I said. "Let me try mine on."

In spite of myself I became as tickled over the things as he was. We walked around with them on, pretending we were on a rolling deck, now and then stopping to laugh at one another for being so ridiculous.

"This makes me feel as if we must lose no time in packing," I said finally. "Here, you won't need this before we go. I'll just stick it in the suitcase where we can get at it easily en route."

I picked up the portfolio and carried it into the bedroom. As I knelt to lay it flat on the bottom of the suitcase, it slipped to the floor, scattering a good bit of its contents about. Gathering them up, I made a discovery that turned me completely against the goggles. Nothing could induce me to wear the things, I resolved, although I left it to time to reveal it to my husband.

THE evening was spent in working out our budget. Tod spread a large sheet of paper on the table, and we went at it. With a small balance on hand, and the loan from Markham, due in a few days now, there would be sufficient to pay our rent two months in advance, our travelling expenses to the very door of the Hotel du Nord, and three francs over.

"Cheers!" I said, though the business of the goggles still rankled. "What shall we do with our handsome balance, Tod?"

"You may have them for frivolities," he said generously. "Spend 'em on peppermints — a new gown — any mortal thing you fancy!"

Then he put on those darned old goggles again and went to the mirror to admire himself. I could have shaken him. When the glorious day of our departure really came, it was all I could do to keep him from putting them on the minute we were in the taxi on our way to the wharf. And when at last we actually did walk a rolling deck, and sniffed ocean air, and watched the horizon shifting its angle every minute or so, he felt hurt that I refused to wear the pair he had bought for me.

"You liked them all right the first night I got them," he reproached me. "What's come over you?"

"Oh, I'll tell you some day," I said. "Let's forget it now."

Sufficient for me just then that my long-cherished dream was being fulfilled. The days at sea melted away, and almost before I knew it we were at Cherbourg. What with passports and the customs, dodging too insistent porters, and arranging to have our luggage put on the train, there was little time to enjoy our thrills until we were actually under way. By greater good fortune than we expected, no one else was in our compartment, and we could be as childishly excited as we pleased. Tod was like a small boy, pointing out this and that, and beginning every other sentence with: "Do you suppose——" Suddenly he turned and grasped my hand.

"Just think, Gip," he said. "If I hadn't seen that thing in the 'Architectural,' we might have been stuck in the old apartment this very minute, and never a thought of Europe in our noodles!"

While I was in the midst of committing perjury by squeezing his hand in reply, the train came to a full stop. On looking out we could see no station, nor was any accident apparent. There was a group of farm buildings, a willow-bordered canal, and half a dozen quaint little urchins who drew near to inspect things. Tod made inquiries of a guard who had climbed out and was standing near. In broken English he informed us that the train was likely to be there for half an hour or so, but could not tell the reason why.

"Half an hour," repeated Tod. "Think I'll get down and stretch my legs a bit."

He opened the door and descended, trying friendly overtures with the children by means of the sign language. The goggles which, needless to say, he was wearing, seemed to have as much fascination for them as his attempts at communication. Watching them, and feeling the glamor that ordinary scenes possess when set in a foreign land, a quick thought came to me.

"You ought to do your first sketch here, Tod," I called.

"Oh, have a heart!" he protested. "It's a bit early for that."

"Not a second too early. You have to make a start some time, and with the freshness of your first impressions upon you —"

He began to mutter things about slave drivers, but with one of his quick changes of mood, eyed the children professionally. As I opened the suitcase to get the portfolio, he came to the door to ask for those three francs I was cherishing.

"They can speak better French than I can," he said. "The little beggars pretend that they don't know what I want."

"But, Tod, we can't give them away. They're our only spare change!"

"Don't be stingy," he said. "We'll be rich when we get to Paris."

"Yes, but what if there should be some mistake, or something should happen, or anything?" I asked.

"Well, in that case, three francs wouldn't be much help. Anyway, after bringing you this far, don't you give me credit for enough sense to carry the thing through?"

I handed him the money, then produced the portfolio with his sheets of drawing-paper and jumbled sketches of all description. Hardly had he opened it when I saw him stiffen. A wave of ghastly white washed every bit of color from his face.

"Gad!"

His lips trembled as he turned to me. In his hand, trembling too, was a flat rectangular parcel. I knew every stamp on it, and also every curve in every letter of the address, the dashing sprawl of the "M" in Morfington. My knees shook in sympathy with Tod's. The same sick feeling he had in the pit of his stomach was in mine.

"Chucked 'em in—day I went to Markham's," he said jerkily. "Meant to post 'em—Station B—quicker——"

"Forgot it over those dashed old goggles," I managed to say at last. "I know. Open it."

"Won't help much."

Continued on page 66



M. PRATT

Here is some common sense about toothpaste

Read what this authority says on a subject that has become confused in many minds.

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the American Medical Association.

DENTISTS and physicians recommend a dentifrice for one purpose only—to clean teeth safely.

That is the one thing *you* can do for your teeth. If you think your mouth needs treatment, see your dentist at once—that is *his* job. Don't rely on a dentifrice to correct conditions of teeth or gums—its function is simply to *clean*.

Teeth kept thoroughly clean are likely to be healthy teeth in a healthy mouth. And healthy teeth are apt to be pretty teeth.

This is directly in line with modern thought. Today leading authorities on the care of skin, hair, teeth advise that the most effective means of safeguarding natural beauty lies through utter cleanliness.

For that one purpose—to clean—Colgate's was designed, on a formula suggested by members of the dental profession.

Made as Dentists Advised

Before we decided upon this formula, we went to the dentists and asked the question:

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to this enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard *quality*. And, as far as we have been able to find out, Colgate puts *more* dentifrice into the famous 25c tube than is found in any other make priced at a quarter. That's *value*!



Try it—FREE

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the teeth and mouth.

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Ltd., Dept. B 1965,
64 Natalie St., Toronto.
Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name.....
Address.....

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form . . . combined with calcium carbonate and aromatic oils.

As you brush Colgate's upon your teeth, the cleansing agent forms a bubbling, sparkling foam. This cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaches inaccessible surfaces, purifies and stimulates the gums . . . the entire mouth.

And carried by this searching, foaming wave, the fine calcium carbonate powder helps to clean away mucin and food deposits . . . polishes tooth enamel to shining smoothness . . . sweetens all the mouth surfaces. The mildly antiseptic aromatic oils add refreshing action to the thorough cleansing.

Constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream!

Mothers For many years, Colgate has been permitted to help in the splendid efforts of dentists, physicians, educators and health officials to teach the children in the schools to brush teeth regularly. The results of this work—in promoting the general bodily health of children—have been outstanding.

It is natural that Colgate should cooperate in this work, because Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the ideal dentifrice for children—safe, pleasant-tasting, free from drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives.

If you are interested in helping this great health movement in your own community, write us for full information.

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S

AND MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S

Chapped Hands are Social Outcasts



THEY just don't belong. They express bad form more clearly than an ill-fitting frock. If they're red, rough and unsightly, they hurt your self-esteem—and hurt your rating in the eyes of others.



Frostilla is the skin's modiste. It remodels wind-bitten, caloused hands, and in place of that chapped surface, leaves a satiny smoothness, lovely to touch and behold. Frostilla makes dry, harsh skin silken-soft and ready for powder. Men find it ideal after shaving.

Frostilla is sold in 50c and \$1 sizes—new, beautiful, blue-labelled bottles. We'll gladly send an attractive, handy sample FREE on request. Dept. W 11, The Frostilla Co., Toronto, Canada. Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto.

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Write. **KELWAY**

331 Bay St. - Toronto, Ont.

The Vogue of Ye Valentyne

---Some Interesting Facts About Its Origin

By Grace Melrose

Illustrated by A. Baxstad

ONCE again hearts are trumps. February, that accommodatingly brief little month which is sandwiched in between the raw blasts of January and temperamental March, is with us once more. It seems to be noted principally for two of its days—the second, and the fourteenth. On the second of February, as we all know, the bear comes out to look for his shadow, and on the fourteenth the flappers come out to look for their valentines.

If anyone is under the impression that Saint Valentine's Day is a feature of dwindling importance all that is necessary is to look at a few plain facts—facts in which sentiment is strangely mixed with dollars and cents. Valentine sales come second only to those of Christmas greeting cards in the more than fifty million dollars' worth of "sentiment exchange" business that is annually done on this continent. The world's largest valentine factory, situated in the New England states comprises six glass-walled buildings, covers an area of 150,000 square feet of floor space, and, running the year round, does an annual business of millions of dollars. Eighteen monster presses, together with one hundred lesser ones, roar and hum busily as they turn out the world's major supply of valentine greeting cards and booklets, while a staff of artists is kept occupied originating new ideas for the time-worn phrase "Will You Be Mine."

It is interesting to learn that to a woman goes the credit for the first valentine made on the American continent. It is always a moot question whether women or men are the more sentimental sex, but in this case sentiment would appear to have had little to do with the matter. On the contrary, it was hard business sense that prompted the lady, Miss Esther Howland, daughter of a stationer in Worcester, Mass., to copy a valentine that her father had imported from England and to place it on the market. Hers is a little-known story of business success back in the dim, candle-lit days of 1849 when nobody had the temerity to suggest that woman's place could be anywhere but in the home. Miss Howland assisted her parent in the shop and finding time hanging rather heavily on occasion was in the habit of painting in water-colors for her own amusement. As a matter of fact she was a woman of fine artistic talent, according to the record we have of her, had graduated from Mount Holyoke Academy with honors and possessed a good deal of the ability of a shrewd executive, lacking only precedent and capital to spread out as a man might have done in similar circumstances. Her first samples brought in orders for thousands of dollars and forced her to enlist the services of her family and friends and thereafter, for over half a century, she controlled the valentine industry in this country. Annually she sent out goods valued at \$100,000 and up, and it was only following her death that the business came to be dominated by a man, a Mr. Whitney of the same town. Nevertheless this woman will always be known to fame as the originator of valentines on this side of the Atlantic and the site of her old home and workshop is still pointed out to tourists as a landmark, even though now there stands upon it the fully modern brick building which houses a quick-service lunch-room! This is the original shrine of good Saint Valentine.

The said Whitney from manufacturing his goods in one small room was obliged to move, progressively, five times into larger quarters. Until 1870 valentines hadn't even been heard of west of Vermont, so Mr. Whitney personally took a carpet-bag filled with samples and set out for the wilds of the middle-west, where at the

city of Chicago he was promptly arrested for "peddling without a license" and was assessed one hundred dollars and costs. It proved to be an investment well spent, however, for the city of gunmen has been a flourishing valentine market ever since, if we may judge by statistics. Mr. Whitney presently enlarged his business to include Christmas and Easter cards, but again he found Chicago slow to catch on to a good thing. Several salesmen who endeavored to introduce these sentiments to the metropolis of the middle-west came to grief and finally a high-pressure man named Kelly was sent out to try his hand. But still the orders failed to come in and Mr. Whitney demanded an explanation. Mr. Kelly despatched the following petulant wire: "No call here for Christmas or Easter cards. One-half Chicago doesn't know Christ was born, and the rest never heard of His death!"



Today the firm that was fathered by Whitney is the largest valentine factory on earth. Over six-hundred employees punch the time-clocks each day and of these more than sixty percent are women and girls, for it is conceded that the making of valentines is essentially feminine work. At least three hundred new styles are placed on the market each year and designs sent in from outside which are novel and have what is known as instant appeal are sure of sale. Apt versifiers of either sex may make a fair income writing sentimental "nifties" but it is said—and the statement is backed up by statistics—that it is women who write the majority of the valentine verses, comic or otherwise.

ALTHOUGH valentines really originated on the European continent the custom of sending them is practically dead there. Manufactures and imports alike were at a standstill in England, too, for a very long time, but recently the valentine vogue has been revived in the British Isles. History and literature is replete with records of valentine senders and recipients. In the diary of Samuel Pepys more than one mention of these old-fashioned *billets doux* occurs and the British Museum preserves some valentine verses of Charles Second of Orleans written in Old English script, as well as a five-hundred-year old valentine missive sent by an ardent admirer to Catherine, wife of Henry Fifth, about the year 1480, a document almost impossible to decipher because of its quaint spelling. Queen Victoria was one of the few royal collectors and after her death a number of faded old beauties were discovered among her personal belongings.

The earliest designs were conspicuous for their elaborate nature and their delicacy of sentiment. This of course was at the period when the fine art of letter-writing was in its heyday and long before typewriters were invented. Paper-lace and satin puffings surrounded love messages that were as quaint and stiff and formal as the valentines themselves, and as the etiquette of that day demanded. In proposing to a lady of that era a gentleman was expected to be verbose and as literary as possible, in short a stylist. There was a great deal of leading-up. The symbols of Dan Cupid were taken with great seriousness, even the fussy creations wrought of plush and cellulose and embellished with gold letterings. In fact these were considered to be as good as a word-of-mouth offer of marriage and were greatly favored by the sudden rich, such as miners, ranchers, sailors, lumbermen, and all those who had "struck oil" and as a consequence didn't care what they spent. A half-century ago the price of valentines frequently ran as high as fifty dollars,



incredible as it may seem. People without ready money often "traded" butter and eggs for sentiment, and others who actually handled cash mortgaged their pay weeks in advance of February the fourteenth. The gaudier specimens of valentine art disappeared about 1890 or concurrently with bustles and hoops and gave place to an influx of what may be called goo and sweetness and its accompanying insincerity. Sentiment now became exceedingly sticky and the poetry correspondingly inane. But at least prices for valentines dropped to a more reasonable level and the *hoi polloi* could indulge in the harmless luxury.

A gentleman of the late-Victorian era would now declare to a friend of the opposite sex that "roses were red, violets blue, sugar was sweet and so were you." And for that one day of the year the lady could make a return in kind without incurring the reproach of unmaidenliness, so she was more than likely to counter with something like this:

"Long in secret have I sighed,
For you all others have denied,
And if your heart I cannot gain
I ne'er will wed another swain."

Needless to say this sort of exchange wouldn't make much of a bit with the modern lover and his lass. The flapper demands "wise-cracks" such as "I'll Make

Continued on page 66

Leading Hollywood Directors Decide Girl's Greatest Charm is Smooth Skin

A GIRL'S LOVELY SKIN adds so much to her charm—a million hearts beat faster when the close-up reveals the radiant loveliness of a screen star!

To screen successfully in close-ups exquisite velvety skin is more essential than any other quality, according to leading motion picture directors.

Knowing that very little make-up can be used under the fierce lights of the close-up, screen stars always keep their skin appealingly smooth and fresh.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

There are in Hollywood 451 important actresses, including all stars. 442 of these use Lux Toilet Soap. They find it keeps their skin satin-smooth.

All the great film studios, following their stars' example, have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Let this white, fragrant soap care for your skin, too, as it does for 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen. It lathers luxuriously even in hard water.



MARY BRIAN (Paramount) and the bathroom her loveliness inspired

"The charm of a perfect skin is a social asset to any woman, but for a star is a necessity. Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps 'Studio Skin' in perfect condition."

Mary Brian



The fierce lights of the close-up are merciless in their revelation—skin must be utterly smooth to look lovely.



LOUISE BROOKS, who is famous in Hollywood for her exquisite skin, says . . . "The strong Klieg lights make the close-up so revealing! That is why so many of us use Lux Toilet Soap. It gives the skin a lovely satin smoothness."



ELEANOR BOARDMAN, whose loveliness has made her famous among Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars, knows how much of a girl's charm depends on exquisite skin. . . . "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very Smooth Skin, 'Studio Skin,' a screen star must have," says Miss Boardman.

BEBE DANIELS, the dark-haired Paramount beauty, says . . . "The girl with smooth skin need not fear the searching lens of the close-up. Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."



LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

NINE out of ten screen stars use it for their priceless smooth skin.

LUX Toilet SOAP

Luxury hitherto found only in French Soaps at 50c or \$1.00 a cake, now . . .

10¢



Outdoors Again—

Where Boys Belong

THE cold he caught yesterday was checked last night. No fear now of sticky medicine-glasses and long, dull days indoors. He wasn't even "dosed" at all, for Mother was afraid of disturbing his stomach, already a little upset by his cold. And yet, this morning his pesky cough and the soreness in his chest are all gone.

Thanks to this Quick "Outside" Treatment

Now he can get the outdoor exercise that all boys need. Free from worry, Mother can forget about the ugly little cold he had. And all because, last night at bedtime, she rubbed his throat and chest with Vicks.

First, there was a pleasant, warm glow and a comfortable tingling in his chest, as Vicks began to "draw out" all the tightness and soreness, like a gentle but effective poultice.

Then, as the salve got warm from his body, it gave off strong, clean-smelling vapors that he breathed right in. He could feel them all the way to his lungs, clearing his choked-up nose and throat, and making his breathing easy again.

He soon fell sound asleep, but Vicks' double action went on for hours, and by morning, the worst of his cold was over.

That Other "Boy"—his Dad

Grown-up boys are also likely to be careless about their little colds. Thoughtful wives see to it that Father, too, is rubbed with Vicks at bedtime, whenever a cold threatens. This quick double-action salve is just as good for adults as for youngsters.

For free sample, write to J. T. Wait Co., Ltd., Dept. D-3, 427 St. François Xavier Street, Montreal, P. Q.

For All the Colds of All the Family

VICKS
VAPORUB

21

NOW OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Wanted!

By the Modern Business Woman—The Pioneer Courage of Her Frontier Grandmother

By Valerie DuVallé

SMILING DEFIANCE to the unknown and welcoming each new experience that crosses the path, comes that self-reliant example of womanhood—the business adventurer. Not only from the ranks of the single are recruits gathered, for married women, too, have followed careers successfully, and handled their own businesses creditably. In this cold, material business world there are dreamers and romanticists who are not afraid to wander far in search of new fields to conquer—faring forth indefinitely, fearing not the untried—but eager to join the great army of feminine pioneers for the evolution of womanhood.

As a rule, we discourage the spirit of adventure in girls. We talk glowingly of our ancestors who faced the dangers of a new and unexplored country, of our grandmothers who lived in uncivilized lands with little fear of savages and wild beasts, and yet when our own girls, with a natural recurrence to type, develop venturesome tastes, we lift our hands in "holy horror," fearing to let them out of our protected, conventional regime, lest the masculine world should swallow them—with the natural result that the whole nation is crippled by "sex-parasitism!"

The truth is that girls need more of the old-time valor of their frontier grandmother. They need to be encouraged to go forth alone, to leave behind them their fearfulness and indecision, and to seek stimulation and inspiration in the exploration of new fields of activity where they can use their creative individuality instead of remaining in some factory or office where they must continue to be nonentities and mere typographical machines. Stagnation, where is thy virtue?

A YOUNG BUSINESS WOMAN of my acquaintance who had been in the same office for seven years, confided to me her desire to visit California. She looked amazed when I said:

"Why don't you go?"

"Go?" she replied. "How could I, without a position there?"

"You could easily get one after you arrived," was my suggestion. "Office help is always in demand."

And then she fairly shrunk into herself.

"I couldn't think of going away out there," she gasped, "unless I knew before I started that I had a position!"

Now this girl had no family obligations, was well educated, and able to command a good salary, but she did not have enough confidence to undertake a trip to even a safely civilized country like California. And yet the independent girl, the seeker after opportunity, who goes into business for herself and becomes her own employer, can make good in a multiplicity of ways. She may fashion delicately tinted lampshades, design gowns, become a success as an independent broker, is not despised as a commercial traveller, and certainly makes wonderful interior decorator. She writes insurance, deals in real estate, sells anything that anyone wants to sell and a great many things that no one wants to buy, is often a prime factor in political and social matters, acts, dances, sings, writes anything from poetry and books up to advertising; pulls teeth, and prescribes medicines, adjust the spinal column with little effort, interprets the law and pleads in the courts, takes your photograph flatteringly, operates tea-rooms, cafe and restaurants, and has even been known to indulge in "Animal Husbandry!"

It is quite true, of course, that the girl or woman who has inherited the retiring quality or the lack of independence, or a weak initiative, is not the one to go into a line of work where she must rely solely upon herself. All professions, so we say glibly, are open to women. This may be technically true, but they are open as is a door to a salesman, who quickly inserts a foot made active by long experience, so that he may retain the advantage

grudgingly gained, though despairing of ever forcing a wider entrance. But there are countless girls who are not afraid of these obstacles, who have independent thought and action, and who fearlessly act upon their own initiative even when their convictions run counter to accepted customs. This is the type of girl who should begin planning an independent career.

THE GIRL OR WOMAN who is to be her own employer must be well trained in the fundamentals of business. She must not fret over difficulties either large or small, and must be able to face opposition and possibly disappointment in the initial stages of her cherished career. Moreover, she must not be afraid to take a chance, nor wait before she opens her office, or shop, to have a large bank account. The world goes around on credit. If business men waited for a bank balance there would be many empty offices and a sad lack of progress, and many illustrious names would be missing from the calendar of the successful.

What we need today, in our women, is more of the old pioneer spirit, the mettle that made this great country, and which an artificial civilization and a growing tendency to parasitism is in danger of destroying.

NOW, about this woman who wishes to become her own employer—what qualifications must she have? In the first place, she must have adequate training, experience and health, to leave the beaten track. The woman venturing into an unknown field, brave and optimistic though she is, must be fitted for the task she has to accomplish, for this is a day demanding a high degree of specialization, and she must not find herself at a disadvantage among her male competitors.

If you are already launched on your career, and have begun to believe that you are not meant for success—if you feel that you are a failure as an independent business woman—now is the time to take an inside inventory and find out what is wrong. If you are not getting on where others are succeeding, is it the fault of the business or is the trouble in yourself? What qualifications do you lack? Remember, there is really but one thing that counts, and that is the definite determination to succeed. The mere ambition to launch out into new waters is not enough.

"The successful woman gives her best to the business of winning; playing the game 'til the very last innings. Odds can't defeat her, or beat her, or 'floor' her; she'll reach her goal—and the world can't ignore her."

CANADA boasts many examples of courageous women who have fought and conquered and made their own lives. Only recently, a dauntless woman of my acquaintance, left at forty years of age with a paralytic husband, five small children, and with every penny tied up in Trust, borrowed sufficient money to open a French tearoom, which she operated under the attractive name of "Mona Lisa" tea room. She succeeded so well that her son is now organizing a chain of "Mona Lisa" tea rooms. She is the type of woman who can say truthfully—

"I've gone through fire and water,

I've smelled the fumes of hell;

I've seen the flames of terror—

There ways I know too well;

My back has oft been laden,

My spirit seared within,

But by the living God I swear

That I am bound to win!"

That woman was my mother!

As one who has been keenly observant of many such signal successes among women, I can say with confidence, that women have made good in the field of business, and have fair prospects of rising to any heights of endeavor which they have the courage to undertake. In other words—speaking quite broadly, a

Continued on page 44

NEW

Dodge Brothers Six

Inspired by
Walter P. Chrysler

NEW **MONO-PIECE BODY!** Unusually roomy, with wide doors and windows. An exclusive development positively eliminating squeaks and rattles. Scientific one-piece construction insures constant riding-steadiness and road-balance.

NEW **BEAUTY!** Deep radiator with pleasing narrow profile; *new* sweeping roof lines and sculptured mouldings; fenders of exclusive one-piece design blending with Chrysler steel channel rubber-covered running boards. All exterior metal fittings of finest Chromium plate.

NEW **COMFORT!** Ventilated driver's compartment with foot-controlled side ventilators; engine heat carried forward by front-end exhaust manifold. Ample head, leg and elbow room. Deep, self-conforming seats.

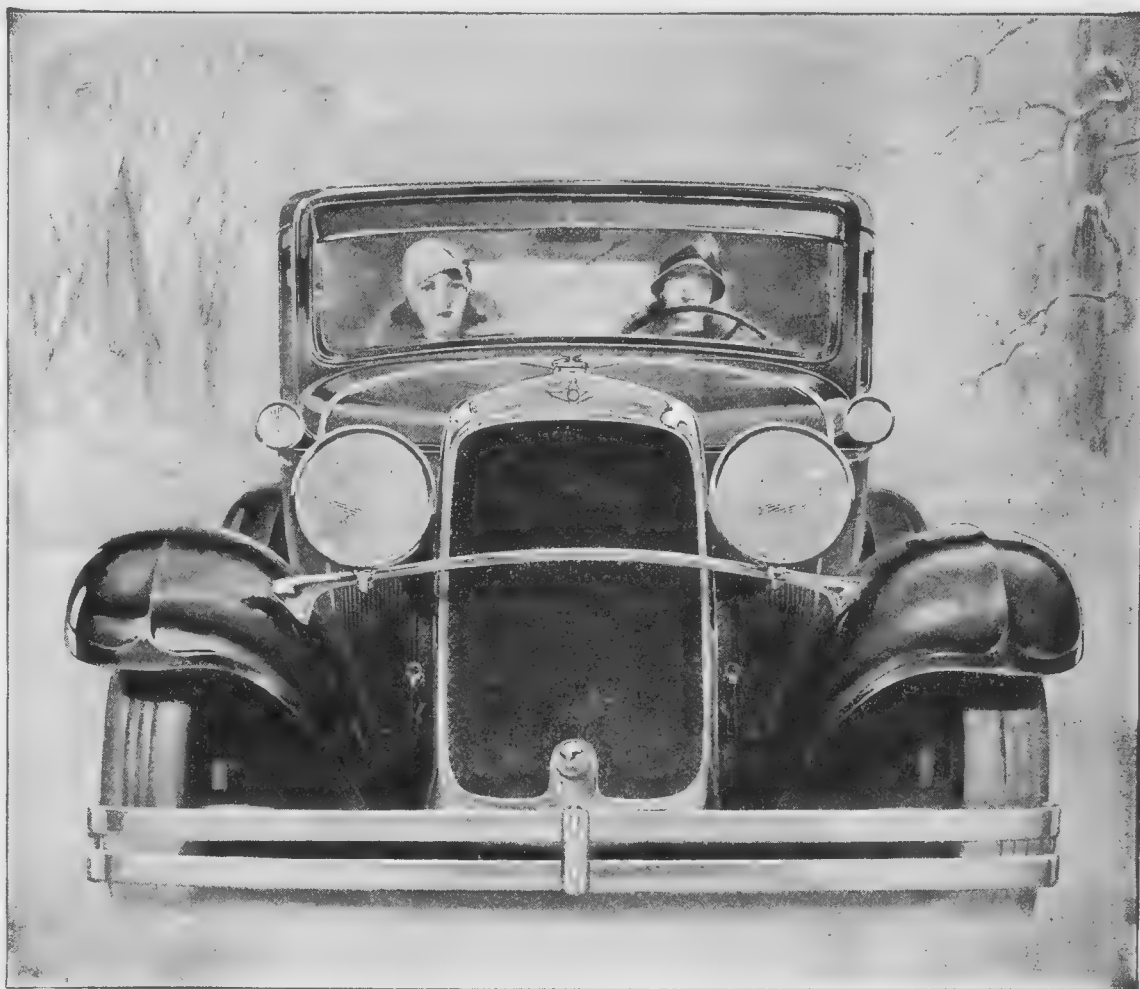
NEW **INTERIOR LUXURIES!** Finely textured upholstery; Butler-finished metal parts; beautiful instrument panel; vanity cases; smoking sets; *new* style robe rails and foot rests.

NEW **EASE OF OPERATION!** *New* easy turning roller-bearing steering gear; *new* finger-thin steering wheel with composite headlight control; *new* dash-button starter; *new* Chrysler hydraulic weather-proof 4-wheel brakes; hydraulic shock absorbers all around.

NEW **PERFORMABILITY!** A 7-bearing engine of super-power, with self-aligning bearing caps. *New* live rubber rear engine mountings. Invar-strut aluminum-alloy pistons. Remarkable acceleration, power and stamina.

NEW **DEPENDABILITY!** Sturdy transmission with extra wide-faced gears. Staunch rear axle with *double* thrust absorbing roller-bearings. *New* style wheels with stocky, elliptical spokes for greater strength. *New* oversize tires (5.50) for excess mileage economy.

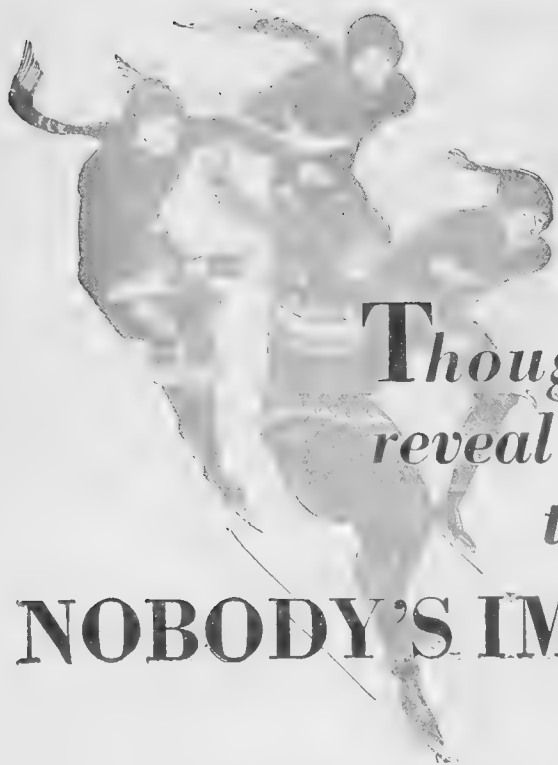
EIGHT NEW BODY STYLES! All at unparalleled low prices.



THE GENIUS of Walter P. Chrysler is expressed in every smart and sparkling line in the new Dodge Brothers Six. The exclusive Mono-piece Body — the narrow-profile radiator — the harmonious silhouette—all are typically the creation of Chrysler.

Now open the wide-swinging doors! Observe the same fine artistry within the spacious interior. Sumptuous upholstery — fitments of rare charm — vanity cases — smoking sets — an instrument panel handsome as a piece of rare plate.

Here in a car of surprisingly low price you find every appointment of highest priced cars. The greatest value in Dodge Brothers history, this *new* Dodge Brothers Six is without equal at or near its price.



Though smiles
reveal glistening
teeth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

***Pyorrhea, Ignoring Teeth
and Attacking Gums, Takes
4 out of 5 As Its Victims**

EVERY time you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for the purpose—Forhan's for the Gums. For only proper care of the gums will preserve teeth and safeguard health against the attack of dread Pyorrhea.

Nobody's immune from this disease of neglect, which if allowed to pursue its course unmolested, ravages health and beauty. And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay heavy toll to this dread foe.

See your dentist at least once every six months, and start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night.

Results Will Delight You

After using this dentifrice for a few days you will notice a distinct improvement in the health and appearance of your gums. They will be firmer, healthier and more youthful. As you know, Pyorrhea and other dread diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, your teeth will be cleaner and whiter. For without the use of harsh abrasives Forhan's cleans teeth and protects them from acids which cause decay.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Start using it every morning and every night. Teach your children this habit. They will thank you in later years for it is health insurance. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



You Are a Banker Before You Grow Up

Nutrition Described for Children

MONEY is not the real wealth of the world. Your health is more important than gold, and if you wish to be rich in health you must learn how to be your own banker.

Your body is your bank and your nerves are the messenger boys. The blood stream is your cashier. The messenger reports to the cashier what parts of the bank have been called upon to give up their wealth. At night when you are asleep the cashier replaces whatever has been taken away during the day and balances the accounts, and gets ready for the next day.

If the cashier does not need to use all his reserves for replacing what has been used, he puts the surplus into the savings account. The savings account can be drawn on (or used) when you are sick, or when you are getting old. It is very important to give the cashier plenty of time to put away the reserve and put back all that has been taken away during the day. The best way to give him that time, is for you to sleep at least eight or ten hours every night. He works at this mostly while you are asleep.

The cashier is a good worker and will keep the bank in good order if plenty of money or material with which he works, is supplied to him. This material is food. Just as a dollar can be divided into several parts so food is divided into several classes: tissue builders, heat or energy producers, salts, minerals, etc. A mixed diet of milk, eggs, vegetables, fruits and a little meat will furnish these foods to the blood stream. A mixed diet is best because it furnishes all types of food in the right amounts.

Too much food of one kind makes it hard for the cashier to keep all parts of the bank supplied with just what it needs.

The farm is the mint which supplies funds for the bank.

The mouth is the receiving window of the bank. If you are under twelve there are twenty or, if you are an adult there are normally thirty-two guardians at the window, and you know them as teeth. It is their business to start to prepare the food for the cashier to use.

There are many enemies of the bank, and perhaps some of the worst of them are the germs which get past the guards and remain in the mouth waiting their chance to get into the bank and get the best of the cashier. Bad supplies for the bank, that is, the wrong kind of food, help the germs and create cavities in the teeth. "Dirt" about the teeth give germs places in which to hide. While they are hiding in decayed food and decayed teeth, they increase in numbers and vigor; working away, dig deeper holes in which to hide, and may cause toothache. When the teeth are in pain they are unable to work in preparing food for the cashier. This unprepared food cannot be used easily by the cashier, and so is wasted. This robs the bank of some of its material and its wealth.

If the germs get to the cashier (the blood) they weaken him, and he is obliged to let them go all over the bank. This is dangerous, for the germs will stop at places like the heart and start trouble there. If there are very many at the same time and they are vigorous they can tear down much of the inside of the bank. When this is going on, we say the body has a disease.

When the bank is being destroyed the cashier is obliged to use up his reserve, and unless a great deal of help is furnished by the bank, and other ways the entire capital, or all the wealth may be used up, and the bank fails. That is what is meant when a person becomes a permanent invalid, or when he dies. Sometimes the cashier puts up a splendid battle and wins, but the bank may be terribly damaged and permanently weakened. These are some of the ways to keep the robbers out of the bank.

By not letting them get into the bank.

By keeping the teeth clean.

By supplying the best food for the cashier.

By sleeping enough to give the cashier time to do his work.

By keeping the "bank-building" out of doors in the sunlight and fresh air during every possible moment.

"Copyrighted by the American Academy of Periodontology".

Cadet Training Pro and Con

By Irene Wilson

MUCH has been said during the past few years pro and con cadet training in our public schools. It is useless to gainsay that cadet training is military training. It is under the direct supervision of the militia, and all its features are undeniably military. It is true that the training is not absolutely compulsory in one sense of the word; the parents may have their boys excused from cadet training. These boys, in turn, will be looked on as "cissies," and their rating among their fellow students is most humiliating. Therefore, it seems an injustice to the boy to refuse to allow him to join in cadet training.

A woman abhors war even more strongly than does a man. This is not altogether due to sex; but it is the women, who in the end, pay the highest price for war. It is far more trying to sit at home and wait than to go forth midst the blare of trumpets and the din of battle. With her husband killed or maimed for life, the burden falls on her. A woman's natural instinct is to give life, to preserve it and defend it. It, therefore, naturally follows that women are foremost in all peace movements. That is why, as a general thing, women oppose cadet training; because they believe in training the boy for peace, not for war.

During the great war we criticised the Germans for their compulsory military training, which, we felt, had fostered the spirit of war and made the German soldier fearless and cruel marksmen.

But there is another side to the question. In spite of all our efforts

toward peace, wars are likely to arise, and in order to maintain her honor our country may be called on to do her part. Are we then, to be found unprepared? It is not a question as to whether or not we believe in war; but are we willing that our boys shall be drafted for service, in case of war, absolutely untrained and unprepared, to become the target for trained marksmen.

Hanging above my desk there is a picture of a small boy, who, with feverish haste is busily tucking a pillow into the back of his trousers. Underneath is the caption, "I gotta meet dad in the woodshed." What a wonderful thing it is to be prepared for any emergency.

There is no time for military training once a boy is drafted. Military experts claim that a boy can be trained for service in six months, with a week or ten days each following year for brushing up. But, if we had to wait for six months to train our boys the war would probably be lost. Is it not well that they should all have some slight training, even though it be the meagre training secured through a cadet corps?

We must not overlook the fact that in cadet training there is the advantage of discipline, the training for teamwork, and the physical drill. It is up to every parent who has a son to look this question fairly in the face and consider both the advantages and the disadvantages of cadet training. It is not enough to say, "We will cross the bridge when we come to it." We may come to it sooner than we think.

Serve it at home When Friends Call



DURING the evening when friends drop in to play a little bridge, add to the gaiety of the occasion by serving "Canada Dry." Or if it's just an informal little call from the neighbors, no way of greeting them is more appropriate than a bottle or two of this fine old ginger ale.

Sparkling and joyous are its crystal depths

Joyousness sparkles in its crystal depths . . . mellowness glows within it like the warmth of seeing old friends . . . as cheerful as the dancing firelight . . . as hospitable as the hearth . . . and as gay as the conversation.

In making this fine old ginger ale only the purest ingredients are used. Thus its basic excellence. High-quality Jamaica ginger makes it a real ginger ale. "Canada Dry" is blended and balanced in exact proportions. Hourly tests are made to assure no variation from these proportions. Daily tests under

laboratory methods assure its purity. A secret process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its sparkle long after the bottle is opened. "Canada Dry" is served in leading hospitals and leading physicians prescribe it.

A beverage in which to pledge the health of friends

Serve this better, finer, mellower ginger ale when good friends call. Keep a generous supply on hand in the convenient Hostess Package of 12 bottles. Its sparkle adds zest to a meal. It simply belongs with dinner. Its keen refreshment enlivens the bridge game. And on any occasion when you have guests, here is a beverage which expresses the warmth of your hospitality and the hope of all friends . . . "May the tapers of our souls be lighted at the fire of conviviality and may the wing of our friendship never molt a feather."



“CANADA DRY”

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Canada Dry Ginger Ale Limited, Toronto, Edmonton and Montreal
Formerly J. J. McLaughlin Limited, and Caledonia Springs Corporation Limited

BETTY BELDON,

accomplished hostess, suggests—

IMAGINATION AT WORK—*A little of this . . . a jar of that . . . a bit of garnish . . . dainty sandwiches . . . "Canada Dry" . . . and a "party" is made!*

FRENCH FRUIT SALAD DRESSING—*Combine in a jar, ½ cup of olive oil, 2 tablespoonfuls of "Canada Dry," 1½ teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. Shake until emulsified, serve with any fruit salad.*

SARDINES AND ANCHOVIES—*Celery and lettuce . . . bread and butter . . . "Canada Dry," with its piquant quality . . . insures a brilliant serving.*

WAFFLES—*Melted butter and honey . . . fruit salad and "Canada Dry." Try this some Sunday night!*

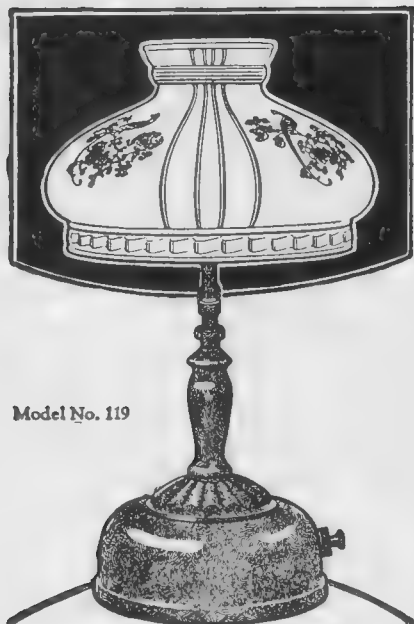
"CANADA DRY" SPARKLER—*Allow for each serving, 1 egg yolk, juice of ½ a lemon and ½ an orange, and 1 teaspoonful of sugar. Beat the egg yolks, add the juices and sugar. Chill and place in tall glasses. Fill with "Canada Dry" (½ glass to each). Serve immediately thoroughly chilled.*

CANNED FRUIT OR PRESERVES . . . biscuits and butter . . . "Canada Dry" in the late evening . . . served chilled . . . and it's at its sparkling best.

FINALE OF A MEATLESS MEAL—"Canada Dry" . . . and what an impression of luxurious bounty it leaves!

The House of Comfort

Continued from page 24



Model No. 119

THE NEW INSTANT-LITE Coleman LAMPS AND LANTERNS

"Everything New but the Name"

NEW Instant Gas Lighting Principle—Just turn a valve, strike a match... Instant Lighting! No generating required.

NEW Safety—Automatic Air Release prevents escape of fuel—no flooding.

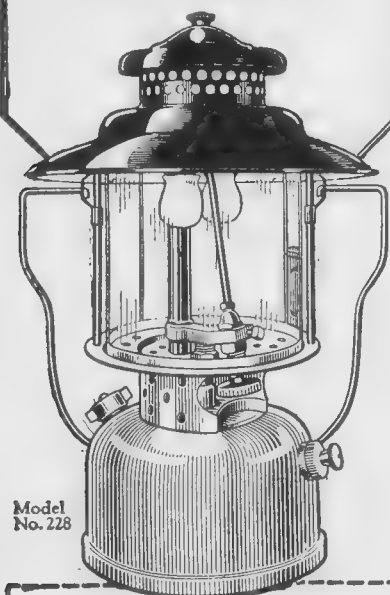
NEW Convenience—Hand Operated Filler Plug, no wrench needed to open the Filler Plug for refueling the Lamp or Lantern. Large wing-nut type of plug turns easily by hand.

NEW Beauty—New graceful lines, New Colac finishes in modern colors. New Kreme-Lite shades that soften and diffuse the light.

Like all Coleman Appliances, the New Instant-Lite Lamps and Lanterns make their own gas from any good grade of clean untreated motor fuel.

Ask Your Dealer to demonstrate. In the meantime, Clip and Mail Coupon below for descriptive literature. Address Dept. 3537

COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO., Ltd.
Toronto, 8, Ontario, Canada



Model No. 228

Coleman Lamp & Stove Co. Ltd.
Toronto, 8, Ontario,
Canada, Dept. 3537

Please send me descriptive literature on the New Coleman Instant-Lite Lamps and Lanterns.

Name.....

Address.....

Dealer's Name.....

2837

IN OUR house we have utilitarian consideration imposed upon us by the material we work in. This plan has the widths designed to take a fourteen foot joist. In the heights we must try and take away the air of boxiness so often seen in rooms where the height of the ceiling is in excess to the width of the room. The ceilings are nine foot six inches high—and the character as I have written, of the living room is decided in a great measure by the fireplace. Paneling would look exceedingly well in this room, running at the height of the mantel shelf which forms a continuation of its upper member. Flat grained fir panels with the stiles and rails of edge grain would be very effective. Oak is of course the wood de luxe for panelling. The doors have one large panel. Color in our wide range of climate should be carefully considered. At first I decided upon bright colors, but the danger was lest, over influenced by the spirits of these times which demands the most startling contrasts, I should be forced into a gaudiness which would take the character entirely from the room.

If you have observed the swirling torrent of modernism in decoration from a long and tranquil distance, you begin to realize that its creators seem determined to attain two purposes—to design motives that have no ancestry and to use materials in ways that they have never been used before, using material and ornamentation in such strange ways that people are unable to grasp the idea. It requires a complete renunciation of all inherited influences and since most of us think and see along accustomed and well worn tracks leading back into years of past experience, these ideals, which apparently start from nowhere, end in a shock to our sensibilities so that we must re-focus and re-adjust our eyes and our taste to fully comprehend them.

As to the living room color a fumed oak tone is given to the woodwork, and the walls above it plastered leaving the trowel mark and then tinted an old ivory. The ceiling has a smooth finish in a lighter tone. For the floors, I am a faddist on good floors whatever their covering, and naturally hardwood is my choice—

bleau there is a hardwood floor which is today as perfect as when laid in the 17th century, and over which Queen Marie de Medici, wife of Henry of Navarre, paced nervously many a weary night, thinking no doubt of Henry's divorced wife Marguerite de Valois. And since that time the high heels of many a tired Queen have crossed that polished floor to take refuge in sleep. Where no doubt the heavy shod revolutionist trod, and the tragic feet of Marie Antoinette crossed before her unhappy ending. And what has kept this floor in its perfect condition? In the first place its material—hardwood, and in the second its finish—wax.

WHILE the term "Ingle nook" is modern, the thing itself is old enough, for the chimney corner was early constructed by the comfort loving man when the fireplace began to be enclosed by side walls and crowned with a hood. Dark winter days and chilly nights suggest just such a hearth to gather about. The measures of joy and comfort which your fireplace can give depends upon the use you make of it. In the owner's room the fireplace is small and it would be better as an electric or gas fireplace, but in the living room, beside the cheerful warmth of crackly

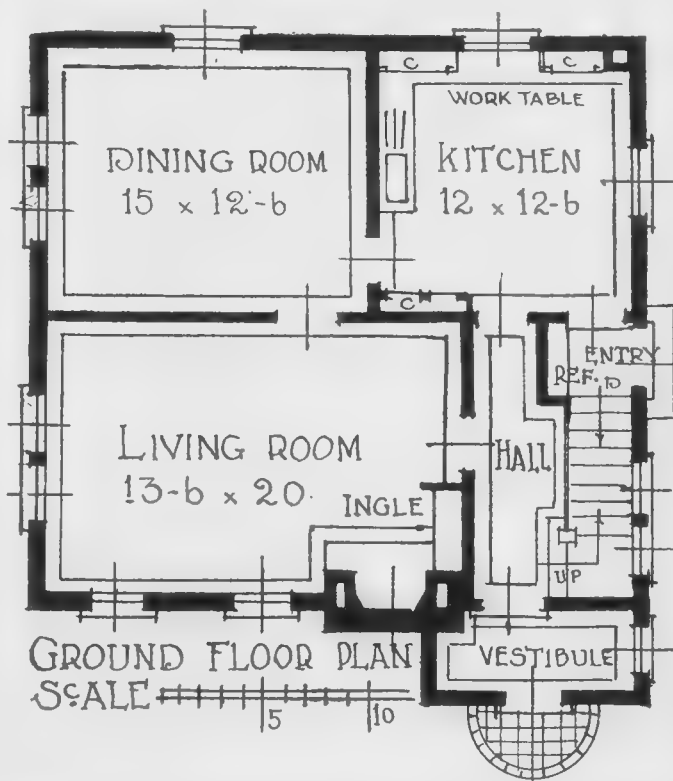
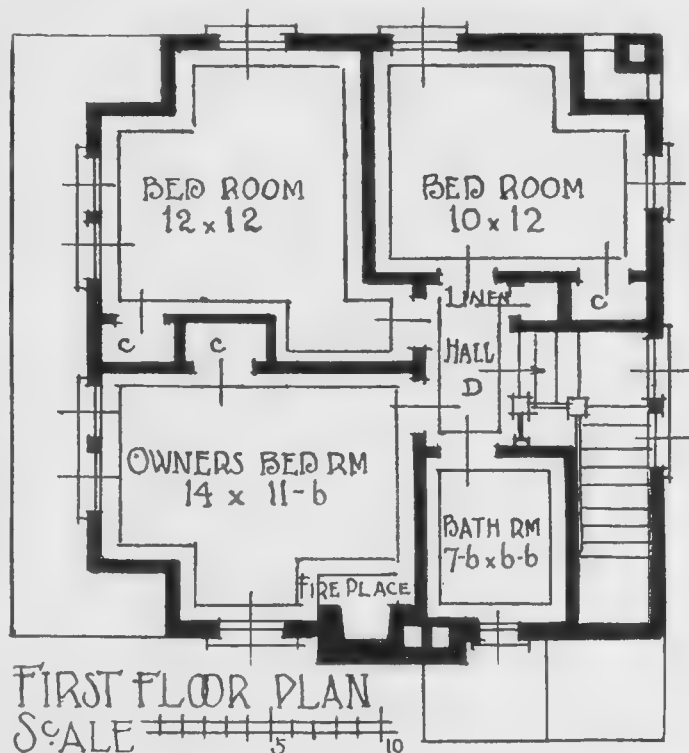
logs, there is a happy satisfaction. One of the charms of a fireplace is in its well designed appointments. The andirons should carry out the spirit of the room, and with the log box and fire tools strike a pleasing note in the decoration of the room.

The planning of the kitchen has become a science, but the formula is not always the same although all kitchen designing is based upon service. Kitchens have blossomed into color. The white and blue kitchen has to a certain extent lapsed from fashion and now the pots and pans are colored brilliantly in red and greens, ultramarines and yellows. The handles of knives, and strainers, brooms and meat choppers are clothed all in bright colors. The vogue is persistent and everywhere housewives are re-decorating the kitchen, and although the idea at first seemed strange to the advocates of the white kitchen, yet why should it be? My childhood memories of kitchens are of colored pictures on the walls, splashes of color on the curtains, rag carpets on the floor. It seems a far cry to those old farm house kitchens, yet we have come back to what might be called "humanity" in our kitchens. Sanitation can be as equally carried out in color as in a dead white or grey. Naturally these tones were safe. You knew what the result would be, but now we have the feeling of wonder as to how our color scheme is going to look. Red in the kitchen however, should be cautiously used, and only in spots. If your kitchen is white or ivory and the wish is to introduce a note of color—a lacquered chair, or some pots with coral or red edges will do the trick. We all love the white jars decorated in dull blue with the names of tea, coffee, and all the spices on them. One thing is certain, the smaller the kitchen the less bright color should be used in it.

This kitchen has its woodwork and cupboards left in the natural wood and finished with a shellac with clear glass in small quaint panes forming the doors. The sink is in white enamel and the walls running from the narrow base board are plastered with a smooth hard wall plaster. The floor is covered with one of those lovely new linoleum patterns and the windows in checked gingham.

The entrance is on the side under the main stairs and there is space here to put the refrigerator. The stair hall is well lighted by the windows which follow the ramp of the stairs. These would be very handsome if treated with stained and leaded glass. The stair treads are of the

Continued on page 70



maple with its golden tones or oak with its rich depths—floors which pick up the gleam of the candle by night and are smooth and mellow by day. All homes should have such floors, so expressive of taste and satisfying to the eye, growing more beautiful as time passes, for a good floor is the foundation of good decoration. Without one, the linking together of rugs, furniture and curtains becomes very difficult.

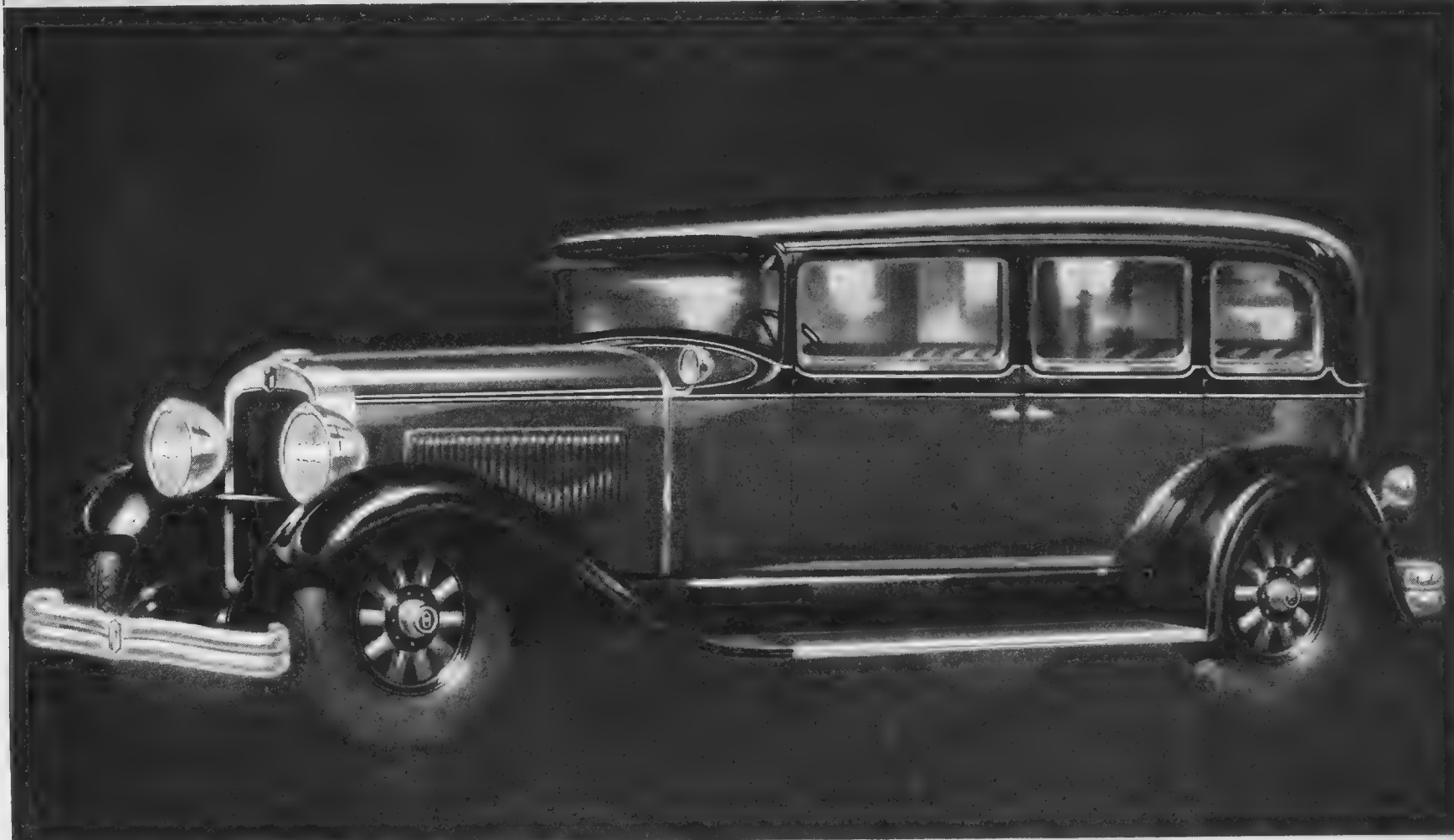
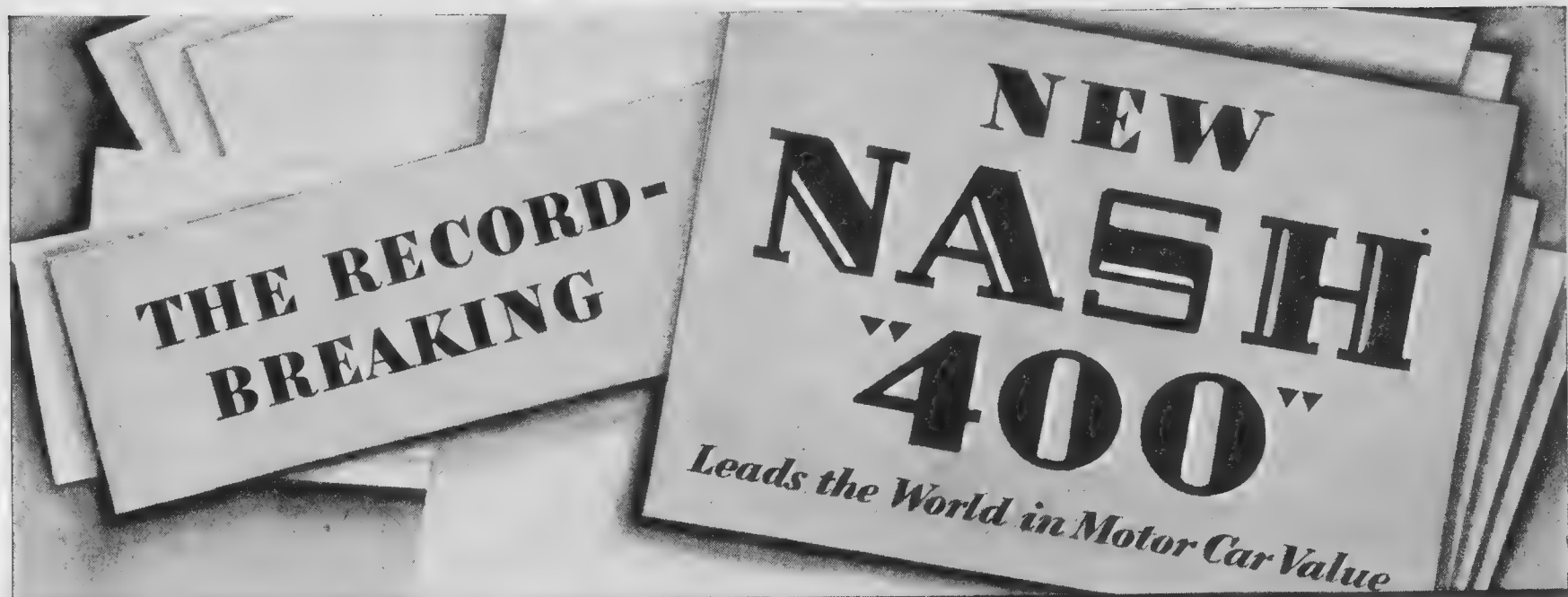
In the Queen's Chamber at Fontaine-

small house must be ignored, so our books are placed in the living room. We all know the dreadful tyranny of books. Everyone who loves books knows how they accumulate do what you may to prevent it, and the solution in this living room is in the sectional book shelf which can be selected in design and tone to suit the rest of the furnishings. Many people object to enclosing books behind glass, but when fires are kept burning for months of the year and especially as

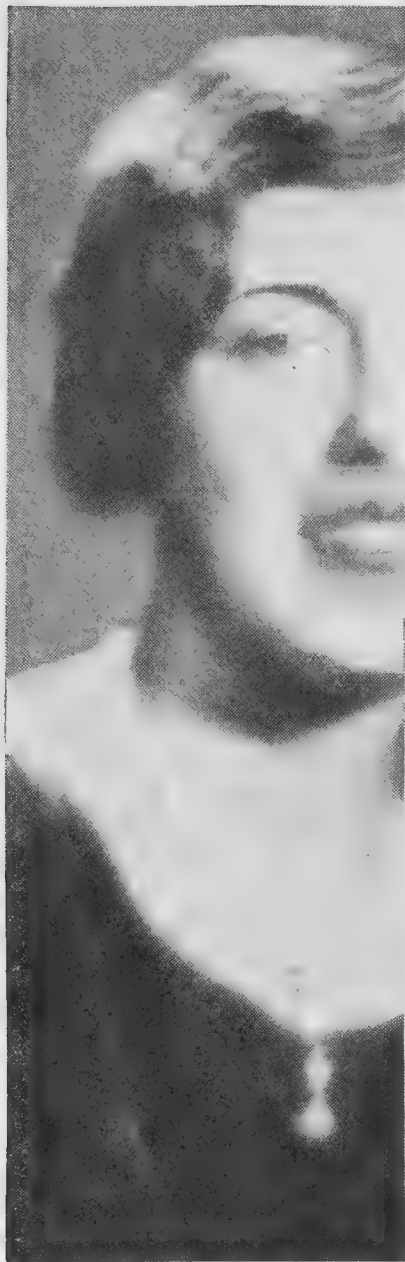
The rugs and curtains should be selected in quiet tones. In the hanging of the curtains the rods should be carefully considered as on them depends the graceful drape of the hanging.

The planning of a library in a small house must be ignored, so our books are placed in the living room. We all know the dreadful tyranny of books. Everyone who loves books knows how they accumulate do what you may to prevent it, and the solution in this living room is in the sectional book shelf which can be selected in design and tone to suit the rest of the furnishings. Many people object to enclosing books behind glass, but when fires are kept burning for months of the year and especially as

Continued on page 70



Film on Teeth to Blame



... when smiles
lose fascination

Sparkling teeth are the chief requisite of a winning personality. Here's the way lovely women in the public eye have found to gain them... a ten-day supply will be sent free.

The Film

that stains naturally white teeth and makes them dingy. You can remove it now in 30 seconds.



Teeth like precious jewels are seen on every hand, for millions know the wonders Pepsodent will work in giving teeth a dazzling whiteness by removing dingy film.

WHEN the sparkle seems to vanish from your smile, a dingy layer of film on your teeth is probably to blame.

Back of film also lies the chief cause of decay, pyorrhea, tender, bleeding gums and the commoner tooth and gum diseases.

How to fight film is the greatest dental problem of the day. Now a new way is prescribed by dentists that differs in action from any other known. It is a special film-removing formula called Pepsodent. Please accept a free 10-day tube. Send coupon.

Why teeth are dull

If your teeth are dingy and "off color" they are coated with a film. Feel for it with your tongue.

Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it. Film hardens into tartar—thus fosters decay. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious body ills may be indirectly traced to film.

The special way to remove it

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You must employ the scien-

MADE IN CANADA

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

tific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel.

As children's teeth appear you marvel at their whiteness. Yours may regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing.

The source of decay and pyorrhea is combated scientifically. In hundreds of thousands of cases under observation this way has succeeded where other things have failed.

FREE ten-day test

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and in business. You cannot delay testing this method another day.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

Mail coupon to
THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 322,
191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
1104 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. London, S.E.1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av., Sydney, N.S.W.
Only one tube to a family 3085 Can.

Wanted!

Continued from page 38

woman may rise to any place for which she has fitted herself.

Do not be content to be a mere clerk. Welcome responsibility, Life is just what you make it and "the sky is the limit." In view of the fact that no woman who enters into a career today has to contend against the limitations and prejudices which cramped their activities a decade ago, does it not seem a great misfortune that so many girls are content to look for easy and pleasant occupations instead of fitting themselves to meet responsibility with confidence?

When we have come to the realization that the independent career is the best means of preparation whereby we may meet life confidently, express our own individuality, and contribute abundantly to humanity's needs, there will be fewer Police Court Victims and "Little Old Ladies" in the Poor House! Let us look—not for powers equal to our tasks—but tasks equal to our powers!

A Creed for the Clothes Closet

Blondes should not dress like gypsies or Orientals. Such costumery needs the dark mystery of the Southern races. Directoire fashions are not for the stout, the big-boned, or the large-waisted.

Large shoulders demand the least possible amount of material. Heavy necks demand open necklines or flat, insignificant collars.

Middle-aged faces that have acquired hard lines and sagging cheeks must avoid collars of organdy, of pique, of starched muslin. Even lace, when used, must be of fine mesh and small pattern.

Short women with awkward lines from neck to heel must eliminate large figurations printed or applied to cloth. Solid colors are necessary for beauty. They should wear fabrics without patterns or opposing colors. They should not be sharply cut in two between neck and heel by belt, girdle, or ornamentation.

No woman should attempt sweeping drapery unless she moves gracefully in clothes. She needs height and an undulating walk.

Broad women should adopt vertical lines. Narrow women may adopt horizontal lines.

Short women should avoid borders on any garment. They shorten the figure.

Stout women should avoid bright contrasts in color.

The Oriental trick of veiling one color with another is an admirable subtlety. It should be mastered by women who have need to alter their clothes to suit different occasions and seasons.

Green in its several nuances is a color for blondes or those of Nordic strain. Jade is the most difficult tone of it to put near the face.

Thin, hollowed arms should be covered from armpit to wrist. When draped sleeves are worn in the evening, there should be a wrist-length undersleeve of lace or net wrinkled closely to the arm. Large muscular arms need loosely flowing drapery, sufficiently translucent to hide their ungraceful contour.

Protuding collar-bones and ugly hollows in the chest can be concealed by a tightly drawn yoke of flesh-colored net ending above the collar-bones. It should be invisible. This trick was standardized by the famous house of Callot in Paris.

Neither a dog collar or jewels nor a black velvet band are suitable adjuncts to a large fleshy neck. Whatever pushes flesh up or down into thick rolls destroys the appearance. This is as true of the corset as the neckband.

Making Mutton Better

For those who do not like the peculiar taste of mutton, prepare the meat for the oven the same as for beef or roast pork, adding salt, pepper and flour. Now, place two pared apples in the pan, leaving them until the meat is thoroughly done. The apples will have consumed all the "mutton" taste and are then discarded. Mutton cooked this way will not stick to the mouth and is as delicious as turkey. Gravy can be made from the drippings.



Why Fear GRAY?

WHY MUST MEN and women of 30 and more be haunted by the fear of gray when science offers Kolor-Bak? If you don't want gray hair, don't have it! End it—easily—not with uncertain preparations, but with Kolor-Bak, a clean, colorless liquid which gradually brings hair to the right shade of blonde, auburn, brown or black! The one bottle is right for all shades! Nor does the hair lose lustre—and the scalp actually benefits! Why experiment with anything—even on one lock of hair—when Kolor-Bak always gets the same perfect results—when Kolor-Bak is sold on a money-back guarantee!

For Sale at all Drug and Department Stores

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

Mail This Coupon for Free Booklet

on gray hair, and how to use Kolor-Bak.

PROPRIETARY PRODUCTS, Ltd.
93-95 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... Province.....

A Raw, Sore Throat

Just Rub It Away

Eases quickly when you apply a little Musterole. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain.

Musterole brings quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, cold on the chest.



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

You'll Get Rid of Blackheads Sure

There is one simple, safe and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads, that is to dissolve them. To do this, get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions that form in the pores of the skin. The peroxide powder and the water dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition.

At the Top of the Mast

Continued from page 20

ashamed of me, although she stuck by me. But I knew she didn't love me any more, and life was a hell. She was always afraid the neighbors would find it out and she'd be disgraced. You see, O'Shea, I had to leave her, because she wasn't happy with me. I didn't think it was fair to myself to commit suicide. One day I went fishing up the Sacramento and in the bushes at the edge of the railroad where the Shasta road skirts the river, I found a dead tramp. He'd been pitched from a car roof on the curve, I guess; I think his neck was broken. He looked a good deal like me—about my weight and height—

"I see," interrupted O'Shea. "It was a good idea. You changed clothing and salted the stiff with your watch and pocketbook and shoved him off into the river. Then you disappeared. And you'd done all this before you remembered about the life insurance."

"I never thought about the life insurance at all. I just wanted to get away clean and start life all over again. I came to Victoria, got a job as salesman with the McDougall Realty Company, made a few deals and got some money together and bought into a partnership. The insurance policy had been collected before I heard about it, and while I was wondering how I was going to square the company, my wife married again. That complicated the matter worse and now—what are you going to do with me, O'Shea?" Poor Rand's face was very pitiful as he raised it to the detective.

"Ask you to forgive me, you poor devil," murmured O'Shea, and extended one cold hand. "I've played a dirty game, old man, and it wasn't even in the line of duty. I was doing it for money—blood-money. There was \$2,500 in it for me and I'm a poor man and needed the money. Most crooks do, I guess," he added humbly.

"I understand that pressure—thoroughly," Rand smiled wanly as he took the detective's hand. "Of course I forgive you. I think I like you better in your true role. It's worth losing that commission to know you. But if you reach shore alive you'll have to make a report on me."

"When we reach shore," reported Mike O'Shea—"and we'll try for it before we get any colder or stiffer—you head north and I'll head south. I won't see you again, and as far as the law is concerned I'll square this case. Are you ready to swim for the shore, sailor?"

"Ready," responded Rand, and they descended the ratlines until the seas swept them to their knees; then, each with one arm looped into the cork ring between them, they went out into the breakers, paddling desperately with their free arms.

It was an hour before they won to the firm white sand of the beach, and they were too weak to walk. O'Shea found some matches in his pocket in a water-proof safe, and crawled around on his hands and knees collecting driftwood for a fire. When he had the fire blazing well, he dragged his benumbed companion to the flames, undressed him and slapped the life back into him.

At daybreak they parted. "Good-bye, Fred," said Detective O'Shea, addressing his prisoner by the first part of his latest alias. "Go your way and sin no more, and God bless you. You're the finest crook I've ever met."

YOUNG Henny Maguire strolled into the office of Captain of Detectives Horton and draped his person over the chief's desk.

"When will Mike be back?" he demanded. "He's overstaying his leave."

"He was in the wreck of the steamer Omega," said Horton sourly. "He writes me he is the only survivor and he's resting up at a farmhouse near the beach where he came ashore. He was all in for a week afterwards, but he's on his way home now. I expect him in some time tomorrow forenoon. Now get out, Henny. I'm a busy man."

Young Henny got out. In the doorway he met a man coming in. The man looked excited about something, so Henny Maguire hung around on the cor-

ridor, planning to go back later and question Munson, the chief clerk. While he was standing there a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and whirled him about.

"Hello, Henny," said Detective Michael P. O'Shea, "how are you?"

The reporter greeted his friend warmly, and felicitated him upon his miraculous escape from drowning. For a minute they exchanged the usual commonplaces, and then Henny Maguire remembered that he was a police reporter.

About the scoop you promised me, Mike," he reminded O'Shea.

O'Shea's face clouded. "Not yet," he replied evasively. "I must report to the chief," and he opened the door to Horton's office and entered, just as a stranger departed. Horton looked up as O'Shea crossed the room and held out his hand.

"Well, Chief," he began cheerfully, "I'm back, and mighty glad of it." He arched one eyebrow toward Munson. It was a silent request to the chief to dismiss his clerk while O'Shea made his confidential report.

"I won't need you for a few minutes, Munson," growled the captain of detectives, and Munson, taking the hint, went out in the hall and commenced to chat with Henny Maguire.

"Well, I roped him in, all right," began O'Shea confidentially, "and I had him on the steamer with me. You know the story. It was every man for himself, and I'm a family man, Chief."

"He was drowned, then," ventured Horton. "How do you know?"

"I saw him perish," replied O'Shea glibly, and went on to unfold a vivid story of Rand's death and his own miraculous escape. But the chief was gazing at him with an ugly leer on his face and suddenly O'Shea paused, confused. Horton continued to glare at him, and presently he spoke.

"You saw him drowned, eh? And you have the nerve to come back here with that story and think it will wash with me? Mike, you're immense. Upon my word, you are. Now, let me tell you exactly what happened. You and this crook, Rand, or Mallory, got ashore all right and you made the pinch. Then you shook him down for all the traffic would bear and turned him loose, while you come back here and give me this cock-and-bull story about seeing him drowned."

Horton laughed. "And you're the honest dick I sent out to bring home the bacon, eh? Mike, as I said before, you're immense. Did you see that man that went out of my office just as you came in? Well, that's the local manager of the Pacific Life Insurance Company and he just dropped in to tell me to forget about that John F. Mallory case. His people are no longer interested. He says Mallory's widow has returned his company twenty thousand dollars and he wants the matter dropped. Well, I'll drop it. I'll have to, because the insurance company will refuse to swear to a complaint. And there are other reasons. But I'm not through with you—you dirty crook! Just pass over two thousand five hundred bucks, Mike. You got more than that for squaring this case. Rand had money and you made him come through to the company, of course. Naturally you charged him a piece of money for the privilege. You wouldn't be a cop if you hadn't. So I want my bit. We are partners in this. Shell out, and be quick about it."

"Chief," protested O'Shea, "I didn't get a red cent. The man wasn't a crook after all. I tell you, I couldn't rope him, Chief. He was the finest gentleman—"

"Tell all that to Sweeney. I want twenty-five hundred dollars."

"But I can't give you any money."

Horton smiled. "Tomorrow, Mike," he said sweetly, "you go back to pounding a beat. And you'll pound it in Ingleside where to fog is thick enough to give you a good mouthful every time you open that lying trap of yours. I'll try you on that for a month, and if you don't come across then, I'll break you. You left the state without the permission of the Board of Police Commissioners, and

Continued on page 62



All the Mothers applauded

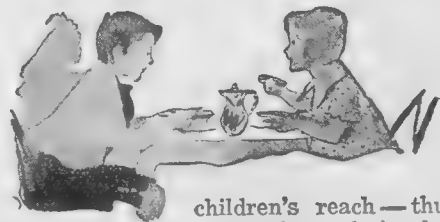
..... A Mothers' Club story revealed in a letter to Mary Dean

After her two children took school prizes for health, the Mothers' Club asked Mrs. J.D.N. to describe her feeding methods.

Like all of us would have been, she was much embarrassed until one member asked how Mrs. N. persuaded her children to eat breakfast. Her own had no appetite in the morning.

"That started me off," Mrs. N. writes, "and it was easy to tell how I give the children plenty of raisins in their cereal and how they eat the last spoonful."

"All the mothers applauded enthusiastically. They seemed especially interested in my custom of leaving the Market Day Special raisins within the



children's reach—thus satisfying their between-meal cravings with a healthful sweetmeat. And these mothers were delighted to learn they could get really fine raisins at a bargain price."

Perhaps you'd like to know how Mrs. N. uses raisins in cereals. If serving cooked cereals, she simply adds a liberal supply of "Market Day Special" raisins and cooks them with the cereal.

If serving ready-prepared cereals, she plumps the "Market Day Special" raisins by boiling them five minutes first or pours them over the cereal right from the bag.

Mrs. N. says she insists on "Market Day Special" raisins, for all raisins are not alike—especially bargain raisins! Sweet, plump fruit, clean as grapes from the vine, ready to eat or to cook—that is what she is certain of in the "Market Day Special" bag. Sun-Maid's great resources keep "Market Day Special" quality unchanged and the price low.

I'll be glad to send you suggestions for using raisins to make many plain dishes taste better. Just write me in care of Sunland Sales Association of Canada, Ltd. Montreal, Quebec.

Mary Dean



For genuine "Market Day Special" quality, buy only the light blue bag with the Sun-Maid girl on it. You can get either 4-lb. or 2-lb. size. Your grocer also has: Sun-Maid Nectars (red carton)—different from any



seedless raisin you ever knew, plumper and actually grape-like in their fresh flavor.

Sun-Maid Puffed (blue carton)—the only seeded raisins that aren't sticky.

Royal Bank has Largest Assets in Banking History

The Royal Bank of Canada goes steadily ahead making new high records for Canadian banking. The annual statement for the fiscal year to November 30th just published will be received by shareholders as one of the most satisfactory in the history of the bank. Not only are assets at a new high level in the history of Canadian banking, but, what will doubtless appeal equally as much to the many shareholders, the profits for the year also constituted a new record among Canadian banking institutions.

From the standpoint of general interest to the public at large, the most satisfactory part of the statement is probably that dealing with the commercial loans in Canada. It has been known that there has been a very large increase in the trade and industry of the country, and the Royal Bank, with its very large resources, has been able to take on \$66,000,000 of new business throughout Canada and at the same time has amply maintained its usual strong cash position.

Strong Position Maintained.

Every part of the statement bears evidence of the great co-operation the bank is in a position to lend all sections of the country, through its very complete chain of branches.

Of total assets of \$909,395,884, liquid assets are \$398,862,065, being equal to over 50 per cent of liabilities to the

public. Included among them are cash on hand and in banks totalling \$180,321,670, being 22.62 per cent of liabilities to the public.

The very prominent part which the bank has played in financing the larger business of the country is reflected by total commercial loans in Canada of \$292,315,472, up from \$225,536,860, an increase for the year of over \$66,000,000. At the same time current loans elsewhere than in Canada are down to \$145,422,394, from \$153,411,835.

Of equal importance is the manner in which savings deposits continue to expand, deposits bearing interest having now gained to \$523,651,908, up from \$514,562,219 a year ago.

Record Earnings.

A new high record for earnings has been set. Profits for the year amounted to \$5,881,253, as compared with \$5,370,145 in the previous year. The profits, added to the amount carried forward from the previous year, brought the total amount available for distribution up to \$7,691,085. This was applied as follows: dividends and bonus \$4,200,000; transferred to officers' pension fund \$200,000; appropriation for bank premises \$400,000; reserve for Dominion Government taxes \$530,000; leaving a balance to be carried forward of \$2,361,085, as against \$1,809,831 at the end of the previous year.



This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

A STOREKEEPER, to whom was owing money by a farmer, induced two other farmers who were of foreign extraction to sign a document which the two foreigners believed to be a guarantee for future advances to be made by the storekeeper to the first farmer. The document as a matter of fact not alone was a guarantee for future advances but was also a guarantee for an indebtedness which the first farmer had incurred some time ago. Neither of the foreigners could read or write anything beyond their own names. The court found that they were both men of very limited understanding, limited vocabulary, slow of perception and without education. Even if they could have read or have the document read to them they could not without explanation have understood its meaning or effect. The storekeeper sued them on the guarantee and they entered a defence that the representation made to them was with reference to future advances and not with reference to the past indebtedness. After an examination of the witnesses the court came to the conclusion that they did not understand the nature of the document and that the storekeeper has caused them to sign something other than that which they thought they were signing and so relieved them from any liability as far as the future indebtedness was concerned.

We must point out that this rule only applies in cases of illiterate persons, or persons who are in such physical condition that they cannot be presumed to understand the nature of the document which is presented to them for their signature. Apart from this every person who signs a document without taking care to read it will be bound by it.

AN insurance company was sued by the owner of a motor car for the destruction of his car by fire. The company admitted that it had issued the policy, and that it was in existence at the time the motor car was destroyed. In its defence, however, it claimed that one of the terms of the policy was that the car was not covered if it was operated by the owner's son. The father in giving his evidence stated that he warned his son not to drive or take out the car or another car which he also owned and that he did not know that his son had taken the car out until the day after the accident. The son admitted that his father had forbidden him to drive the car and that up till the night of the accident he had obeyed the instructions, but on that particular night he had taken the car out on permission. He had driven a friend to the hospital and later picked up a companion who took the wheel and was driving at the time of the accident. The question to be determined was whether the son was "operating" the car at the time of the accident or whether the companion was doing so. The court held that in determining who was the operator of the car it was important to ascertain who had control over the car, i.e., who had the right to direct its operation. There was no doubt that up until the time that the son had picked up his companion he alone was in sole control and operation of the car. The court found that even though he had asked his companion to drive it was unreasonable to say that he ceased to operate in the sense in which one operates a car who retains control. In other words, if the son had at any time told his companion to cease driving the latter would have been under obligation to comply with that direction. The court further continued as follows:—"A person who is in control and has the right thereto while in possession of a car does not

divest himself of that control or that right by merely turning over the act of driving to another who has neither ownership of nor interest in the car and no right to the use thereof beyond that which he acquired as a mere passenger who drives on the invitation of the owner or the person in possession, charge or control who himself remains in the car." The son had not abandoned control to his companion although he did turn over for the time being the act of driving. The court thereupon held that the son was still operating the car within the meaning of the clause of the policy and that therefore, the father could not succeed in his action.

DURING the past six months many judgments have been given in connection with the rights of purchasers and sellers under what is commonly known as a lien note. In British Columbia the Conditional Sales Act, which deals with lien notes provides that if the price of the goods exceeds \$30.00 and the seller intends to look to the buyer for any deficiency on a resale the goods shall not be resold until after notice in writing of the intended sale has been given to the buyer. In the particular case in which judgment was given the seller repossessed the car and attempted to sell it by auction. The auction was held and no bids from any person other than the seller himself were received. He thereupon bid in the property. Some time afterwards he was advised that this sale was not legal so that it had to be treated as abortive or of no effect. He then resold by private sale without giving notice of the intended sale. After the sale was effected there was a difference between the amount received and the amount which the purchaser owed and he sued the purchaser for the balance. The court held that the Act required that the purchaser should be given notice of the sale and that as this was not done he could not be held liable for any deficiency.

WITH the increase in the number of motor cars and the unskilful drivers many cases have to be decided arising out of motor car collisions. Perhaps none is more frequent than that surrounding "the right of way." The usual rule is that at intersections the car to the right has the right-of-way. This knowledge has been used sometimes in the belief that it entitles the driver on the right to go "barging" through without paying very much attention to the traffic on the left. The courts have repeatedly held that this is not the true interpretation of the rule. The evidence in this particular case showed that the party to the right did not have his car under proper control and was not travelling at a reasonable rate of speed. If he had been doing so he could easily have avoided any collision. The mere fact that he was on the right did not entitle him to disregard the fact that other traffic might be on the street at the same time. In giving judgment one of the Judges quoted another judgment as follows:—"The defendant had the right-of-way but his car was so far from St Vincent Street that the plaintiff thought he could safely cross without danger of impact. In the result the defendant's truck ran into the plaintiff's car inflicting serious injury. The strong point against the plaintiff was that the defendant had the right-of-way, but having the right-of-way is not sufficient to justify running the other man down." The upshot of these cases is that if anybody feels that there is any danger whatever in attempting to exercise that right given by law he should immediately consider that legal rights are not

Continued on page 50

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What a thrill—to find a sure six no trump bid in your hand while playing Contract Bridge!

You can enjoy a similar thrill many times during the year by learning to play this popular new game. All you need is a book of rules, cards, and a Peerless or Elite Folding Table.

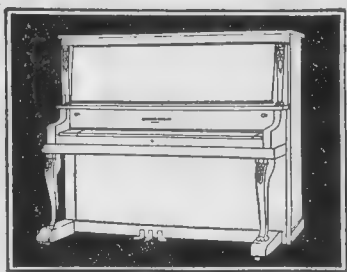
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The Woven Web of Selling Talk

By Mary Matheson

I HAVE concluded that to my youth I belonged my years of discretion. With the coming of age, discretion vanished along with the years. In my youthful days I could pass gaily along the street, all unconscious of the windows which blazed forth such signs as "Real Estate, Loans, Investments," and go on my way rejoicing. Buying real estate was not for me—for two reasons: I had no ambition in that direction, and last, but certainly not least, I had no money to invest were my spirit ever so adventurous.

But always lurking in the centre of my heart was a woman's unquenchable desire for a home. We had wandered from place to place like gypsies—or ministers—when one day, after teaching the languages for a couple of years in a local high school, I began to feel the coins jingle restlessly in my pockets and the little voice in the centre of my heart which had always stirred to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," beginning to break into a grand prelude of that fine old song.

Then, one day, we happened to motor to a distant city. Strange how the net of circumstances weaves itself about us! I took a disparaging farewell of the cosy manse which sheltered us, conscious only that I owned not a brick of it. As we passed, my neighbors were working in their gardens. Now, I had done all this work for someone else. I thought of the hedge—green and stalwart now. Two years ago we had carefully planted it, railed at the neighbors' children and our own for tumbling off the fence into its struggling branches—winning the combined disapproval of all concerned. Now someone else would be enjoying it—reaping where we had sowed.

The first night when we pitched our tent, my husband said: "Well, Molly, this is the only home we have now," I simply reiterated his words, "Yes, the only one," and no sooner were the words spoken than through the trees, half-hidden in the starlight came two merry, happy friends of other days. They asked that my three daughters and I spend the night with them as they had their home all completed and could take us in beautifully. We went—their enthusiasm for their home was so irresistible—my friend showed to me all the conveniences John Walter had achieved for her comfort. After we had given everything close inspection and had admired all to their heart's content, and ours, John Walter turned to me and said with a delightfully self-satisfied smile: "It's not a mansion, but it's home, and we've made it just to our liking." This was just one more fibre being woven into the web!

We revelled in the beauty of the western city. A beauty which fascinated but did not find response in my heart, for in my vision the prairie roses simply glowed in their sweet simplicity. I had a strange feeling of loyalty for them and somehow resented this bold display of vivid coloring everywhere. It was like people with homes—my roses were wanderers as we were. I wondered if in my span of life I had given a little of such fragrance to the world through which I had passed... but my husband was speaking, just as I was beginning to feel a sense of security from my homing instinct—"Say, what do you say if we look at some houses today—just for fun you know," he added as he saw a look of alarm on my face.

We motored till we saw a sign, "Real Estate," and all the bargains of the day written underneath in glowing letters. Those prices were within my range, but the thought of the prairie rose was still in my heart.

"I'd like to see a friend of mine first," I said; "The Mitchells bought a house in the next block from here just last year. They could tell me something about it."

We went in. But our friends had changed. Mrs. Mitchell settled back in her chair with a complacency I had never before seen in her. She had no place for any thought but her home. Her two girls were going to University, her sons had good positions in the city—forging ahead. My boy was ready for University, but what chance was there for him? Instead of giving any confidence I came away with a determined

feeling that my children must have advantages too. I was all won over to my husband's idea of looking at houses.

We entered the office. My husband bravely—I more timidly. In my younger days I had been given to writing poetry and poets are acknowledged failures in business. Why, only the previous summer I had a letter from a publishing firm congratulating me on the quick sale of two hundred and fifty Chap-books. The publisher declared jubilantly "Not often poets are such good salesmen"! The memory of this gave me courage as I went forward. Perhaps, after all, there were exceptions to every rule.

"Do anything for you?" questioned the big dark-eyed man who seemed to be the last word in hospitality.

I took a moment to consider him. I was never favorably impressed with dark eyes. I had once learned a juvenile song: "Black-eye, pick-a-pie, turn around and tell a lie." It had left an indelible impression upon me that dark-eyed people were not truthful. While I was placing my man in the category of criminals to which he belonged, my husband, who trusts everyone at sight, was speaking. I immediately called in my disrespectful thoughts.

"We'd like to look at some houses. We don't really intend to buy, you know, but we'd like to look at what you have, anyway."

The black eyes snapped. They had already closed the bargain, signed the deed, carried out all the necessary preliminaries. The owner of them jumped into the car, which seemed to have been waiting just for us—and our hypnotized bodies were with him before our spirits had time to leave the office. We went up a hill, around a block, across a park till we came to an unpaved street where some fine houses formed a bulwark for the thoroughfare.

"Taxes very small here," observed the agent, "because of the unpaved street, good time to buy. Paved streets will be here in a year or two and property will sell at a big advance."

"Then, of course, taxes will go up," I said hopefully; I wanted to buy a house but did not want the conviction to come from anyone else.

"You can't make a mistake on this street. Property is bound to rise in value."

"Oh," I said rather helplessly, conscious that this man did not know what home-longing was. I wasn't calculating to buy a home only to sell it again. Life had been uphill, difficult. I had learned in a hard school of experience that doing things just for fun was a scandalous waste of energy. What I did, had to count.

I looked at my husband. The cares of of buying a house were not weighing heavily on him at all. I was disappointed that he was not feeling more keenly the momentous situation. I caught a glimpse of the driver. His face was set, determined. I knew from it I was going to buy a house—and the exact house which he intended I should. I felt anxiously in my stocking for the deposit of bills I would make. Perhaps the money had already gone forward into the sale. There was an uncanny feeling about all this. But no, the money was as I had placed it. I felt comforted. There was hope yet.

Soon we alighted.

"Lovely house," said the black eyes, using a voice for a medium. The house was of colored granite stucco and it was pretty! I would have to give him the credit of speaking the truth this time. He walked in, knocking uncereemoniously. An elderly lady met us in the little hall. "We've come to see the house," said our guide, brushing past her all intent on showing us every virtue the house possessed. In the breakfast-nook sat a pretty girl, her hands folded disconsolately across the table. When we passed to the basement our man took us aside confidentially whispering: "Sad case, sad case—one of the saddest I have ever known. Husband wants to get rid of her, and she has become mentally incapable of attending to anything. Just sits there like that all day." His face was a mask of misery. After all an

Continued on page 77

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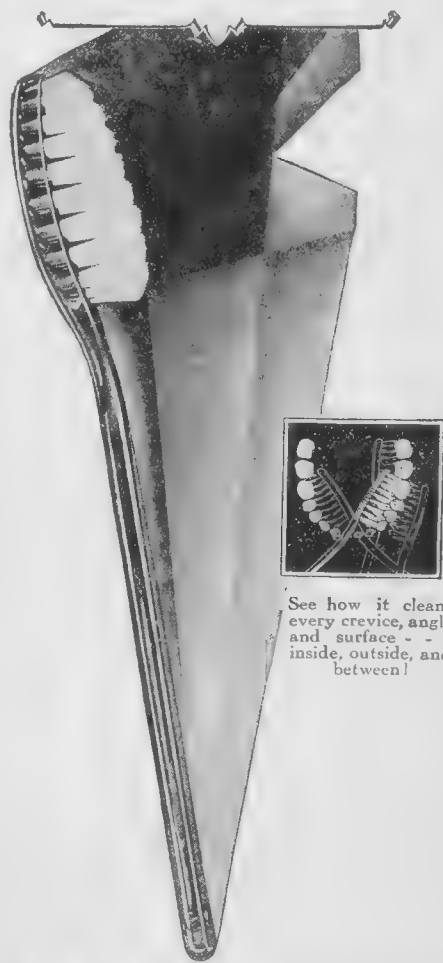
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Details will be given in the forthcoming annual report.

This special bonus is in addition to, and independent of, the usual annual profit distribution, the scale for which, for the ninth consecutive year, will again be increased.

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OF CANADA**

Head Office - Montreal



FATHER TIME has added another year to his conquests and today we are on the threshold of another year fraught with many possibilities and adventures. We would do well on such an occasion to consider solemnly those possibilities with a view to making the present year, not alone successful from the individual point of view but of such advantage to the nation as a whole that the eyes of the world will turn indubitably to this land of Canada. Perhaps no better way can be found than to contemplate the past year, to analyze the successes which we have experienced and to take warning from the losses which we have sustained. It can be safely said that the year 1928 has been a banner year in Canada. There is scarcely a trade, industry, manufacture or profession which has not benefited in some degree. The main source of wealth is agriculture and we have no cause for complaint on this score. It is true that there is a considerable difference between those estimates of the wheat crop published by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and by the private members of the grain trade, but even if we accept the government figure we will find that the crop is over half a billion bushels returning to the farmers over two billion dollars. It does not need many words to comment upon the value of such an influx of money to what is comparatively a new country. The sum does not include the returns from dairying, poultry and livestock. The value of such items is very considerable as anyone who has spent any time on a farm will well realize.

Perhaps there is no greater indication of the wealth of the nation than is to be found in the reports of the railway companies. To those who believe in public ownership the truly wonderful record of the government owned railways affords the completest satisfaction. Gone are the days when the people of Canada were compelled to dig deep into the National pocket to pay up deficits for the many railway ventures of the past. Today the President and officials of the Canadian National Railways have given to the public a surplus which is estimated to be in the neighborhood of sixty million dollars. Not alone have they done this but they have created throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion a feeling of security and pride in the nationally owned railways. Its rival in business has likewise prospered to such an extent that the shares of the Canadian Pacific Railway have been mounting steadily in the financial markets of the world, and today constitute one of the soundest conservative investments in the world. Its returns show that perhaps between fourteen and fifteen dollars have been earned on the common shares after all charges of every kind have been paid.

The mining situation is likewise strong. During the past four or five months there has been a considerable slump in the various markets, but with the incoming year this position has been altered and there is now abroad a strong feeling of confidence in this direction. The striking development of International Nickel especially, since it has linked its fortunes with Mond Nickel, has been due to a realization of the fact that this company possesses one of the largest mining possibilities that the world has ever seen. An examination of the prevailing prices of the stock shows that the public is fully cognisant of this fact.

The importance of the Flin Flon and Sherritt Gordon mines in Manitoba has been emphasized by the construction of a railroad to both sites, the bonds of which have been guaranteed by the Manitoba Government. In Manitoba there has been considerable interest created in the discovery of tin deposits at Shatford Lake and the adjoining districts situated about one hundred miles north-east of Winnipeg.

The following extract from the December letter of the Bank of Montreal seems to sum up admirably the situation as then disclosed:

"The year draws to a close with production and distribution at a high level, and save only in such branches as are affected by the season, the activity of recent months is well maintained. There is little unemployment, wages keep up, note circulation—an excellent barometer of business—is large, mercantile mortality is normal, bank deposits grow, foreign trade enlarges, and commodity prices are fairly stable.

In the eight months to November 30th, 264,112,000 bushels of wheat were exported, nearly a hundred million bushels more than in the like period last year, and on the 15th of the present month the visible supply of wheat in Canada was 141,000,000 bushels, or 46,700,000 bushels more than a year ago, figures which imply large employment for transportation companies until another harvest is reaped."

So much for the past. With this record behind us to inspire us and encourage us we can go forward into the new year with every confidence that this unparalleled prosperity will continue. This should not occasion undue speculation, but should warn us against any expansion which is not founded on a sure foundation. The only fly in the ointment at present is the recent decision of the Privy Council whereby it was held that none of the Provincial Governments have any power to curtail the sale of shares in Dominion companies. In the past we have referred on many occasions to the various attempts which have been made by the Provincial legislatures to check the sale of Dominion securities. There is no harmony between any Provincial Government and the Dominion authorities in respect to the issuing of charters, and this lack of harmony has made it possible for unscrupulous promoters to obtain charters and incidentally fleece the unsuspecting public. Something will soon have to be done in this respect and endeavours are now being made to bring about harmony between the various authorities.

IF ANY facts were needed to support the contention that there has been a wonderful wave of prosperity during the past year it can easily be and completely found in an examination of the annual statement of the Royal Bank of Canada issued as at the 30th day of November, 1928. In every department there has been such a decided and remarkable increase in business that all previous records have been left far behind. For the ordinary individual it is hard to visualize figures running into millions, especially when there have to be considered items like the following: The total assets of the bank are almost nine hundred and ten million dollars of which practically four hundred million are liquid and of these liquid assets over one hundred and eighty million is represented by cash. The Royal Bank has contributed in no small measure to the increase in trade and industry during the past year as is exemplified by the fact that its commercial loans have increased by over sixty-six million dollars, and at the same time the saving deposits have increased by almost ten million dollars. These facts are of interest to the public at large, but the shareholders feel an added pleasure in the contemplation of the increase in the profits by over half a million dollars; the profits for the year amounting in all to \$5,881,253.00. After making provision for dividend bonus, officers' pension, appropriation for bank premises, reserve for Dominion Government taxes, the bank carried forward to its profit and loss account the very handsome sum of \$2,361,085.00. We have given these facts as an inspiring evidence of the undoubted stability of our banking institutions and as an added incentive to look forward to the future with unbounded confidence and zeal. It also gives us reason to believe that there is but the faintest possibility of any of our banks ever becoming financially involved.

Patience

Continued from page 10

greens and purples, as she loved them in the majesty of their wintry robes. Loved, too, the deep forests which shadowed their rocky feet, the wide, turbulent river, the proud sweep of sky, untainted by the smoke of cities—loved also the people, who came to her in their troubles, who asked so eagerly for their few, infrequent letters, reading portions of them to her, telling of their "Ma and Pa," and their relatives across the distant seas.

Grateful? No, scarcely that, but—

She shuffled the cards again. After all, this wasn't Life! She was only forty, and perhaps, if she decided to accept Henry Moore's offer, she might snatch something for herself out of this business of living. They would get along all right without her. She was not indispensable — they had managed very well before she came. This last, this thirteenth game should decide. If she did not come out, she would take it as a sign that Fate was against her remaining in the wilderness, and that it would be better for her to throw up the cards and try her luck in another role.

Slowly she laid out the pasteboards—one face upwards, six face down—and so on, until the whole twenty-eight were in place. The Queen of Spades there, on the King of Hearts, four of spades on the five of hearts—ace of clubs turned up—put that away near the lamp—seven of spades turned up—nothing to be done with that. Ace of hearts turned up—put that beside its brother of clubs—two of spades turned up—no other move there—three cards from the pack—King of hearts—

So intent was she upon the luck that the shrill jangle of the phone breaking in upon her concentration forced a startled cry from her lips. She pushed back her chair and crossed over to the insistent instrument, taking down the receiver—

"Hallo! Yes? Dog Landing Post Office speaking."

A voice, stringy with distance, and the jangling of wires fighting against the blustering wind, answered in staccato demand:

"George Cooper! We want George Cooper! His wife—sinking fast—"

"You want George Cooper? From the Reserve?"

"Yes! Yes! His wife is calling for him. The baby is an hour old, but she is not doing well. Can you get him?"

"The Reserve is nearly two miles from here, and I have no one to send. If I get him in the morning, will that do?"

"Wait; hold the line!"

A short silence, and then another voice—a man's—came clearly through the night.

That you Mrs. Manners? Dr. MacKenzie speaking. This man — George Cooper! Is it possible to get him in here tonight. His wife's making heavy weather of it—I doubt her holding out until to-morrow."

"She is conscious, Doctor, and asking for him?"

"Yes, poor soul! You know, there's been trouble between them. They separated last summer—I gather it was her fault—and now she wants forgiveness and peace in which to die."

Mrs. Manners looked around her cosy room and through the shaded window at the raging storm.

"I will send him in to her if he can be found, Doctor," she said, and hung up the receiver.

As she kicked off her house slippers, and stamped her feet into her long rubber boots, her eyes rested on the cards beneath the table lamp. The thirteenth game must wait awhile — there was something more important to be done at the moment than this delving into her own future. Time enough for that when she got back. With her heavy fur coat wrapped around her, and her squirrel toque pulled down low over her dark hair, she opened the door just wide enough to sidle through, and plunged out into the winter night.

The snowflakes, no longer soft and distinct, but beaten hard and cutting by a furious wind, drove full into her face as she left the shelter of the porch. Stumbling through the drift which had sifted around the steps, she groped her way to

the road—or to where she knew the road should be—for the snow had obliterated all landmarks. The light from her lantern danced before her as, half doubled up, she struggled against the force of the blizzard. The wind seemed like some giant enemy, actively bent upon opposing her; stinging snow swirled into her face, forcing the water from her eyes, inserting cold, clammy fingers beneath the wraps about her throat. Her ears were filled with a rush of sound, as the demon wind tore shrieking past her, buffeting her tired body, clutching and shaking her short, serviceable skirts.

After struggling for an endless half mile across the open glade, she struck into the comparative shelter of the forest trail, and was able to straighten up and take a deep breath, without the fear of her very lungs being torn from her laboring bosom. Here amongst the trees, the lantern cast weird, eerie shadows, lifelike and hideously immense, as though the giants of prehistoric days, floated and scuttled to cover before her approach. An uneasiness was abroad with the wind, racking at her nerves, so that when the silence of the night was suddenly rent in twain by the demoniac scream of a hunting cougar, she added her voice to the din, and screamed aloud in terror.

Angered with herself for her momentary loss of control, she quickened her footsteps, and half running, half stumbling, she broke through the last few trees, and came out into the clearer ground of the Indian Reserve.

George Cooper's house showed dark against its white background. No lights shone from its windows, and low wooden steps were buried deep beneath the heavy drifts. Sybil stumbled up to the door and beat upon it with her gloved fists. Once—twice—she knocked; then a husky voice, heavy with sleep, growled an impatient query.

"George — George Cooper! Open the door"—she called. "You're wanted at the Springs."

There was a pause, a seemingly endless wait, before the flicker of a light showed through the blurred pane, and the door was thrown open to reveal a short, untidy-looking man, clad in a ragged pair of overalls, and a blanket draped over his shoulders.

"You, Missis!" he exclaimed, surprise leavening his slow voice.

Sybil stepped into the small room which was kitchen, living-room and sleeping apartment all in one.

"Your wife, George"—she said. "She's very sick, and she wants you. You'd better hitch up the sleigh, and start at once."

"My wife? Susie?" A sullen look clouded his heavy face. "Whaffor Susie want me all at once? She got herself in trouble?"

"Yes, she's in trouble—bad trouble, George—and it's the kind you ought to share with her."

"Huh!" A sneering smile distorted his unshaven face. "So she thinks I'm that sort of a fool, does she? She swore she'd never see me again, but now she wants me to dig her out of a row—eh?"

"George Cooper, your wife is dying! That's the kind of trouble she's in! And if you won't go for your wife, you'll go for the sake of your child, who lies in her arms tonight."

"What's that? Susie sick? Real sick, d'you mean?"

His sullen humor dropped away from him as his slow Indian brain grasped the meaning of her words. His face remained expressionless, but his tones conveyed a rising anxiety.

"She's sick, all right!" replied Sybil, dropping easily into the slovenly vernacular in order to be more quickly understood. She was shivering with the cold of reaction after her hurried efforts to reach him, and she longed to get back to the warmth and comfort of the Post Office.

"She's sick, all right! Most women are, y'know, when the babies come!"

"Susie got a baby! We-ell!" Words appeared to fail him, as he added weakly—

"Well! and what do you know about that?"

Continued on page 54



Buy... Later...

First Make This Remarkable Test for 7 days . . . Prove This Unique Shaving Cream's Supremacy . . . Buy Only if Convinced.

Mail Coupon Now

DEAR SIRs:

Most manufacturers clamor for immediate sales. "Buy this!" "Buy that!" they urge. But we have found success in urging men *not* to buy. Rather, to find out at our expense if they like our product. For if they do, they'll buy, and they'll tell others.

Such is the basis of the spectacular success of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

More than 80% of the men who make our test become regular users. Remember they, like you, were wedded to some other shaving cream before.

The coupon is for your convenience. Even though you customarily do not use coupons, please send this one in. In fairness to yourself and to us.

How it was discovered

When we set out to make a shaving cream, we asked 1000 men what their wishes were. They gave us four objectives. Our great laboratories set to work. Time after time we tried, 129 in all, before we got the formula that brought success.

These 5 Things

The things you get in your 7-day test of Palmolive, are things you have long sought:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now we ask a test

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you—still there may be a better way. If there is you want to know it. So won't you let us prove, on *your* face, how excellent this unique product is? It's up to us to prove our point, you've lost nothing if we fail. Please mail the coupon now.

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MADE IN CANADA

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the Shaving Cream. New delights here for every man. Clip and mail the coupon now.

7 SHAVES FREE
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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-2007, The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto 8, Ont.

(Please print your name and address)



Snow is slippery—play safe!

It doesn't pay to wallow all over the road—taking chances every minute with a skid into the ditch, an overturned car—or worse. For snow is treacherous.

Play safe! Keep your WEED Chains handy in your car, ready to put on the tires when there's snow on the road.

Be sure to get the genuine when you ask for WEED Chains. Genuine WEEDS have red connecting hooks. The name "WEED" is stamped on every cross chain.

DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Limited
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Use WEED CHAINS
Best by test for over 25 years

Look for the **RED** connecting hook

WEED
Steel Tire Chains
GRIP!

A PRO. OF THE
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IN BUSINESS
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I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

—Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play the piano by that method. You are silly to even think about it."

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music.

But how I *hated* to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had always been for me one of those dreams that never-come-true. Others could entertain their friends. But I was a mere listener.

For a week I resisted the temptation to look at the ad again, but finally, half-frightened, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know.

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found they were easy as A. B. C. A mere child could master them!

I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was so rapid that soon I was rendering popular and classic selections. For through this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated.

Finally I decided to play for Jack. He was astonished "Why... why..." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him where I had learned... when... how? So I told of my secret. And what did Jack do but start learning the violin! Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success and we are always flooded with invitations. Music has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

Thousands of successful students never dreamed they had musical ability



until it was revealed to them by our "Musical Ability Test." You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by note through this short-cut method. Send now for booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and Free Demonstration Lesson. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 122 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Send me your amazing free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
Instrument..... Have you this inst.?

Learn to Play by Note

Mandolin Saxophone
Piano Cello
Organ Ukulele
Violin Cornet
Banjo Trombone

or any other instrument

A WORD TO THE WISE!

Watch the expiry date of your subscription to Canada's Greatest Magazine—
The Western Home Monthly

Legal Information

Continued from page 46

always looked upon with the same due regard by the other person in the collision.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Q.—In 1922 I undertook a course of instruction from an American Correspondence School, with an agent in Winnipeg. Owing to extended sickness in my home, the lessons have not been completed by a long way, neither have the payments been altogether met, though I have paid eighty-five per cent of it in small instalments. Will you kindly tell me if they can make me pay this in part or full. The local bank have been given the job of collecting it. Is it usual for banks to act as debt collectors?—G.S.

A.—We think it likely that before selling you the course of instruction the agent had you sign a document which will be a binding contract between you and the company requiring you to complete the course and make the payments. However, a number of these American Correspondence Schools are not entitled to carry on business in Manitoba, that is, they have not taken out the license required by our Companies Act which gives them the power to carry on business in Manitoba.

Any Company which has not such a status has no right to sue in our courts, and if the point is raised by the defence the action will be stayed or dismissed. The American Company may of course later obtain such a license and then bring its action for collecting the contract.

There may be other defences however, open to you, such as misrepresentation, but we see nothing intimated by your letter except the possibility that the Company has not a license for Manitoba. If this defence is not open to you you will probably be obliged to pay the balance of the account. It is not unusual for banks to effect collections for their customers. Such collections are usually made by presenting drafts for payment.

Regina, Saskatchewan.

Q.—My father left me a house when he died but it was to be held in the name of my uncle, the executor, until I was twenty-five years old. My uncle wants to sell the house, but I want him to keep it for me. I will be twenty-five next September. Can I prevent the sale?—R.D.S.

A.—Trustee cannot sell the house without your consent unless a full and clear power to sell without consent is given by the will. It would be different if you were a minor; then the trustee might apply for authority from the court to sell.

Vancouver, B.C.

Q.—I own a rather large house that does not bring much rent. I have figured that it would be better for me to remodel it as a duplex, but the property is subject to a building restriction that only a detached single dwelling shall be erected on the lot. It does not seem to me that making the house a duplex would change the house into a double house or offend against the building restriction but I would like your valuable advice on this point—D.L.P.

A.—It has been held by the courts that a similar building restriction would prevent the alteration of a house into a duplex. The court pointed out that a vertical division of the same house would make each portion a semi-detached dwelling and the court could see no difference in principle between a vertical division and a horizontal division into two or more dwellings. We would advise against converting the dwellings into a duplex until you can dispose of the building restriction. This may be possible. You had better consult a solicitor.

ENVOI

O join the Creator and sing,
All heaven is on the wing,
Let all keep the pace
Of the strong rugged race
That dwell in the heavenly north.



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It is easy to beautify and add durability to simply made kiddie togs, with colorful Priscilla Bias Fold Tape. Even amateur needlewomen can obtain exquisite trimming, binding and fagoting effects with Priscilla.

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Six Yards to a card in Lawn
Three Yards to a card in Silk
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Increase Your Weight 5 Pounds 30 Days Or Money Back

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So now men and women who keep up with the times are taking McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets—rich in health building, strength creating flesh producers and as easy to take as candy.

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Try them for 30 days if you want to gain five pounds or more. And bear this in mind, if they don't help you in that time your money will be refunded. 60 Tablets 60 cents—Economy Size \$1.00. At druggists everywhere.



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The shine that lasts
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270 LaGauchetiere Street, W., Montreal

The Alhambra

Continued from page 9

the stones covered with the patina of centuries, are all links with days that are gone. Standing at a corner one raises eyes to the beauty of the Albaicin, with its villas smiling amidst flowery lattices; its white little houses, like so many nests upon the face of a crag; its fragrant gardens and shining terraces, boldly outlined under the dazzling indigo sky, and the golden sun, the romantic sun of Andalusia, that heats the blood, and instills in the soul the joy of living.

Alas for romance and dreams. You have proceeded only a little way when you are insistently importuned by an over-polite gentlemen whose faith in his knowledge of the English language is incredible. He wishes to drag you to see some tattered people do so-called gypsy dances in a quarter that is tawdry and uninteresting. By the time you have driven him away, something of the glamor you have cast about yourself is gone.

But a great deal more flees from you when you first look up at the Alhambra. The exterior is frightfully disappointing. You have pictured shining towers, minarets and glowing domes no doubt. You look upon uneven walls, in a bad state of repairs.

You walk up the ascending road through the Granada Gate and come to a monumental fountain raised to the memory of Charles V. The fountain upholds the slope of the stair leading to the Gate of Judgment.

The Gate of Judgment was erected under the command of the mighty King Yusuf Abul Hagiag about the year 1348. It receives its name from the Oriental custom of the ancient sultans to render their verdicts in cases regarding their people at the entrance to their palaces.

There is nothing particularly imposing about this door. It is square with a horseshoe-shaped arch. Upon it is carved in two separate compartments a key and a hand. There are various legends attached to these. One is to the effect that the city would always remain in the possession of the Moors until the hand seized the key. Well it never does to believe in signs. The hand and the key are still apart. Yet a long caravan of years have marched away since the Moors were overthrown.

Within the walls a vast space is occupied by the now deserted palace of Charles V. Some of the most beautiful parts of the ancient Moorish buildings were torn down to rear this monument of the Renaissance, which is grotesque and ridiculous here.

Through a corridor in a corner of the palace one can enter the Alhambra, that vast array of pillar-lined courts and passages, of ornamented doorways, of great pools and fountains, and the bathing places of harem favorites of five hundred years ago.

Earthquakes, fanatical Spaniards, conquering Frenchmen have left their marks upon this wonder of the ancient world. But the French during their occupation did much repair work, and so can be forgiven for blowing up a couple of towers upon their departure, rendering the place no longer tenable as a worth while fortress.

And now, once within the Alhambra, the writer is faced with the same old tragic problem of selection. It is impossible to describe more than a few things in this great galaxy of the past. And they have been told of by so many writers; the stories and legends and traditions will not stand much more refurbishing.

IN LOOKING upon the passing judgment on Arab art as seen in the Alhambra, it must always be borne in mind that the Moslem artists were necessarily confined, one might almost say cramped, in producing worth while work by a rule of their religion that did not permit the making of images. Hence the effect of monotony that a person from the western world feels after a day of gazing upon even so beautiful a thing as the Alhambra. Thrown back upon mere variation of line, the Moor still achieved wonders in design. Another wonder, for I think it may so be called,

is that so much of this work, in fact, nearly all in the Alhambra, is not carving on stone, or alabaster, but merely ornamented plaster. The Arabs of that day had achieved wonders in the art of moulding and hardening plaster, and yet without an unesthetic gloss.

As I have said: It is necessary to make a choice of what is to be described. And no description of the Alhambra would be complete without mention of the "Patio de los Leones" or Court of the Lions.

This has always been a favorite spot with foreign visitors. The Moors themselves have always been most proud of it. And indeed the perspective is impressive, the intricately adorned columns giving an air of immensity and grandeur. But the fountain of the lions, judged as a work of art, is almost ridiculous. The great carved animals to which has been given the name "Lions" look quite unlike any animal of earth. They might be pug dogs enormously enlarged suffering from prohibition or a Freudian complex. In short, they might be anything, anything save lions.

The Court of the Lions is 92 feet by 52. But seen in engraving and photographs it appears much larger, probably due to the setting of the columns. The surrounding galleries are twenty feet high, and are made up of 124 white marble columns ranged in an odd irregular manner, yet out of which still comes a peculiar semblance of symmetry. The highly ornamented capitals of these must once have been very beautiful judging from the traces of gilding and color they still bear.

Into the Lion Fountain, so the story goes, fell the heads of the thirty-six Abencerrages, men killed at the order of Boabdil, then ruling as master of the Alhambra and Granada.

At the end of this uneven court is the Hall of the Tribunal where sultan's once sat in state. To the left is the Hall of the Two Sisters. This derives its name from the two pieces of white marble, exactly alike in size, which are inserted in the pavement. The vaulting of the cupola must have taken years of painstaking work. It is like a long series of beehive combs. These countless little vaults, from two to four feet across, seem rather the work of Nature with crystals than the product of the hand of man. The walls, like those of the neighboring Hall of Ambassadors, are partly covered with embroidery work in plaster as complex as any piece of old lace. The lower portion is covered with glazed tiles, the corners of which colored black, green and yellow, forming a beautiful mosaic pattern on a white background.

But, really, there are no words which can convey the rich details of adornment. One can only fall back upon photographs to help bring out the most striking portions of these vast halls of the past.

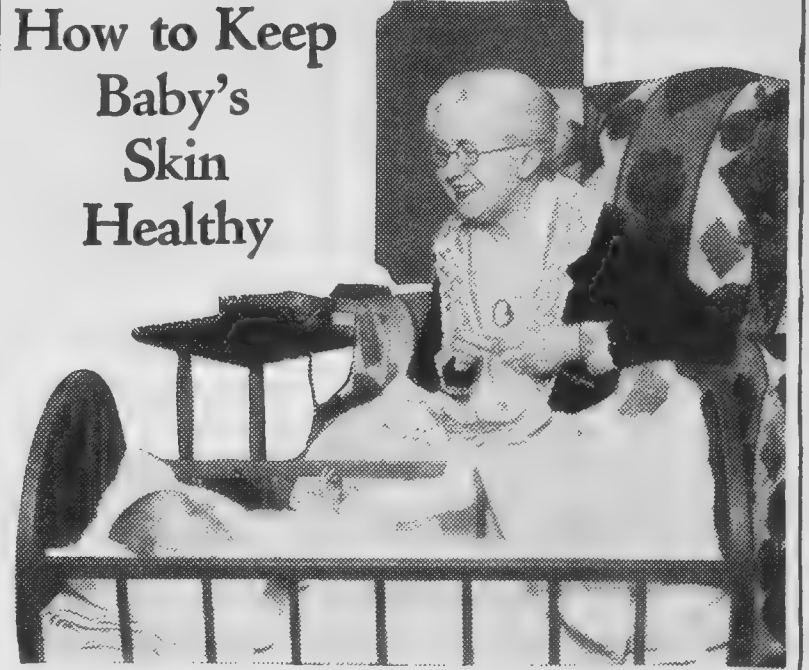
In this hall, in fact at almost every turning, great basins, and pools and spouting jets of water greet the eye. Under the Tribune of Justice are four of these. The lions spout water from their mouths, and at times a column rises from the bowl above. A very carefully planned out scheme of gutters laid in the pavement carries the water to a main drain. It is indeed such a place as all modern housewives dream of having—a house without dust.

Across the garden is the Sultana's baths, adorned with mosaic patterns made up of varnished tiles. In the far away days of the Moorish conquest, beautiful women reclined on clothes of gold after the delights of washing in perfumed waters. Above them were galleries where sat musicians. The baths are remarkable in that they are cut out of single blocks of marble set in vaulted cabinets through which the light pours by means of diamond-shaped traceried windows.

The Hall of the Ambassadors, one of the largest in the Alhambra, occupies the whole of the Tower of the Comares, which overlooks the patio de los Arrayannes (see photograph). On either side of the entrance door of this are two hollowed niches of white marble in the

Continued on page 52

How to Keep Baby's Skin Healthy



"I know that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best treatment for chafing, skin irritations and Eczema."—Says Grandmother.

WHAT is so beautiful as baby's velvety, pink skin. How anxious is every mother to keep it so and to avoid the various irritations of the skin which not only mar baby's beauty but also cause much of baby's discomfort and suffering.

Where two surfaces of the skin come together—as in the arm-pits and between the legs—there is, particularly in fleshy babies, much discomfort from chafing. Then there

is the usual redness and irritation of the skin resulting from wetness of the diapers.

It is as a relief from this condition and as a preventive of eczema that Dr. Chase's Ointment is most appreciated.

The healing action of Dr. Chase's Ointment in such cases is truly remarkable and its timely use will save baby a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

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From the very beginning of his career Tunney



Gene Tunney

never once let himself get out of condition, even for a short time. He made sure of that by taking Nujol as a regular part of training.

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"I have found during my seven years' experience with Nujol that it is not habit-forming, or in any way unpleasant or harmful."

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Nujol will keep you in first-class shape, too. Isn't it worth trying? Sold only in sealed packages.

Buy a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today.

The Alhambra

Continued from page 51

shape of exquisite little chapels. The roof, unlike most of the others, is of larchwood, a maze of geometric design of infinite variety, so fine and delicate in design as to rival the most beautiful lace work.

Upon three sides, the immensely thick walls are pierced with windows which, when looked through, give an added beauty as of a great frame, to the valley of the Darro, the Vega and the neighboring heights of the Albaicin.

At the top of the tower, and reached from the Hall of Ambassadors, is a dressing room once used by Sultanas and Queens. At the entrance is set in a perforated block of white marble. Through the holes once came the smoke of perfumes burned in the room below. It was in the Tower of Comares that the virtuous Ayxa la Horra, and her son, Boabil, were imprisoned. Through friends on the outside, the queen arranged the escape of the child. Having no rope, the queen took a number of scarves belonging to herself and maids. Tying these together into a long line, she lowered the child into the arms of a waiting rescuer who had a fleet horse nearby, and carried the child away to the mountains. If this had not occurred, history might have been changed, for Boabil afterwards treacherously yielded Granada to the Spaniards.

Other magnificent parts of the palace of the Alhambra are the Sala de los Mocarabes, Sala de los Hernanes. Of these and the patio de los Arrayanes, with its magnificent pool, I have chosen to give photographs in lieu of wordy description which, after all, in connection with these courts and columns, can only be more or less of a repetition of the description of intricate Moorish designs already given.

I stand at one of these deeply embrasured windows of the Hall of Ambassadors gazing out upon the setting sun. The last guide and tourist has fortunately disappeared. A stillness lingers. And I dream of the long caravan of the years of the centuries that have past since men made love and war in these environments. Swallows wheel and nest in the corridors where once kings and sultans rested; and now, as the Andalusian sun sinks behind the snow-capped mountains, the bats go wheeling in long and low procession over the places where once the couches of the harem favorites looked upon calm pools secluded from the eyes of men.

And so I come away from Granada, a little sad, because for all the wonders and the beauty I have looked upon, they still could not equal the vision which I had brought to it.

On the far away plains of Manitoba the poplar wood of a winter's night still no doubt burns in many a great iron stove. But the year 1900 is forever in the distance. I cannot ever again be a boy and sit by the fire and thrill to the deeds and doings of Saracens and Spanish knights.

It was not, I fully assure you, any fault of the Alhambra and Granada, but the fault of my boyish fancies and visions, which, after thirty years, brought with me to the ancient Moorish fortress an impossible dreamy picture which the present with its noisy tourists, its guides in modern costume, needs must destroy. Happy are they who never lose their illusions.

THE train speeds away from Granada. Once more I am at the Spanish border. On my way back I pick up at Madrid my American friend the bacteriologist.

At Irun, the frontier town, we have nearly two hours wait for a train to carry us back to France, or rather to St. Jean de Lux, in the land of the Basques, which while French territory, is a land by itself.

We had seen the town previously. So time hung heavy on our hands.

"Did you ever pitch horse-shoes?" I asked my friend.

He had. There was an open grassy spot not far from the station.

Continued on page 53

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A leisurely breakfast and plenty of

SEAL BRAND

Coffee — that's the way to begin the day!

The Alhambra

Continued from page 52

"If we only had the horseshoes," I said, making one of those foolish remarks one does in moments of boredom.

"Yes," he answered. "It's like the home breakfast we were talking about the other day after we got up hungry from chocolate and rolls. If we had ham and eggs, we might have had ham and eggs. So if we had horseshoes...."

"Sounds really like Alice-In-Wonderland."

Then my friend had an idea. Being a bacteriologist this is quite unusual. Anyway he had. He drew out from his pocket three of the huge silver pieces, about the size of an American dollar.

"We could use these to pitch," he suggested.

We went out upon the open space and improvised a game.

We drove a long pencil into the ground. Then standing some fifteen feet from this, each threw two silver pieces, the pieces coming nearest to the pencil counting points as in horse-shoes, while to strike the pencil counted as a "ringer." A curious group of Spaniards gathered around to watch these "mad" foreigners. When each throw was over, one of us would step to the pencil and gather up the coins, handing to other his two. We had not played very long when a policeman came along. At this point I had picked up the coins and handed two to my companion. Instantly the policeman stepped forward and laid hands upon us. We were under arrest, and on what charge do you think? Gambling in a public place! For you see Spain is a very virtuous country. All the casinos have been closed for a period of four years. Public gambling is a serious offence. The only way that gambling is legitimate is by the lottery. The government runs this at a big profit. Naturally they don't want any competition.

Well, there we were, arrested for gambling. Now, as I think I mentioned before, my friend spoke a little Spanish. But it was not very fluent. Yet he was a brave man, and our train was due to go in an hour. So he began to explain. Now I ask you: can you conceive of

any more impossible task than trying to explain the game of horseshoes to a Spanish policeman, or rather the idea of the game which we had transferred to Spanish soil by means of a lead pencil and silver five peseta pieces.

Well the explanation went on and on while the light of amusement deepened in the eyes of the policeman and the other listeners. Imagine, such a silly lie, that men could make a game with the footgear of a horse!

It wasn't any use. So we were led away.

We left the crowd behind and proceeded down a long street lined with plane trees. People passing eyed us curiously. Presently we came to a stretch of street where we were quite alone. Then I had a great idea. Horseshoes are supposed to bring luck. We hadn't any, but really, were not these silver pieces we had been playing with symbolical representatives of horseshoes? I drew four of them from my pocket, and I slipped them in the hand of the policeman.

"Tell him our train goes in an hour," I said.

Mine was what the French call a "bonne idee."

Those four silver pieces worked far more wonders than any horseshoe I have ever seen. Indeed, I am not superstitious about the wonder working powers of horseshoes or rabbits' feet; but time and again I have had it personally demonstrated to my eyes what money will do. It is a marvellous magician. It turns sour faces into smiling ones. It makes stern head waiters suddenly find tables where there were none before. Indeed, it produces all manner of unexpected things.

And so the Spanish prison doors yawned for us in vain.

We went on our way rejoicing to the land of the Basques, the little people who jump, as Voltaire called them.

Something of their history, and the tale of one famous rover, I heard of during my stay, I will relate in another instalment of the magazine.

At the Sign of the Green Light

Continued from page 32

"Sirs," demands an irate gentleman, "have had no word of the glasses I sent to be repaired. Ask your 'optimist' what the delay is."

"Gents: am returning the bear-skin coat. Bear-skin, ha ha. Say, I have shot bears and never come across none with a hide like this here. If you think you can pick a coonskin any better you can try again but if it don't suit me no better I will take my trade elsewhere." This exasperated fellow adds that the firm spoilt his Christmas for him as he had bids to four or five parties and couldn't go, since he declined to be seen in the "phoney" fur coat.

And here's a customer who wants the firm to leave off their label from the parcel "as my bro-in-law thinks I should deal at his store and I don't want to get in wrong with the wife's folks."

Two pages of complaints from another end with the following request: "Send instead a pair of striped men's shirts, size 17 collar, two good lady's veils, one dark lady's house-dress size 38, a knitted infant's rompers, and a reliable alarm-clock. If not here Monday you can take the stuff back."

A lady "feels so sorry to have to return hat J116x from page 222 in your valuable catalogue" but it appears that another woman in her town got one exactly the same and wore hers first. "So, will you please send hat J116w instead, and a happy New Year to everybody."

"Sir, Madam, or Both," another customer begins. He is sending back quite a lot of misfit gifts but one especially seems to have incensed him. "I have no words," he writes, "to describe my feeling for the embroidered atrocity in the form of a hat-whisk holder—or is it tie-rack?—inscribed 'Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot.' I should say it should,

emphatically! Please exchange for a tube of shaving cream and a pair of elastic sleeve-holders."

A young man who is obviously in love wants to know if girls are wearing two rings on the engagement-finger now, "as I have seen two on a lady friend's hand. Urgent."

"Sirs," reads a long letter from a gentleman who, like so many others, got an embarrassment of riches in the form of cravats, "I have a loving wife and numerous affectionate female relatives (see accompanying parcel in proof thereof), but they all are as nothing compared with my devoted Aunt Caroline who regularly sends me spats. Aunt has lived in dear old England and thinks that a man isn't decently dressed until he has donned these pedal accoutrements, bless her heart. This year they had a plaid design. Don't know the price but fancy they took the heart out of the five-dollar bill. (I know they took the heart out of me.) Seeing your label on them I take the liberty of returning them with the eighteen neckties herewith enclosed under separate wrapper. Kindly send in exchange an electric foot-warmer and a fleeced-lined undervest."

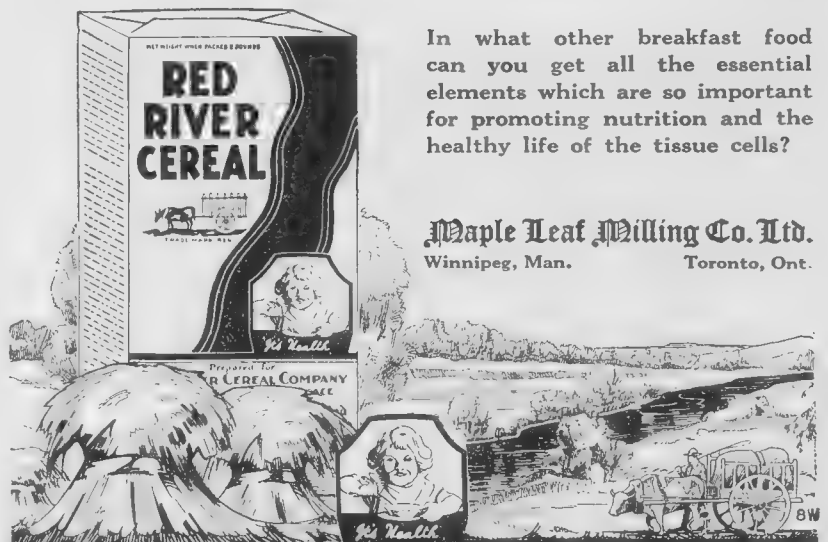
A customer of a whimsical turn of mind has no complaints to make—which is a rarity indeed—and signs himself merely "Lonely Bach." Says he: "Noticing so many nice girls in your catalogue I thought maybe you could send me one. Pick out a pretty one about five-foot three and weighing a hundred-and-twenty, aged anywhere from 18 to 26, blonde preferred. Must be a good cook. Pack well and ship in a good crate where she won't rattle round. Send C.O.D. and F.O.B. and I will meet here P.D.Q."

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In what other breakfast food can you get all the essential elements which are so important for promoting nutrition and the healthy life of the tissue cells?

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

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Patience

Continued from page 49

His poorly concealed delight brought a smile to Sybil's lips.

"Hurry now, George, and go to her. She's mortal bad, and calling for you. Hitch up your horse, and you can drop me at the Post Office."

He looked solemnly down at the enveloping blanket, and slowly shook his head.

"I can't," he said simply, and there was a wealth of regret in his voice. I can't go to my woman tonight. My arm, y'see.

With a shake of his over-broad shoulders, he shook off the blanket, and Sybil saw, to her consternation, that his right arm was fixed in rough splints, and supported by a filthy rag in lieu of a sling.

"Broken," he remarked. "Can't handle the mare on the trail as it is tonight." Englishwoman and Indian gazed at each other in concern. It was true, what the man said—with a broken arm it would be impossible for him to guide a half-tamed mare through the blinding storm over ten miles of obliterated trail. To morrow, perhaps, when it was light, but tomorrow, Sybil knew, might be too late. She seemed to hear the weak voice of the dying woman calling for her man to come—to forgive—before the shadows of death closed around her. "You MUST go, George!" she said. Susie's real bad. Come on! I can hitch up the mare if you'll hold her."

Without reply, he took down his ragged coonskin coat from its nail, and snatching the lantern from her hand, he threw open the back door and made his way to the barn, leaving her to follow—squaw fashion—in his wake. Sybil never forgot those minutes of feverish work in the warm animal-scented barn, where George held the squealing mare with his one good arm, and she tugged and buckled the stiff harness into place. When all was ready she tore great armfuls of dry straw from the rack, filling the body of the home-made sleigh. They would have to go by the river banks, as being the shortest way, and well she knew how biting would be the cold when once they had left the shelter of the forest. "You sit there, George!" she commanded, "and hold on. We're going to move tonight!"

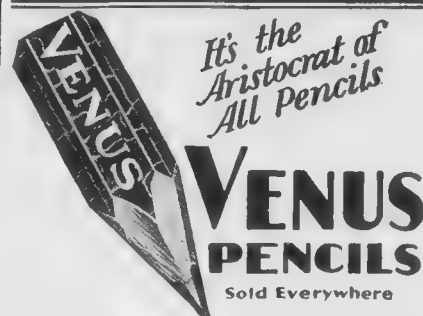
She took her stand in front of him, her knees braced against the dashboard, the reins twisted around her gauntleted wrists for the better grip. With a frantic bound the mare, half-crazed by many days of idleness, and fear of the night noises, sprang out of the barn, and took the trail at a gallop. The snow had ceased, and the cold was growing momentarily more intense now that the grey clouds were dispersing before the onslaught of the increasing wind.

For a mile or more, the mare kept up her rapid pace, but when they drew clear of the forest trail and came out upon the river bank, the wind was like some sentient force opposing every inch of their progress. The sky, now clear of clouds, hovered over them, an inverted bowl of grey steel, infinitely remote. The stars twinkled with an icy brilliance watching, like scornful eyes, the struggles of the three atoms beneath them.

Away in the north, a finger of light shot up from behind Squaw Mountain, followed by a second and third, as crackling and shooting, the Northern Lights flared across the skies. The unearthly brilliance cast weird shadows over the frozen road; the trees, stirred by the north-west wind, cracked and detonated as the frost cut deep into their bark. Sybil stood rigidly in the sleigh, her feet buried deep in the straw, her arms outstretched, grasping the wide-apart reins, experienced an overwhelming feeling of littleness and impotence as their tiny vehicle sped through the white waste and twilight gloom of the night. Her face was numb from the intense cold. She turned to look once at George Cooper when a muffled groan reached her ears above the shriek of the runners and the sough of the wind. Something in the man's figure, so immobile and lifeless, caused her to pull the mare to a standstill, and crawl back across the straw to peer into his face.

"George!" she whispered low, as

Continued on page 55



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J. E. CARTER
Guelph - Ontario

Patience

Continued from page 54

though she feared to break the white silence of the night. "George Cooper, are you all right?"

The man opened his eyes slowly, nodding his head.

"Go on, Missis," he muttered. "—the cold—it gets my arm."

His face shone oddly colorless in the fantastic glow from the aurora—so colorless, that she dropped upon her knees in front of him, and scooping up a handful of snow, began to rub his high cheek-bones, vigorously.

"Frostbite," she remarked, but he only nodded again, and once more closed his eyes. She knew, that with Indian stoicism, he was concealing the agony which the cold was inflicting upon his arm. When the color had somewhat returned to his cheeks, she piled the straw closely around him, and returned to her post, urging on the mare until that willing animal broke once more into a gallop.

It was the four-mile flat beyond which, concealed by the lower hills, lay the town of Cedar Springs, that the accident happened. A stone, a frozen rut, perhaps a small log, blown by the wind—whatever obstruction, it matters not, but the mare, with slipping struggle, crashed to the ground, all four legs, it seemed, spreadeagled beneath her. Sybil sprang from the sleigh, ran to the horse's head where, with ready hand, and encouraging voice, she pulled it to its feet.

"Thank God," she thought, "there's nothing broken!"

But gratitude faded into dismay when the mare limped forward a few steps only to stop again. The worst had happened—the mare was badly lamed!

Hours—ages—seemed to crawl along and to become lost in eternity as hobbling, stumbling, sweating with fright and pain, the animal limped those last long miles toward their destination. In the entire world of white silence, there seemed to be no other living thing than the tiny sledge party which crawled with infinite patience across the never-decreasing flatness. Sybil plodded at the mare's head partly to ease the weight, partly to help and encourage the faltering animal. Ever and anon she would stoop and rub her face with snow to prevent frostbite; ever and anon she ran back to look at the man lying motionless and wordless on the sleigh, sunk in the depths of sleep or unconsciousness—and always overhead the aurora snapped and crackled as if in derision of their puny efforts to escape from the horror of cold and solitude.

Dr. MacKenzie stood before the glowing stove in the matron's office at the hospital, his coat-tails comfortable tucked over his clasped hands as he tetered back and forth upon heel and toe.

The matron, seated at her desk, glanced up at him with a half smile. She enjoyed seeing his enjoyment of the warmth and the few minutes rest from what had been an all-night struggle with death.

"You think she'll do now, Doctor?" she asked.

"Ay—she'll do! But if you'd asked me that an hour ago, I might have given you a different answer.

"I suppose the postmistress at Dog Landing couldn't find her husband, or he would have been in before now."

"She might have found him, but no one in their senses would risk coming in over that trail tonight. It must be forty below, if it's a degree. Likely he'll try and make it in the morning."

He dug down into his pocket and pulled out a well-worn briar.

"Is it forbidden?" he asked, with a whimsical twist of one shaggy eyebrow.

"It is, and you know it!—but rules can be broken sometimes, you know."

"Ah!" The doctor sighed his satisfaction, and began to prod tobacco into the bowl with his thumb. A bell whirled somewhere in the outer hall, and slippered feet passed the office door as someone hurried to answer the summons. A murmur of voices—then another bell sounded below the matron's desk, and that good woman rose and left Dr. MacKenzie to his forbidden pleasure. Then—

"Doctor, will you come, please?"

Pipe forgotten at the call of duty, the doctor hurried out into the hall.

Sybil Manners leaned exhausted against the white walls of the little hallway. Her eyes blinked stupidly in the glare of the lights; hair, cap and coat were white and crisp with frost, her lips blackened and cracked, while her whole body sagged as though, but for the matron's encircling arm, she must have sunk to the tessellated floor.

"Good Lord, woman! Ye've never come over the trail tonight?" exclaimed the doctor.

Sybil moistened her lips with the point of her tongue, and extended one gloved hand stiffly towards the door.

"Quick!" she whispered. "George Cooper—I've brought him to his wife, but I think he's dead."

She sighed gently, and succumbed to the onslaught of the innumerable waves of greyness which flooded up to meet her. Down, down, she sank, into the limitless abyss, nor felt the warm human hands which received her. All that she knew, or cared was that her task was finished and rest legitimately earned.

The pale light of a winter's dawn shone upon the walls of the private ward into which she had been carried when next she opened her eyes. With returned consciousness, she was instantly alert. She sat up in bed and faced the doctor as he leaned upon the foot-rail.

"Is George alive?" she asked. "Did I bring him in time?"

"Yes, my dear, to both questions. The woman is doing finely, and George—well, thanks to you, George will keep his arm."

"His arm? I don't understand!"

George broke his arm three days ago," replied the doctor, "and it has only been set an hour ago. He'd have lost it from neglect or cold if you hadn't risked your life to bring him in here."

"But, Doctor, I brought him for his wife!"

"Maybe you did, my girl," replied the old man, "but that's how it stands just the same! You killed two birds with one stone, even if you only aimed at one. It's women like you that we need in those mountains; women who help because the need is there, without stopping to ask the why or the wherefore of things. Now lie down and finish your sleep."

"Oh, I can't do that! I must get back to the Post Office. I've never been absent a day yet, and I can't begin now."

And from that determination, no argument could move her.

"Well, if you will, you will!" said Doctor Mackenzie. "See that she has a good breakfast, Matron—I've long given up trying to persuade an obstinate woman."

Later in the morning, when Sybil stepped out of the doctor's sleigh, she was little worse for her long night of agony. She turned on the step to wave farewell to the kindly medico, and to turn her face for a moment to the faint warmth of the pale sunbeams e're she unlocked the door and stepped into the old familiar room. It seemed to her that she had been away, not a night, but an age—yet the shaded lamp still burned upon the table, and the embers in the stove. Her canary quivered with song as the morning sunbeams shone through the bars of his gilded prison—and spread upon the red Hudson Bay blanket lay the cards of her fate!

She tossed off her fur cap, drew off her heavy gloves, and, still coated as she was, sat down at the table, and took up the game where she had left it. For ten minutes the canary warbled his joy at the promise of spring to come, and the woman placed card after card in position. Slowly the little piles grew over each ace, as slowly the neat rows lengthened, and the pack in her hand diminished. With a queer little gasping sigh, she put down the last card. She had "come out." She rose slowly as though cramped from sitting, and went to the window. Her eyes roved over the mountains, over the grey sullen river, and the cold, clear blue sky.

"Dicky," she said solemnly, raising her arms wide above her head, "here we are, my bird—and here in the mountains we stay—thank God!"



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The Young Lochinvars

Continued from page 16

sting of the vulcanized rubber as it strikes his fingers? See how painstakingly he places the heel of his decrepit old stick against the puck and draws it sharply forward. See it roll sharply off the blade and rise as gracefully as a bird from the hardpacked snow. Straight as a die it descends and hits the stick of the other boy with a resounding smack. But that is nothing. Come with me to the little backyard rink and see him in action "after four." Very likely the operation of changing into his skates has been greatly hampered by the dogged but deft manipulation of a large slice of "bread'n jam," but here at last he comes clumping forth on the toes of his skates and bounding onto the glassy surface uttering loud whoops of "Whose side 'm I on? Skinny, who you playin' for? I bonies play centre, 'cause I'm the best!"

And so the play, the genuine, unaffected play, proceeds, often awkward, often amusing in its desultory progress, and all too frequently broken by torrid disputes. A pair of galoshes marks one goal, a stone and a lump of ice the other, but that makes no difference; the excitement of getting the rubber between them is just as high as if the struggle were taking place before a howling audience of 15,000 people.

And oh, the strain on the parents of keeping a growing boy supplied with skates and boots! If their purse can stand it, and the lad is able to continue at the game for three or four seasons without interruption, his skill may become sufficient to secure for him a place on his school team—great thrill! A year or so at this, and he may be ready for faster company. He may sign up with one of the midget teams which are sponsored throughout the length and breadth of Canada by the Amateur Hockey Association. From this he may in turn graduate to the juvenile and then to the junior city leagues.

The crucial period in the career of the Western Canadian boy who is especially clever in manipulating a puck, however, would seem to be after he has played two or three seasons with a good junior club, for at that time the professional scout appears on his horizon, and he must choose between an education or a steady, though apparently mundane position in office or factory on the one hand and the adoring crowds of the "big time" on the other.

This is the time at which the parental influence receives its most severe test, for many parents know that when the ten-year career of the average professional is over he must look elsewhere for a position, very often a very difficult task because of his lack of specialized training in commerce or in the professions. Of course there are executive positions open to him on the hockey clubs, but the players fitted and able to win out in the scramble for these places are few and far between, as has been amply proven. And then there is the constant exposure to accidents which the conscientious parent must take into consideration.

THE highest honor among the junior amateur teams of Western Canada is the Abbot Cup, which was donated by the fans of Regina to perpetuate the memory of "Hick" Abbot, their hero-athlete who lost his life in the Great War. The generosity of the Queen City of the West has been amply rewarded, for its teams have won the trophy no less than four times in the ten seasons it has been up for competition, and besides that, have always been in the running. Perhaps the sentimental interest is at the back of it, but at any rate, Regina is sitting pretty with the silverware in its lap at the beginning of the season of 1928-29. Here's hoping that these dashing youngsters may again defend it with credit to their city.

The cup has had the following winners:
1919—Regina Patricias.
1920—Selkirk Fishermen.
1921—Winnipeg Falcons.
1922—Regina Patricias.
1923—Manitoba University.
1924—Calgary Canadians.

1925—Regina Patricias.
1926—Calgary Canadians.
1927—Port Arthur West Ends.
1928—Regina Monarchs.

These teams have always provided fruitful harvests for big league and minor league scouts.

But the great question for the reader who lives west of the lakes is this: "Has the West taken the lead in the development of professional hockey players?" And if only the actual number of players at present performing is taken into consideration, the answer is probably "No." But if we consider the ratio which the population of the West bears to that of the East, the answer is a decided "Yes."

The big league of hockey, the N.H.L., has in the employ of its ten clubs something like 120 players, and the five minor leagues which it controls, averaging ten players for the 28 teams, gives a total of 400 professionals.

The question of what proportion of these 400 players the West has trained is a difficult one, for local pride, especially in the cities, has led the fans to claim as their own many performers who are really natives of the Eastern Provinces, though they may have received their professional training during the heyday of the Pacific Coast, Western and Prairie Leagues.

For the sake of arriving at some rough conclusion, however, the writer will take as an example the city with which he is most familiar, Calgary, which should constitute an average between Edmonton, Winnipeg, Regina and Saskatoon. Moose Jaw, Thunder Bay, and the Coast cities are omitted as being lacking either in the production of pros or of amateurs.

From Calgary, then, there have gone forth at least five big league players who received their first training on its junior and amateur clubs, while to the minor leagues it has sent some thirteen players of the same class. Multiply this to get the total for the five cities, and we discover some 90 players. Add an extremely modest 50 from such other centres as Fort William, Port Arthur, Kenora, Moose Jaw, Brandon, Medicine Hat, Melville, British Columbia and the Crow's Nest towns, and the result is a grand total of 140 home-brews, or about 33 per cent. of all professional puck-chasers, cheerfully leaving the balance to be divided between Eastern Canada, the United States, China and the South Sea Isles.

And then consider that the West (without going into superfluous details) contains only about 26 per cent. of the population of Canada! Make your own decision.

But that is not all. We in the West feel that we are entitled to claim as our own those who have considered the country good enough to settle here, and that would bring into consideration many of those players who whirled through their paces in the professional leagues of the Prairies and the Coast, for a great number of them still continue to make the annual trek back to the Prairies when their long season is finished, to engage in their less-glorious but nevertheless welcome summer occupations.

So returning to Calgary once more, we find that of its former professionals, four are going great guns in the National Hockey League, and nine are performing in the minors. From the five former pro cities, that would mean another sixty-five players in whom the Western fans still retain sufficient interest to scan the daily sport pages for their names. Add to this the 140 players we mentioned before, and the fact is revealed which should prove to be very disturbing to the East—that the West has trained more than fifty per cent. of all the monied ice artists.

But while the folks down East are recovering from their gasps of astonishment we might add in a whisper behind our homely hand that all this, instead of making the Western fan cheerful, makes him feel very sad. He sheds large, globular, salt tears in memory of those golden days before the American centres of population with their scads of money beguiled our favorites from their western

Continued on page 57

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The Young Lochinvars

Continued from page 56

haunts. For hockey is looking very, very sick in the West, and only the most careful of nursing will bring it back to even a healthy amateur condition.

What did it? Distance, my friends—distance. The expense of wafting teams back and forth over the tremendous open spaces which separated the cities holding franchises in the old Western and Prairie Leagues proved too great a burden, and even when they sold out lock-stock-and-barrel at a fancy figure the owners discovered that they had just about broken even on the venture. But then, think of the fun they had!

Be that as it may, the situation on the Prairies, especially in Alberta, is bound to be depressing to many of the dyed-in-the-wools in whose nostrils the keen air of the first ice-making weather is like the scent of powder to the veteran soldier, calling for action and lots of it. Edmonton has to be satisfied with a local senior league, and Calgary has fared little better, being linked up in a four-team circuit with Drumheller and High River, which will probably need a good deal of artificial respiration in the way of publicity and low admission prices if it is to survive.

Alberta and Saskatchewan have been gone over with a pretty fine-toothed comb by the minor professional leagues, especially the one at the Coast which comprises Portland, Seattle, Vancouver and Victoria, and when we say that they have been snatching the stick-handlers from the cradle we don't mean maybe. It is altogether likely that next year the scouts will be hanging around outside the marriage registration offices, and when a blushing couple emerges, the player rustler will hold out a contract and a fountain pen, and repeat hopefully the title of Kipling's famous story, "And if it be a boy?"

BUT seriously, Western Canada has every reason to be proud of the accomplishments of some of her hockey sons, especially those who have reached the heights of the N.H.L. Those from Calgary include Victor Ripley, young regular centre of the Chicago Black Hawks; Herb Gardiner, playing manager of the same team, and once winner of the Hart Trophy, which goes by vote to the most valuable player in the major league, and Herbert Lewis, Detroit substitute centre who is even now being picked by the critics as a rival in speed of the great Morenz.

Jack Arbour, another Calgary player, is a substitute in the Toronto Maple Leafs, and Arthur Duncan is holding down the regular defence position with the same club. Norman "Dutch" Gainor and Cecil "Tiny" Thompson, both of whom graduated from the junior clubs

of Calgary, are playing sub centre and regular goal, respectively, for the Boston Bruins. Paul, a brother of Tiny, is considered to be one of the coming stars of the New York Rangers.

Harry Oliver, that modest, exemplary right winger who was the idol of Calgary boyhood, is a regular with Boston, while his temperamentally opposite ex-team mate, the fiery Mervin "Red" Dutton, is starring with the Montreal Maroons.

The other Western cities have just as enviable records. Saskatoon has sent two farmer-brothers to the Rangers in the persons of Bill and Fred Cook, and they, along with Frank Boucher, former Lethbridge mounted policeman and ex-Vancouver pro., constitute a forward line the equal of any in the N.H.L. Miller, McCalmon, Hoffinger, Aikenhead, Moffatt, Wakeford, Bourgeault and the peerless goalie, Hainsworth, are others to whom the Hub City can point with pride.

But Regina can well afford to smile at the claims of all of them. "What about George Hay and Dick Irvin?" she says, "not to mention Acaster, Gottselig, Marsh, Daly, Voss and Doraty, all of whom are my own sons? And what about the fifteen or twenty pros in the minor leagues who learned the game with me?"

"And when you're naming them over don't forget our discovery, Eddie Shore, the most colorful man in hockey now with Boston," the Edmonton fans put in, "and don't overlook the others like our own wizardly stickhandler, Gordon "Duke" Keats (cries of 'poor old Duke,' from the direction of Calgary), our own Barney Stanley, Johnnie McKinnon, Arthur Gagne, Johnnie Sheppard, Carigan, McIntyre and a host of others."

And last but not least comes Winnipeg, the proudest of them all, for though she has not been able to train many of her sons in the professional way, she has known an overwhelming number of these boys before they were ever tempted by the filthy lucre. It is safe to say that the old Selkirk, Falcon and Monarch teams, which at different times held the Abbot and Allen trophies, have produced more really top-notchers than any other district in Canada. If you don't believe, me, look up the records of the Irvin brothers, Alec and Dick, Frederickson, Gardiner, Halderson, the Anderson boys, Duncan, Simpson, Oliver, Dutton, "Ching" Johnson, and scores of others. And still she trains them and sends them off!

But as for the hockey we are likely to see this year, outside of the few junior and university teams, weep with me, sistern an' breddern—weep with me!



Sunshine and Showers

By William Thompson

Four little Kiddies of Zuyder Zee—
One is unhappy, you plainly see;
The next is trying his thumb to eat—
The one with sabots on his feet—

The Tot at the right, with a pensive face,
Is poised with an air of queenly grace;
Miss Smiles on the left is ready to laugh
As the gentleman takes their photograph.

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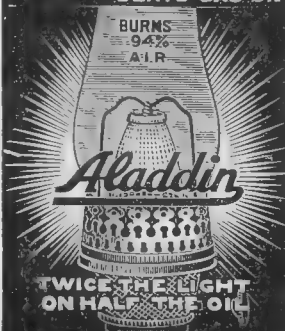
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By Mme. Jeannette de Cordet

"FORGIVE me if I reveal things that an utter stranger should hesitate to write to you. But you have helped me to happiness. Until a month ago Ed treated me just as he did many other girls on whom he occasionally called. He was courteous; but I never really meant anything to him.

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Women everywhere are finding admiration ... happiness ... love ... through these two amazing little guides to beauty. In the booklet are enchanting colored

drawings of all types of beauty. *Yours is among them ...* In the Sampler, glittering glass tubes contain five exquisite shades of Pompeian Powder. One of these shades—the booklet tells you which—holds new beauty magic just for you. Examine it. Feel its smooth richness. Made from the finest ingredients, Pompeian Beauty Powder is textured to give a satin finish and cling for hours. *Your shade, with a glowing touch of Pompeian Bloom, will bring out your type—add to your skin a translucent loveliness ... a new beauty ... a radiance ... you never dreamed you had.*

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Send today for my little wonder-workers. Let them do for you what they've done for thousands of others. The ten cents merely helps cover the mailing cost.



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6311



6379



6336



6372



6381



6375

6381. For dance or party this model is lovely in taffeta or in crepe de chine. Chiffon and tulle are also attractive. As pictured, taffeta was chosen, with tiny plaitings of the material for trimming. Printed georgette or chiffon is also suggested. The sleeveless waist is joined to the skirt, which boasts of an uneven hem line, and is gathered over the hips. The bertha may be omitted and the shoulders trimmed with ribbon bows, with long loops and ends.

The Pattern for this quaint little dress is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material. To trim as illustrated will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plaiting. For a sash of ribbon 3 yards is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6311. This is a popular style, and one that will readily appeal to the modern housewife, for it may be worn out-of-doors, as well as in the house. Printed linen is here pictured, with facings of plain linen; the model is also attractive in percale and other cotton prints. Striped or checked gingham or tub silk with facings of cotton or silk broadcloth. An inverted plait at the centre below the plastron (or vestee) portions, gives comfortable fulness. Revers facings on the plastron, join the rolled collar at the open neck. The fulness of the Dress is held by the belt, to effect slight blousing. A plain fitted sleeve completes this design.

The Pattern for this style is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the Dress in a 38-inch size will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on plastron, collar and belt. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6375. It is the neck of this design with its graceful tie yoke that makes it a winner. The waist blouses becomingly above the belt and the skirt flares attractively over the centre of the front. One could have this style in crepe or in silk tweed. If desired the yoke and belt may be of contrasting material. Printed and plain linen would combine well for this.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the design for a 12-year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. To finish with bias binding put on as illustrated requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6379. In contrast to the frills and flares so prevalent, this frock stands out with straight severe lines, but altogether chic, and desirable. Tiny tucks grace the fronts at the shoulders. A collar with long points outlines the V neck. The long waist is shaped at the left side above plait fulness. The sleeve is a fitted model. Flat crepe will be nice for this style. Moire is also good and tweed in wool or silk, also wool crepe are suggested.

The Pattern of this pleasing style is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the design for a 16-year size will require $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6336. Checked woolen with facings of wool crepe was used for this stylish model. Pointed revers meet the coat collar in notches, and form a diagonal closing above a group of plaits, which add graceful fulness to the dress. Slight blousing is created at the side of front and back. The Dress is fitted by shoulder darts. The right side is finished with a convenient inserted pocket. The sleeve is a two-piece model. Printed velvet or crepe satin is also suggested. If of crepe use the dull side for the body of the dress, and the satin side for revers collar, vestee and pocket facings.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make a 38-inch size, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. To face revers collar, vestee and pocket openings with contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 39 inches wide cut lengthwise is required. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6372. Chiffon in any of the new delightful shades will be lovely for this model if developed as a dance or evening frock. It is also good for sheer velvet, or crepe. It may be finished as an afternoon dress, with sleeves. The front of the waist is trimmed with a bolero that is draped at the left shoulder. The fitted skirt portions are lengthened by a flare flounce, caught at the left side in soft draped folds.

The Pattern for this style is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the Dress without sleeves as pictured in the large view for an 18-year size, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. With sleeves $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards is required. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

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MILK FROM CANS

By Gertrude Dutton

NOT so many years ago, a good housekeeper would raise her hands in horror if anyone suggested that she give her family canned milk. But we change our opinions as time passes. In many places it is difficult, if not impossible, to secure good fresh milk. Everybody is awake now to the imperative necessity of securing milk which is free from all possibility of giving our children diseases. There are many forms of preserved milk now obtainable, which are excellent substitutes. No longer are we limited to sweetened condensed milk, which ruined tea or coffee for those of us who cannot bear sugar in them.

Evaporated milk has about 60 per cent. of its water content removed. Nothing whatever is added. Nor is anything else removed. After the water has been removed by evaporation, the milk is put in cans and sterilized in steam long enough to kill any possible bacteria which may have been present. A large can is equal to a quart of fresh whole milk.

Condensed milk is not only evaporated as is the first milk mentioned, but also has sugar added to it. The additional amount of sugar in a can making one quart of ordinary milk, is about 6 ounces, or $\frac{3}{4}$ cup.

Powdered milk is like evaporated, except that the evaporating process has been carried much farther, till practically all of the water has been removed. It is of two kinds, skim milk and whole milk. In the case of skim milk, the fat has also been removed.

In malted milk, an extract of malted grain has been added to the milk before the evaporating has been done. It is valuable in adding extra food value to the diet, especially when a person is on a liquid diet.

There are many advantages in using some variety of prepared milk.

We are absolutely sure of its wholesomeness and purity. Only clean pure milk will keep. Government supervision insures suitable conditions in the milk plants, which is not always true regarding the available fresh milk supply in small towns and villages.

It is so convenient to use and keep, especially the powdered milk which may be mixed up with cold water, a cupful at a time, if one wishes, from a can opened months ago, provided the can is kept tightly closed while on the pantry shelf, to prevent the absorption of moisture from the air. We have known a can of evaporated milk to remain sweet and usable

destroyed by the heat used during the process of manufacture. It is surprising how soon one becomes accustomed to the flavor, if necessity obliges him to use it for a little while. We have known people who considered nice fresh dairy cream rather flat after being forced to use evaporated on their porridge for some months. Vitamines should be insured in the daily food by using some fresh fruits, if they can be afforded, or, if not, fresh vegetables are always to be had, in greater or less variety. The vitamines are also destroyed in the pasteurizing of fresh milk, which everyone will admit is essential if there is the slightest doubt of the safety of the milk.

Some form of preserved milk may be used in any cooking operation that requires milk or cream.

Cream of Tomato Soup
Pow. milk 12 tb
Cold water 1 c
Canned or stewed tomato 3 c
Flour 1 tb
Butter 1 tb.
Salt & pepper.
Put the water in a bowl, add



The richness of canned milk enhances the flavor of salad dressing

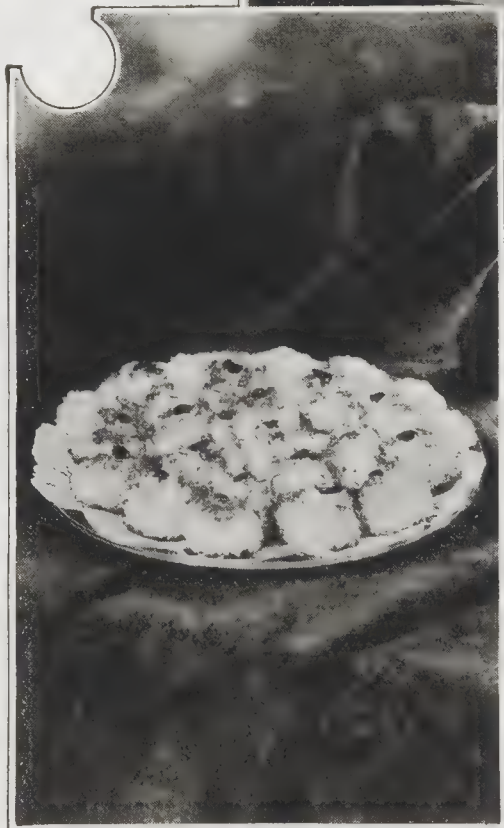
after opening for as long as five days, in the hottest summer weather, in an ordinary cellar. A large supply may be bought and kept on hand if one is far from a market, as on a camping trip, especially if there are children to be considered.

The richness of the milk is frequently an advantage in cooking, when one wants a grade richer than ordinary whole milk. The addition of butter and other fats is either not needed or less of them required. When condensed milk is used, the sugar required is much less.

Sometimes the prepared milks are cheaper than fresh milk.

They have proved valuable in the artificial feeding of children.

The two disadvantages are that some persons object to the flavor of the prepared milks if used straight, for drinking, on cereals, in tea and coffee, etc., and the possibility of valuable vitamines having been



Macaroons are rendered doubly delicious by the addition of preserved milk



Luscious Candy Loaf may be made from condensed milk

the milk and either beat with an egg beater or stir with a spoon till all the milk is dissolved. Heat; add the flour and butter, creamed together, and cook a few minutes, then add the tomato, strained and

Continued on page 63

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than other flours

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After Virol.

9½ lbs. gained in 5 weeks

These photos were supplied by the Medical Superintendent of one of the principal London Infirmarys. The first photo was taken on February 3rd. The child then weighed 20 lbs. 9 ozs. The second photo was taken March 9th, five weeks later, when the child weighed 30 lbs. 2 ozs. Not being able to take ordinary food, he was fed on Virol with milk, and upon this diet he made a complete recovery.

After investigating this case, "Truth," stated "it was neither more nor less than the exact record of indisputable fact."

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At the Top of the Mast

Continued from page 45

I can get you for that. Now, be reasonable, Mike. You're a man of family, and a patrolman's salary——"

"Chief," said Detective Sergeant O'Shea, "you're too crooked to believe there are some men in this world above a price. And if I stick around this department any longer I'll have that point of view myself." He opened his coat, unpinned his shield and laid it on Horton's desk.

"I've resigned from the Department," he said. No cheap dip like you, Horton, can get the goat of an O'Shea." He turned, and as he did, his haggard glance rested on the picture of the manacled boy. For a few seconds he surveyed the terrible thing, then reached for Horton's inkwell and dashed it against the picture. There was a sound of shivering glass and the picture was ruined.

"Pinch me for that, you dog," said Michael O'Shea. "Just go ahead and pinch me."

"No, Mike," replied Horton calmly, "I won't. You'd spill the whole story to that Henny Maguire and he'd make a hero of you. Good morning, Mike. I'll recommend the acceptance of your resignation."

So that is how Detective Michael P. O'Shea happened to leave the department. In the hall outside he met Henny Maguire, who was waiting for him.

"About that scoop, Mike," began Henny anxiously. Mike laid a friendly hand on the reporter's shoulder.

"Henny, you will have to let me off on that promise. I can't deliver the goods. And I'm sorry, too, Henny, because it was a big story."

"But why can't you tell me, Mike?" protested Henny, disappointed.

"It concerns the honor of a poor devil that's done time, Henny," replied O'Shea. "It's just one of these stories that can't ever be written. But I'll tip you off to one piece of news that the other boys haven't got. Remember that awful damned picture over the chief's desk? Well, I just threw the chief's inkwell through it and resigned from the department."

"Javert," said Henny Maguire, "I'll buy you a good two-bit cigar for that."

"See that you do," said Mr. Michael O'Shea, and arm-and-arm he and Henny walked out of the Hall of Justice.

"What line will you tackle now, Mike?" Henny inquired.

"Real Estate," O'Shea returned blithely. "I have a good friend up in Victoria, B.C., who told me if I ever quit the force to wire him. He has a good job waiting for me right now, and if I make good I can work into a partnership."

The Eyes of the Passing Day

By W. V. Newson

*The glow that 'lumes the eyes of a bairn,
Is like the blue of a mountain tairn,
That lies so near the sky above—
Close is a babe to its mother's love.*

*There's always the golden morning trails,
For Youth to find as the starlight fails;
The lambent glittering path of Dawn.
Lies at his feet as the day comes on.*

*Morning fades in the light of noon,
Wanes to its shadowless white full soon;
Man gathers worth and wisdom and hope,
And turns the goal of the Western slope.*

*It's a restless time—this noon of life—
Eyes reflect sadness or love or strife—
Strong must one be to bear the load
Straight and sure to the end of the road.*

*But he wins at the close of the day;
His face is glad; he has found the way,
How cool and calm is the length'ning shade!
How restful, twilight of life is made!*

*The communing hour and time of lamps!
A lanthorn hangs in the gypsy camps!
Beams on the hilltops! stars in the skies!
And a light—in each old person's eyes!*

BE CANADIAN AND READ CANADA'S GREATEST
MAGAZINE — THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



heated, and the seasonings. A little soda may be added if one wishes. Or the tomato, flour and butter may be cooked together before adding to the hot milk.

Cream of Tomato Soup II.

Tomatoes 3 c. Slices of onion 2
Parsley 3 or 4 sprigs Bay leaf, small piece
Salt and pepper Evaporated milk 1 c.
Butter 1 tb. Water 1 c.
Flour 1 tb. Sugar ½ t.

Cook together the tomato, onion and other seasonings, then strain. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk and water. Cook in the double boiler, and when ready to serve, add the seasoned tomato.

Tomato Soup III.

Tomato 2 c. Water 1 c.
Evaporated milk 1 c.
Salt and pepper to taste
A few crushed cracker crumbs.

Heat the milk and water in the double boiler, heat the tomato in a separate dish, combine the two mixtures without straining the tomato, season, add a few rolled cracker crumbs for thickening.

Cream of Celery Soup

Celery cut in pieces 3 c.
Small onion, chopped 1
Water about 4 c.
Evaporated milk 2 c.
Beef extract 1 cube
Flour 1 tb. Butter 1 tb.
Salt and pepper to taste.

Make a thin white sauce of the flour, butter, milk and two cups of water, and cook in the double boiler. Cook and cut up celery (pieces from the outside not suitable for serving raw), and onion in the remaining 2 cups of water, or in any left-over vegetable stock, till tender. Rub through a sieve. Be sure that the water has not all boiled away. Add to the white sauce, season with salt, pepper and a beef extract cube, or a cup of soup or chicken stock may be added.

Cream of Lima Bean Soup

Lima beans 1 c. Seasonings
Carrots, cut in slices, Onion 1 small
1 c. Evaporated milk 2 c.
Water 3 c. Water 1 c.
Flour 1 tb.

Soak the lima beans over night in about 3 c. cold water. Drain, and cook in 3 c. till tender. At the end of 15 minutes, add the chopped onion and carrot and continue cooking. It will take 45 minutes to an hour for the beans. Rub through a sieve, and add to the white sauce made of the flour, milk and 1 c. of water. There should be at least 3 c. of vegetable pulp and liquid. Water may be used to make up the amount. Add any desired seasonings.

Cream of Pea Soup

Canned peas 1 can Seasonings
Water 1 c. Flour 1 tb.
Onion 1 slice Butter 1 tb.
Milk, evaporated 1 c.
Water or soup stock 1 c.

Cook the peas, onion and 1 cup of water together about 10 minutes, then rub through a sieve, adding, if necessary, enough water to make 2½ cups of pulp and juice. Add the white sauce made of the milk, water, flour and butter. Season with salt, pepper and 1 teaspoon sugar.

Southern Baked Ham

Use one or more slices of thick ham, according to the number to be served. Rub a little flour into each slice, on both sides, sprinkle with brown sugar and lay in a baking pan, pour around it, evaporated milk diluted with an equal amount of water, cover and bake till tender, about 45 minutes, in a moderate oven. The milk and flour should make a very good gravy.

Creamed Dried Beef

Make a white sauce of 1½ tb. butter, 2 tb. flour, 1 c. evaporated milk, 1 c. water and add to it the chipped beef torn in small pieces. Serve on toast, or with baked potatoes. Or—

Use 4 tb. butter, 4 tb. flour, 2 scant cups water with the amount of powdered milk given in the directions on the can.

Creamed Fish

Make a white sauce according to the above quantities, and heat in it any cold cooked fish, such as salmon, tuna, finnan haddie, codfish, etc.

Chicken a-la-King

Cold cooked chicken, Evaporated milk 3 c.
diced, 4 c. Chicken stock 3 c.
Butter 4 tb. Green pepper ½
Flour 9 tb. Pimiento ½
Salt and pepper Mushrooms

If the green pepper and mushrooms are raw, cook them in the butter for a few minutes, then skim them out and set aside, while making a sauce of the butter, flour, milk, stock, and salt and pepper. Add the cubes of chicken, pimiento, green pepper and mushrooms, and heat in the double boiler. Canned peppers and mushrooms may be used, or the mushrooms may be omitted. This is a "company" dish suitable for any occasion. This amount will serve twelve or fifteen persons, depending somewhat on the occasion.

Creamed Vegetables

Make a white sauce of—
Butter 1½ tb. Salt and pepper.
Flour 2 tb. Or—
Evaporated milk 1 c. Butter 4 tb.
Water 1 c. Water 2 c.
Flour 4 tb. Salt and pepper
Powdered milk, according to can.

Either heat the vegetables in the hot sauce in the double boiler, or in a casserole in the oven, or pour the hot sauce over the hot vegetable in the serving dish. Cheese may be added, especially with potatoes, cabbage or cauliflower.

Salad Dressing

Mustard 1 t. Butter 1 tb.
Salt 1 t. Eggs 2
Sugar 2/3 tb. Paprika
Water ½ c. Flour 1 tb.
Evaporated milk ½ c.
Vinegar ½ c. (weak)

Mix the dry ingredients, then the beaten egg yolks, the milk and water, and cook over hot water till it thickens, add the butter, then the dilute vinegar. When partly cooled, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. More or less sugar may be required for different kinds of salad.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

Select large potatoes and bake them. Cut in halves, lengthwise, and scoop out the centres, leaving the cases to be refilled. Mash the centre, season with salt, pepper and evaporated milk mixed with water in equal proportion, enough to moisten. Pack in the cases, sprinkle the tops with grated cheese and paprika, and put in a hot oven to brown. This is an especially nice way for serving potatoes for a company affair, as all the work but the final browning may be done hours in advance.

Macaroni and Cheese

Cooked macaroni 4 c.
Flour 1 tb. Water 1½ c.
Butter 2 tb. Cheese 1 c.
Mustard ½ t.
Evaporated milk 1½ c.
Salt, paprika, buttered crumbs.

Make a sauce of the milk, water, flour, butter, dry mustard, salt and pepper and melt the cheese in it. Vary the amount

Continued on page 71



Your Doctor Says Kotex Guards Health

Women are discovering new comfort, new freedom from worry through this modern, sanitary protection.

WOMEN who know the convenience, the security and comfort of the Improved Kotex, marvel that some still continue the use of home-made makeshifts.

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The New Spirit of Industry

Continued from page 11

The Hudson's Bay Company flies upon its flag the caption: "pro pelle cutem"—"skin for skin"—a grim but veritable truth. When the Company established its first trading-post upon the shores of the Hudson Bay its first difficulty was to discover a marker of value in its trading, for the ordinary marker of value, "money," was meaningless to the Indian. The Company hit upon a unit of value in exchange, understandable to all: the beaver skin, the "castor." The "beaver-skin" was awkward in counting, hence the company cut a small stick colored blue and red, and this they called the "castor." A musk-ox skin stood to the Indian as so many castors. The castor represented days of hunting, that is, days of an Indian's life; a section of Indian life. The rifle represented days of an Englishman's life in Birmingham. The exchange was an exchange of a section of Indian life for a section of an Englishman's life. Today the cheque in the pay envelope represents a section of human life and it passes through the wicket in exchange for a section of the laboring man's life. This is a sacred transaction. Money is the most sacred thing men handle; it stands for human life. If life is given, an equivalent in life must be received. This, too, is a guarantee of civilization. A robber of money is a murderer. So with the other factors.

3. The third primary right of the laboring man is **FREEDOM**. Freedom to come and go, choose or reject. Too much human blood and tears have been expended in the defence of this right to call for elaboration.

4. The fourth right of the laboring man is the right of **GROWTH**. Every living thing has a right to grow. Growth is a prerogative of life. Academically no intelligent and right-thinking man will challenge the right.

Capital has the Right to Grow. If this right be denied there is no expansion of industry, and this means finally industry's extinction, for civilization is growing. The provision for depreciation, for expansion, is an acknowledgment of this right.

The laboring man has a right to grow. To improve not so much his condition, but himself. He has a right to become a better man—to climb. Every swinging, singing star proclaims this right for every human being, however lowly his state—

"Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him."

These are the essential rights of each of the factors in industry. Security, Return, Freedom and Growth. And these are guaranteed by the social order in which he finds himself a unit. Guaranteed by civilization. The denial of these rights marks the downfall of civilization.

WE HAVE made, meantime, an amazing discovery: that the essential rights of each of the four factors can be described in identical terms.

The immense advantage of this discovery is apparent when the various partners sit down to discuss a basis of co-operation. For the more vehemently Capital, say, contends for its rights, the more vehemently does it confirm the other partners in their rights, for they are identical.

But the observant critic, meanwhile has been holding his breath waiting the opportunity to cynically observe: "Very good, indeed! Beautiful theory! But will you be good enough to come down to steel tacks—steel, observe—tacks, sharp and penetrating tacks. How are you going to define the limits of those rights. 'Security'? To what extent? 'Return'? How much is 'fair'? Ha! 'Freedom'? What of my freedom?"

The answer is amazingly simple. It must not be forgotten by our cynical critic that we are seeing the highway to co-operative effort—co-con—together—effort together—without which all

effort is vain in industry, or for that matter in anything else on this mundane stage.

How define rights? By fair minded conference in an atmosphere of resolute good-will. This method has never failed, never will fail. I have proved it one hundred and seventeen times and have seen it work one hundred and seventeen times. "Fair minded conference in an atmosphere of resolute good-will." That is quite an important phrase. No single word can be omitted.

"**CONFERENCE.**" Bringing together the minds of the partners. Thinking together as against "Thinking apart," or "Thinking in opposition."

"**FAIR MINDED.**" Straight going. Honest.

"**ATMOSPHERE.**" Much depends upon atmosphere. The thing you take in and give out.

"**GOOD-WILL.**" The will to do good. Will to do good to the other fellow. To help him to see the right. The determination to get his point of view. Ah! HIS point of view. Go around to his side and look at the thing he is trying to show you.

"**RESOLUTE.**" This never fails if the good-will is resolute. Has got some backbone in it. Some determination to make the other feel your kindness, your good intent, and to make yourself feel his kindness; his good intent.

This method cannot fail—will not fail. Thus the rights of all four factors or partners are defined.

There still remains the question of responsibility. The responsibility of each is what each owes to the other three. "Owes," the biggest and most potent word in the language.

UGHT. Conscience in command. Old Immanuel Kant gave the world an unforgettable definition of Conscience. "The Categorical Imperative." The faculty of the soul that issues commands which without parley must be obeyed. Not the thing in you which tells you what is right, but that regnant voice which, when you have clearly seen the right, rings forth the command to "Do it." You know the Right? You must do it." "No talk, no parley, no palaver." "You know it?" "Do it."

RESPONSIBILITY. What you owe to the other fellow. This is his acknowledged right. Give it to him. You have by conference come to an agreement that for \$8.00 you, a laboring man, owe a day's work of eight hours. Give honest work of eight full hours. You, a capitalist, have come to agreement in conference that for a day's work of eight full hours the reward is \$10.00. Give the ten dollars, without parley or grudging.

Now at this point we make another discovery, equally important and amazing, namely: that rights and responsibilities are the same identical things, regarded from different points of view.

My rights are what the other three partners owe to me. My responsibilities what I owe to the other three. My rights are their responsibilities. My responsibilities are their rights.

Thus the final and last cause of strife is removed and Co-operation becomes the natural and inevitable law governing in industry. "Sheer idealism"! wearily asserts my cynical critic.

"Certainly, my dear cynical critic—sheer idealism! What do you seek? Something other? Not in your sane and best hours. Not you."

THIS is the new Spirit in Industry—the abandonment of war as both wicked and futile. War never settles the question, "what is wise"? or the question, "what is right"? It only settles the question, "which of the combatants has the bigger club"? When the war is over, once more the combatants must face the question, "what is wise"? "What is right"? What fools are they who make war! And, at the bar of righteous and wise men and of the righteous and wise God, what condemned fools they will be! Condemned by humanity and by Divinity alike.

This Spirit of Co-operation blows clean out of men's minds and hearts those

Continued on page 71

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of cheese, according to taste and to its strength. Put alternate layers of cooked macaroni and of sauce in a buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs, sprinkle with grated cheese and paprika, and brown in the oven.

With powdered skim milk, in the sauce instead of butter, either a little more butter or cheese will be required.

Biscuits

Flour 2 c. Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Baking powder 3 t. Sugar 1 t.
Fat 1 lb. or more
Milk to make a dough to roll
Water to dilute the milk

If evaporated milk is used, diluted with twice as much water, one lb. of shortening is enough. If powdered skim milk is used, 3 lb. of fat to 2 c. flour will be better. With condensed milk, no sugar will be needed. One t. sugar will not make sweet biscuits, but will improve the flavor, and makes the biscuits brown on top better. However, some people prefer biscuits entirely without sugar.

Shortcake

Use the biscuit recipe, increasing the amount of shortening by 2 lb., and adding 1 beaten egg in place of a little of the milk and water mixture.

Dumplings

Use the biscuit recipe, add a beaten egg, and enough liquid to make a drop batter, but omit all sugar.

Desserts

The possibilities for using prepared milk in desserts are unlimited. In using condensed milk, omit $\frac{3}{4}$ c. of sugar if a whole can of milk is used. With the evaporated and powdered milks, the ordinary recipe should be followed.

Pumpkin or Squash Pie

Follow your favorite recipe, using instead of whole milk, evaporated milk diluted with an equal amount of water. Use the following for pumpkin pie:

Brown sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. or Evaporated milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
a little more Water $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Mashed pumpkin 1 c. Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Molasses 1 lb. Spices 1 t.
Eggs 2

The spices usually liked are $\frac{1}{2}$ t. each of ginger and cinnamon or allspice.

Cocoanut Cream Tarts

Bake tart shells in patty pans or muffin tins, and fill with the following mixture:

Condensed milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cocoanut 1 c.
Water $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Vanilla 1 t.
Eggs 3 Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Sugar 4 lb. Cornstarch 2 lb.

Scald the milk and water. Mix the cornstarch and sugar, and salt, and the beaten yolks of the egg and one beaten white. Pour on the hot milk, and return to the double boiler to cook for half an hour. When the time is nearly up, fold in most of the shredded cocoanut, cool and pour into the pastry shells after adding the vanilla. Beat the remaining egg whites, add a little sugar and salt, pile on top of the tarts, sprinkle with the remaining cocoanut and brown in a cool oven.

Rice Fruit Pudding

Boiled rice 1 c.
Egg 1
Condensed milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Vanilla or lemon extract 1 t.
Fruit 1 c.
Water $\frac{3}{4}$ c.

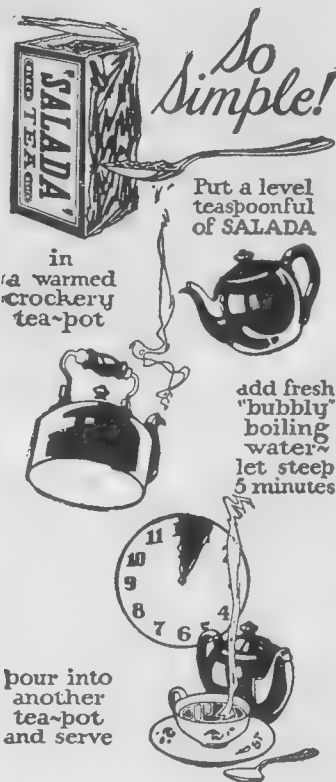
The fruit may be stewed dried fruit with the juice drained off, and the fruit cut in pieces, preferably cooked figs, or peaches, apricots or prunes, or dates or raisins cut in pieces. Beat the egg, mix all the ingredients together, and bake in a buttered baking dish in a moderate oven till a silver knife comes out clean.

Raisin Rice Pudding

Evaporated milk 2 c.
Water 2 c. Sugar $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Salt 1 t. Raisins $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 c.
Rice $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Dried orange rind.

Continued on page 67

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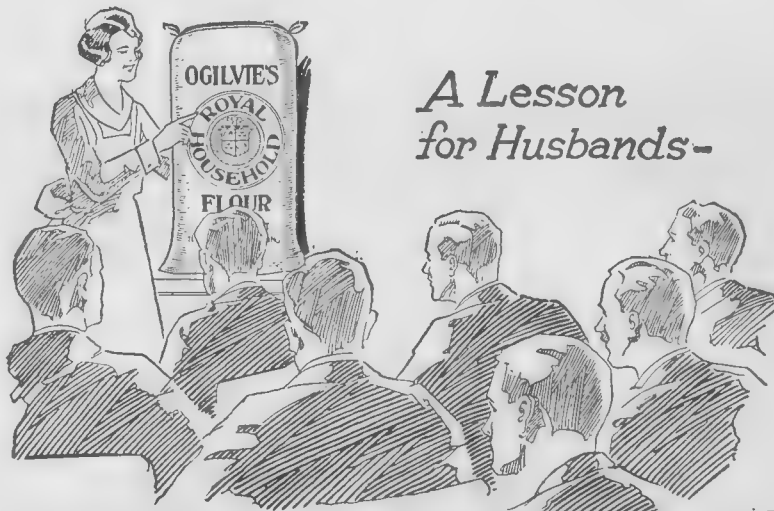


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Managing Tod

Continued from page 34

"Open it," I repeated.

The urchins sensed trouble of some sort and gathered more closely about, mouths agape and eyes eager.

Tod fumbled with the cord and unfolded the paper. When he looked at the sketches, such a violent flood of red chased the white from his face that I feared a blood vessel would burst.

"Why — these are the first rough plans," he gasped piteously. "I can't—I must be crazy or something."

"You see now why I hate the goggles," I said.

"I don't get you! For heaven's sake, Gipsy, tell me what the ding-dong has happened!"

"You forgot to mail them because of those darn goggles." He nodded. "I discovered it when I went to pack your portfolio that night." I went on, as though teaching a child a lesson. "So, I sent them off in a new wrapper, and used the old—"

"To give me the scare of a lifetime," he interrupted. "I deserve it. You're a brick!" And he kissed me before the eyes of the astonished urchins.

At that moment the guard signalled that the train was about to start.

"Just a minute," Tod called to him, as if the whole system could be held up at the behest of Tod Macfarlane, and tearing off his goggles he handed them to the nearest child. He grabbed my arm then, and in two leaps we gained the door.

"You're so maddeningly irresponsible," I said. What WOULD you have done if I hadn't discovered it in time?"

"Painted a sign, 'Please Help the Blind,' he panted gaily. "Then we could have put the goggles on—stood in front of the Hotel du Nord—with little tin cups.

The Vogue of Ye Valentyne

Continued from page 36

the Dough if You'll Make the Biscuits." And the sheik has no time to waste on mere sentiment either but favors the blunt method with a "kick" in it as for instance the saucy invitation symbolized by a tin key fastened to a card which goes like this:

"Here's the key to my dug-out, big boy.

It has both beer and wine,
I'll share a bottle of any old hootch
If you'll be my valentyne."

Yes, decidedly more punch and less delicacy distinguishes the 1929 idea. Forget-me-nots have given way to flivvers and hearts have been superseded by hip-flasks. Quite naughty of course and we'd be justified in feeling shocked if we didn't know that most of it is sheer bravado. Pointed and pert is the valentyne favored by the jazz generation, which, scorning such peurile things as cupid's darts and bleeding hearts, loudly demands raw meat with the result that a more boisterous symbolism is apparent on the cards of the day and we have donkeys, hot-dogs, onions, and bricks! The modern love message as carried on the 1929 valentyne would easily bring a blush to the cheek of grand-aunt Caroline—providing she could even understand it—and we fear that a love-lorn maiden of grandmother's day would have promptly fainted upon receipt of one of these up-to-date missives supposedly instigated by good Saint Valentine of honored memory. For the language is emphatically not that of the lady who was wont to go into ecstasies over the lace-and-satin confection sent her by the gent in side-whiskers and plaid weskit whose photo—no, no, daguerrotype—stood primly on her bureau.



Makes Good Cooking Better!

There's the concentrated goodness of prime, lean beef in OXO. No wonder it gives soups and gravies such added flavour and enlivens casseroles and left-overs so delightfully! Try it for that last professional touch that makes good cooking better. And find, like mothers all over the world, how healthful and nourishing OXO is for little ones—and grown-ups, too!



In tins of 4 and 10 cubes

The Goodness of Beef



Mix together the well-washed rice, sugar, milk, water, salt and a few pieces of dried orange peel, and put in a buttered bake dish, and set in a pan of hot water in the oven. Stir often to prevent sticking to the bottom and too brown a crust forming on the top, or else use a covered bake dish, and cook two hours. Remove from the oven, take out the bits of orange peel and stir in the raisins, return to the oven and continue to cook for at least half an hour, this time letting a nice brown crust form on top.

Mocha Spanish Cream

Evaporated milk 2 c.
Coffee 2 c. Sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Gelatin $2\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Eggs 3 Vanilla 1 t.

Heat the milk and coffee in the double boiler and dissolve the gelatin in it, and the sugar. Pour on the beaten eggs and return to the double boiler till the mixture gives the custard test. The egg whites may be beaten separately and folded in as the custard is taken from the stove with the vanilla. Mold. With whipped cream this is a nice enough dessert for very special occasions.

Caramel Baked Custard

Water 2 c. Sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Vanilla 1 t.
Evaporated milk 2 c. Eggs 4

Caramelize the sugar by melting it in a clean frying pan, stirring constantly; add gradually to the milk and water, heated in the double boiler. As soon as the sugar is dissolved, pour the hot liquid over the egg well-beaten, add the salt and vanilla and pour into buttered custard cups or a larger mold, set in a pan of hot water and bake like any other custard.

Tapioca Puddings

Any favorite tapioca recipe may be used, substituting evaporated milk with twice as much water, for plain milk.

Cream for Tea and Coffee

Dilute evaporated milk with an equal amount, or slightly more, whole fresh milk.

Whipped Cream

Place an unopened can of evaporated milk in a kettle of cold water, bring to the boiling point, cool, open the can, take part of the cream in a chilled bowl and whip, keeping it chilled.

Cocoa

Use 1 t. cocoa and 1 t. sugar for each cup to be made, mix to a paste with warm water, and add $\frac{3}{4}$ c. hot water for each cup. Boil. Add evaporated milk to taste, a speck of salt and a little vanilla. Serve with whipped cream or a marshmallow on each cup.

A Valentine Party

Life can be made so much more interesting for all of us, if we take every opportunity to celebrate. Even the simplest home meal may be made an occasion, with an expenditure of a little thought and ingenuity, even if there are no guests. Decorations, simple and inexpensive though they may be, can add so much to the feeling of festivity. In honor of St. Valentine, we may do a lot with red paper or saten, cheap lace, lace paper, silver paper, hearts, cupids, darts, angels, fairies, etc.

For the ordinary family dinner we may serve meat loaf, potatoes, salad, cookies, and a gelatine dessert, yet even here there is ample opportunity for celebrating. The meat loaf may be formed in a heart shape with the hands, and baked in a roasting pan. The platter on which it is served may be bordered with little red hearts cut from slices of beets.

The salad may offer several possibilities. Tomato jelly salad may be molded in large heart-shaped molds (aluminum

ones may be bought for 10 or 15 cents). It may be molded in a large flat pan, then cut out with a heart-shaped cutter in individual servings. A white salad, cabbage or potato, may have the little red beet hearts on the top of it.

Or the dessert may be molded in the heart molds, or may be pink or red in color, with little heart-shaped cookies served with it. On the cookies, or on a cake, may be pink frosting, or white frosting with little red or pink candies.

Tomato soup will give red color, and cream of tomato soup will fit a pink color scheme.

Apple sauce may be colored pink, or apple rings cooked in a red syrup to make them red.

Biscuits may be cut with heart cookie cutters, and used either as plain hot biscuits with butter, with creamed chicken as the main course in the form of chicken short-cake, or as dessert as a shortcake of bananas, peaches, or canned strawberries or raspberries. Canned pears combined with red jelly or with cherries, are excellent for either salad or dessert. Pies and tarts may be filled with cherries, cranberries, raspberries or strawberries. The same pretty red fruits may be used in ice creams, or on them for garnishes. Plain cake baked in a thin flat sheet, may be cut with a heart cookie cutter and used in a number of combinations.

For more formal affairs, where there are guests, such as a tea, evening card party, etc., there may be pieces of cinnamon toast, cut in hearts, heart-shaped sandwiches, with red or pink fillings, heart-shaped toasted canapes as the first course of a dinner, baked or boiled ham as the meat, stuffed celery, fruit salad.

Meat Loaf

Round steak $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 lb. Onion 1
A little suet Salt and pepper
Bread crumbs 1 c. Milk or water

Grind the steak and a little suet with it if too lean, and the onion in the meat chopper. Soften the bread crumbs in a little milk or water. Mix all thoroughly, and season, and form in a loaf with the hands. Bake in a roasting pan, basting occasionally with a little hot water or water with a little butter in it.

Tomato Aspic Salad

Gelatin 2 tb. Bit of bay leaf
Cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Chopped celery $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Tomatoes 2 c. Salt and pepper
Onion $\frac{1}{2}$ small Sugar 1 t.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Simmer the other ingredients together for about 20 minutes, add the soaked gelatine and stir till it is dissolved. Strain and mold, either in small or large molds. Serve with lettuce leaves and a good cooked dressing.

Valentine Salad Dressing

Make a good thick boiled dressing, add enough tomato catsup to make it an attractive pink color.

Apple Sauce

To keep the sections of apple whole, make a syrup of the desired proportion of sugar and water, boil for 5 minutes, then drop in the sections of apple and cook gently till clear, skin them out and cook more. To make them pink or red, add little red cinnamon candies to the syrup, or use red vegetable coloring. They may be used as a garnish with meat or chicken, in a salad or in a dessert.

Stuffed Celery

Use pieces of celery which have a rather deep hollow in one side. Cut in pieces 2 or 3 inches long, fill the cavity with cream cheese mixed with chopped pimiento. Sprinkle carefully with paprika. These may be served instead of salad if one wishes, or as appetizers.

Colds

and 3 things to do for them



INHALATION: In a teacup full of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.



CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.



NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.

If you use these treatments tonight, your cold will be better in the morning. Know the 3 stages of your cold. Then apply the common-sense Mentholatum treatment for each stage.

In the **FIRST STAGE** your nose lining is dry, irritated, and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness.

In the **SECOND STAGE** your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike

harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. It will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the **THIRD STAGE** the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping, and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.



FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to get rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a physician. Send this coupon to Dept. W.2.M. Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont. The book is free—you will also receive sample of Cough Drops and trial box of Mentholatum. Simply enclose 10c to cover mailing costs. (Print name clearly.)

Name.....
Address.....

Have You Read the Fiction Gem of the Season?

No! Then be sure and not miss a line of this thrilling story. "A Gentleman King", by Russell Davenport. The first instalment will appear in the March issue of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY and this is absolutely one of the stories you must not miss.

Chapped hands look years older!

—but Hinds Cream smooths them to petal-softness again

HANDS red and chapped? Then smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Its softening touch banishes chapping—immediately. Makes your hands soft, lovably smooth and white once more.

And it isn't just chapping that reddens the hands and makes them look old. It's dishwater, terribly hard on hands—careless drying of the hands before going out into the cold—dusting—a dozen and one things weather the hands. And it's weathering that ages—not the years.

To keep your hands young, you must protect them from the harsh effects of work, sports and exposure. You can do it easily—with Hinds Cream. Smooth it in at the first sign of roughness, dryness or chapping. It'll make them petal-soft again.

Keep Hinds Cream in several places—it's always handy then when you



need it. Keep it in the kitchen—on the bathroom shelf—on your dressing table. And then use it often. It'll keep your hands so soft, so smooth, so altogether lovely, they'll never have a chance to roughen.

If you send us your name and address on the coupon below, we'll gladly mail you a generous sample bottle.

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Hinds Honey & Almond Cream now 50c in Canada

A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited
Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto

We Dress our Tables in Many Modes

Continued from page 27

get along without our damask cloths than we could without the table on which to spread them. There are occasions when absolutely nothing will serve the purpose of a fine cloth of "double damask." There are chinas, for instance, that never look so well against any other background; schemes of decoration and table setting which would lose much of their effectiveness when laid against any but an all-white background.

BUT damask, to show its real progressiveness, has lent its sanction to the arrival of color in table linens. At first, it was only in the little informal doily sets and small cloths for the breakfast and luncheon table, that color made its appearance and won its favor. But now, we can have our damask cloth and our color together, and in very lovely versions indeed. These cloths show up in their satiny pattern just in the way a fine white damask cloth does; but the whole thing will be in a most delicate tint of pink, green, blue, mauve or yellow—a tint which is often echoed in the glassware that is used with it. Or you can have your colored damask in a deep golden tone that is almost a light tan—very rich with amber glassware and gold-bordered china; the deeper tones of rose and blue are also seen—all of these in a sort of two-tone effect to show up the pattern; many of them look as though they had a silver cast blended with the color.

And newest of all, is the white cloth with an exquisite border of pale, tinted flowers—sometimes just one fairy-like tint or again the soft blending of pastel shades. In some cases this color is woven in; in others, it is hand-painted. And always, of course, there are napkins to match the cloth, doilies and whatnot.

In the small cloths for which we also find so much place, all color or colored border is equally smart. For the most part, these cloths are woven of rather heavy-thread linen, its quality ranging from quite a coarse yarn to a very fine and even one. Very durable color-fast sets of cloth, 48 or 54 inches square, and half a dozen napkins, can be had for around \$2.50; they are machine-hemmed, of simple design and heavy yarn, but very practical and good-looking for general use. If the cloth and napkins are hemstitched by machine, the price rises a little higher and continues according to the quality of the linen and the introduction of hand work.

OF COURSE those of you who are even passably good needlewomen, have probably made your own doily and small cloth sets, long before this. Color-fast linen has been quite inexpensive of late and is always offered in such tempting colors that the laziest of us is apt to fall. Every device known to needlecraft, has seemed to suggest itself for the adornment of our tableware. Hand hemstitching of course leads and gives its own air of distinction without further aid, as does drawn work in all its phases, the applique of designs in contrasting color. All types of embroidery are used with good effect.

The cloth for the bridge table; one that is spread for the serving of tea or luncheon or which does duty then and also during the card game, is a piece of standard equipment in the majority of houses nowadays. Like the luncheon cloth for the larger table, it runs through the whole range of preciousness but inclines chiefly toward the smart hand-made cloth with its four matching napkins—the type of cloth we have just been talking about which is hemstitched and further embellished at will, or finished with a binding which is particularly liked with applique; or it veers to the all-white cloth which may be as delicate and lacy as one pleases.

Canine Climber

Mrs. Ladidah: "I'm going to enter Fido in the dog show next week."

Friend: "Do you think he will win?"

Mrs. Ladidah: "No, but he'll meet some nice dogs."—Tit-Bits.

What Will you do



When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Castoria was never more popular than today. Every druggist has it.

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COLDS
Banish colds immediately with Minard's by applications on throat and chest. Take half a teaspoonful in syrup. Also heat and inhale Minard's.

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

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The Joy of Walking

ONE benefit of the flu, which has been having such a flare, is the advice given by doctors, "Walk to work." If only we could get that habit out of it, it would be worth the flu, and probably would prolong more lives than it has shortened.

If we lose the use of an organ we do not use, then civilized peoples will presently be legless. And why do we not walk? Innate laziness, to save time, because somebody picks us up when we start afoot, because we live farther out, because we have bundles to carry, and perhaps there are more reasons.

But we are missing something joyous when we hop into the auto every time we fare forth. We are shortening our lives and weakening our digestion and growing logy mentally and losing our endurance and short-changing ourselves on the physical delights of deep breaths of crisp, clean air, the tingle of an improved circulation, the pleasant languor of a return to a warm room, the "best sauce" which goes with the whetted appetite and the increase in spirit and vigor.

For the housewife or business woman, walking is especially desirable. It takes her away from the confinement of an indoor job, gives her a change of occupation and different scenes. Merely to look up and take a far view is restful to the stenographer or bookkeeper whose eyes have been bent over her task. Walking takes the mind off one's routine duties, rests tired nerves, blows away one's troubles, stretches unused muscles, gives one the fresh air and the needed athletics she would not get otherwise.

Soup

What is more heart-warming, and tummy warming, on a frosty day, than a bowl of steaming soup? It may be nutritious or merely a warming inner wash, and may be served daily until your family can hardly call it a meal without soup, for it permits of endless variety.

Beef shank, rump soup bone, or hamburger steak is a good foundation for broth. Some thrifty housewives have the stock kettle as ever-present as the garbage can, and what they can't scrape into one, they dump into the other. Stock may be made of bones, and bits of meat and seasoned with vegetables, spices, herbs and sauces. Almost anything can go into the soup kettle. If it is different, it will make a new flavor, and that is fine culinary art.

Some of the ingredients of soup are chopped parsley, parsnips, corn, tomatoes, turnips, cabbage, celery, onions, spinach, beans, peas, asparagus, mangoes and any other vegetables. Rice, barley, gumbo or flour are used for thickening. For seasoning, try meat sauces, pepper corns, red pepper, paprika, pimentos, cloves, ginger, allspice, bay leaf, mace, lemon juice, vinegar, celery seed or celery salt.

Bullion is clear soup usually of beef or chicken. It is little more than flavored water, and is sometimes made by boiling the bones. Often rice or barley is added to it for substance. Delicate soups are made of creamed asparagus, corn or celery. Tomato soup is a universal favorite. Oyster soup is an elegance and very nutritious when made of whole milk and generously seasoned with butter. Common and old-fashioned though they are, there is nothing much better than well-made potato soup or bean soup.

Warm Clothing

Wool and fur make the warmest clothing, but both are impractical for indoor living. It is not healthful to dress too

warmly and make oneself perspire and more susceptible to any draft or chill.

Light weight, cotton clothing, loose and porous, is best for the indoor worker, with firm heavy outer garments when one faces the elements outside.

To keep warm in very cold weather, ventilation must be cut down in the garments to keep the body warmth in and the cold, outer air out. Garments should overlap, be made of wind-proof material; as rubber, leather or fabrics of a very close weave on the outside, with soft, fleecy wool on the inside.

Fibres woven in a meshwork entangle the air and act as an insulator to keep the air from passing through. Fluffy cloth, as cotton flannel, may be so woven to be as warm as wool.

Color has something to do with the warmth of clothing when one is in the sunlight. White repels the sunlight, while black absorbs it and passes it on to the objects underneath. This is the reason that white is best to wear in hot, sunny climes, while black is warmest when the sun is shining on it. Yellow is next to black in warmth, then red, then light blue.

Maple-Date Dessert

Heat a quart of milk and a half cup maple syrup in double boiler, then add four tablespoons of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Salt to taste and cook for twenty minutes, stirring occasionally. Add one cup chopped dates and a teaspoon of vanilla, and set aside to cool and mold. Serve with whipped cream. A marachino cherry may be dropped, for decoration, on the top of each serving. If you do not have maple syrup, use instead a half cup of brown sugar and a few drops of maple flavoring.

The Fan Back Chair

A revival of oriental furniture is the fan back chair which is in high favor today. It is constructed of cane, woven, and gets its name from its high, fan-like back, which spreads flauntingly, like a peacock's tail. Another characteristic feature of the fanback chair is the hour-glass base. The seat is round and looks like a cover to the hour-glass shaped base which serves as pedestal or legs.

Wasting Gas

If you let an aureole of gas escape around the kettle on your gas stove, you are wasting gas. The place where you need that flame is directly in the center of the kettle. To let it flame all around the edges is a useless extravagance.

To Remove Gum

If somebody has dropped gum on your fine rug, and it has been stepped on, do not rub the nap all off the rug in trying to get the gum out. Instead try washing the spot with gasoline or turpentine. This will loosen the gum.

Brown Sugar Substitute

If you wish to make something calling for brown sugar and you find you have none in the house, use white sugar and a little molasses to give the taste and results which brown sugar would give.

Eggless Pumpkin Pie

Mix one pint milk, small cup sugar, cup of sifted pumpkin, half cup ground crackers, spices and salt to taste and bake slowly in pie crust.

Mrs. Solomon Says:

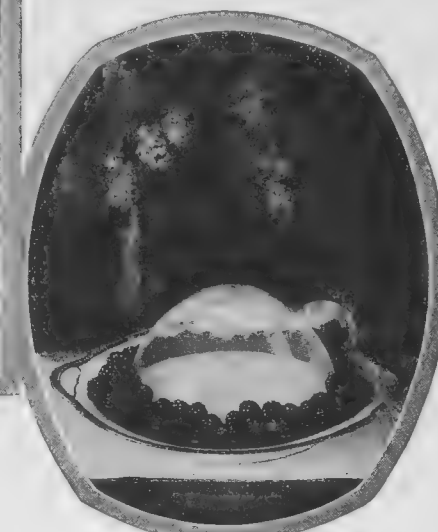
A good dress makes a good address. It pays for a woman to look her best.



Praise is the Sweetest Music to a woman's ears . . . and these Dishes surely bring it!



Perfection Salad



LEMON JELLY—A FOUNDATION RECIPE (6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1 cup boiling water
1/2 cup cold water	1/3 cup sugar
	1/4 cup lemon juice
	Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, salt, and stir until dissolved; then add lemon juice. Pour into wet mold and chill. Use any fancy mold or any plain cooking bowl in your kitchen; or this may be molded by using individual molds or small cups.

This recipe is the foundation for nearly all desserts and salads made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. The jelly may be served plain as a dessert with a custard sauce, whipped cream, fruit or fruit juices. Or, the jelly may be used as a plain salad on lettuce leaves with a salad dressing, or fruit or vegetables may be added—any leftover fruit or vegetables may be utilized in this way.

Other jellies are made in the same way, except the fruit juice is substituted for the hot water in the recipe and one tablespoonful lemon juice is added instead of the one-fourth cup in the recipe. The amount of sugar used when desserts or salads are made with fresh or canned fruits varies according to the acidity of the fruit—with canned fruits using less sugar than with fresh fruit.

ORANGE JELLY is made the same as Lemon Jelly except that one cup orange juice is substituted for the boiling water.

PERFECTION SALAD (6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/2 cup cold water	1/2 cup cabbage, finely shredded
1/4 cup mild vinegar	1 cup celery, cut in small pieces
1 tablespoonful lemon juice	1 pimento, cut in small pieces, or 2 tablespoonfuls sweet red or green pepper
1 cup boiling water	
1/4 cup sugar	

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. When mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce or endive. Garnish with mayonnaise or boiled dressing made with gelatine, or cut in cubes, and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or turn into molds lined with canned pimentos. (A delicious accompaniment to cold, sliced chicken or veal.)



Your grocer has canned fruits, vegetables and fish that can be wonderfully combined with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

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Lucky is the bride who has a

married sister—or an older married friend—to tell her frankly the truth about this vital subject.

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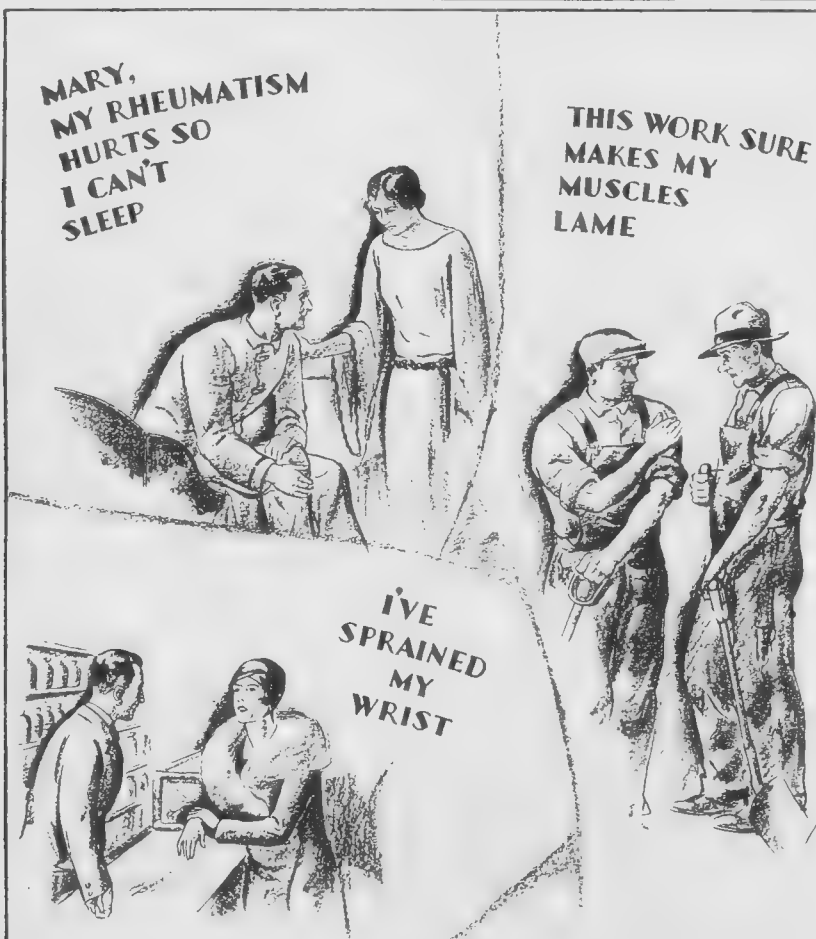
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Sloan's Liniment

The House of Comfort

Continued from page 42

same material as the floors and the risers, square balusters and newel are white enamelled.

The upstairs rooms open off the hallway and the bathroom fittings should be of the best. I do not mean the most luxurious but fixtures that are sanitary and serviceable. Porcelain enamelled are good. In the pipes and fittings if possible use non-rusting material, as one rusty pipe will spoil the enjoyment of fresh clear water and one bursting pipe will do more damage than the extra cost of the best piping.

The heating is hot water. The electric wiring should be well considered and only that approved by the fire underwriters installed. In choosing hardware be simple and use the style which will closest follow that of the house.

The basement is built of concrete to the ground line and then laid up with the chimney in random jointed stonework. The joints are wide and irregular, without any smooth finish. This will fall into the design of the rough sawn clapboards. In the construction of the walls resistance to the weather is the great consideration and when studding and sheathing is put on cover both inside and outside over it with the very best building paper and then you strap inside and lath and plaster, while outside the heavy clapboards make the finish. Shingling can be done in many ways. A wide shingle with an exposure of three and a half inches is used.

For the outside color of the house the clapboards are stained a dull brown, while the roof shingles are an Indian Red, with the plank shutters dull blue and window sash white.

Love's Abode

By Martha Shepard Lippincott

A cosy little home and fire,
Where loved ones gather all around,
Where loving words and happy smiles,
On every ruby lip are found;
This, I should say, is love's abode
And will bring happiness to men:
'Twill make them, when they go away,
E'er anxious to return again.

They'll long to see their dear, true wives,
Again to clasp them in their arms;
And merry children's voices, too,
For parent hearts, have many charms.
The father takes his little babe,
Which ever is his fond delight,
And has a merry romp with it,
Ere little ones must say good night.

A very joyous party this,
When all the family gather round,
And from the happy, beaming smiles,
Fond love's abode, you've surely found.
It does not take a palace, grand,
For often love, from wealth, departs;
But what must be for love's abode,
Are cheerful, loving, happy hearts.

Fancy Free

By Alice Gent

Where Fancy leads would I be ever roaming,
New truths, new ventures should my mind decoy,
New friends who sought me would I trust unproven
And in their proffered friendship find new joy.

Should Fancy lead me through a world of color
Fain would I seek in galleries of art
To feast the eye on canvassed scenes of beauty
Where artist's skill its triumph can impart.

Should Fancy lurk where trees fling leafy shadows
Oft would I muse where oaks are thickest grown,
Yearning at eve to feel the gentle fanning
Of willow boughs by softest breezes blown.

Where Fancy lives would I forever linger,
Care-free, unfettered, in a world of thought,
There at her shrine to worship in seclusion
Where inspiration smiles and themes are wrought.



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Big Eaters Get Acid Stomach

Bisurated Magnesia Neutralizes Acidity, Keeps Stomach Clean and Digestion Perfect

If you're a hearty eater; if you must have three big meals a day, eat them. But after each meal be sure to neutralize the dangerous acids that your food forms in the stomach, says a noted authority.

When your stomach is overloaded, the food contents soon sour and develop acid that practically paralyzes the stomach's activity long before the work of digestion can be completed. Then the stomach becomes weak and "cranky" and you are a daily sufferer from indigestion, Gas, Sourness, Bloating and after-eating pains. Your appetite goes—you're sick and whirly—and what used to be the joys of a hearty meal become a menacing nightmare.

To quickly neutralize this dangerous acid; to cleanse and sweeten the stomach; to help the stomach take care of a hearty meal without pain or distress, go to your nearest drug store and get a little pure Bisurated Magnesia (powder or tablets) and take in a little hot water just after meals. You'll be amazed how quickly this simple treatment works.

Bisurated Magnesia is a powerful but harmless anti-acid and stomach corrective used by thousands of folks every day with the happiest of results.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

The Spirit in Industry

Continued from page 64

archaic and poisonous misconceptions that made clean thinking and good feeling impossible.

For instance, a mine owner deploring the insane and wicked actions of miners on strike exclaimed:

"Ruining my property"! (Quotation).
"Stealing my money! Why! I put \$200,000 into that mine of mine," pointing to a dark hole in a mountainside.

"What? You paid \$200,000 for a mine?"

"Yes, that mine of mine."

"Oh, no. Not for a mine. You paid \$200,000 for a bit of mountain with some black stuff in it. Not for a mine. That hole and the mountain becomes a mine only when a man with a barrow and a pick walks into that hole, digs out some black stuff and wheels it into the open for sale."

"My factory"! said a man during the war, pointing to a long red brick building, "cost me \$150,000"! (Quotation).

"Your factory?"

"Yes, my factory; paid my good money for it."

"Not for a factory. You paid for a certain arrangement of bricks and mortar, of steel and iron and leather and asbestos and other things. There is no factory there till a man goes in and puts his hand to a bit of raw steel and turns it into a nose-cap for a shell. You alone can't build a factory."

A mine, a factory, a departmental store, is a thing of co-operative enterprise.

The idea that money can buy a mine is a poisonous misconception that makes a man incapable of clear thinking.

Or again, the secretary of the labor union, now directing a strike against mine operation says: "We have a block of labor to sell. You need it. You must come to our price." (Quotation).

"What have you to sell?"

"A block of labor."

"Oh, no. There is no labor in the market till you have a man with money offering you a price for a day's work. All you have is capacity for toil. Labor as a marketable product does not exist until it is applied to the production of things needful to man."

Co-operation alone gives value to capital and to labor.

"Sheer idealism," again from my cynical critic.

"Certainly, but none the less true for that, and none the less practical."

Since the close of the Great War more than twelve hundred important industries in the United States and Canada have abandoned old methods of administration and have come to the method of co-operation, thus eliminating waste, worry and loss. More. They have applied the principle of co-operative administration to the disposition of profits.

In Canada the recognition of the wisdom and righteousness of co-operation in administration and in the distribution of profits is growing every day.

Two important bits of legislation have helped:

1. The Lemieux Act. An immense step

forward, but while providing for the composing of strife by a Board of Conciliation it is defective in a number of points, but chiefly that it still acknowledges industrial warfare as a right and also it sets up a board ad hoc to deal with this warfare, which, after functioning, goes out of existence. It neither accumulates wisdom by experience, nor does it build up technique by practice.

The second bit of legislation is The Manitoba Experiment. An Act of the Manitoba Legislature of 1919 created The Council of Industry for Manitoba, to deal with everything that had to do with the well-being of the working man. This proved to be perhaps the most notable experiment in dealing with industrial strife that has yet been made. The Council possesses certain unique and striking features: (1) It is a permanent court accumulating wisdom by experience and by study. It builds up a technique that is invaluable in practice. It assembles data that is available for reference at any moment. It gains a certain prestige which makes for confidence on the part of the public and it is a deterrent to mere factious strife. It is IN BEING, for quick action in the prevention of strife by counsel and advice and in the allaying of misunderstanding before it becomes bitter. (2) It possesses the powers of a Court of King's Bench for the summoning of witnesses and of all necessary material, papers, books, etc. The mere possession of these wide powers of investigation and enquiry is itself most useful in the prevention and composing of industrial war. (3) Its decisions carry with them no sanctions enforceable by law. Its decisions make appeal to public opinion, the only final appeal in the composition of strife. The demonstration of the value of this Council is its success. During three and one-half years, in the 117 cases with which it dealt, it registered 100 per cent. success. More than that, during those three and one-half years there was never presented a minority report. The history of the Council is a complete demonstration of the efficacy of "Fair Minded Conference in an atmosphere of Resolute Good-will."

There is no doubt that this is coming more and more to be recognized throughout the world as the only safe method in dealing with industrial friction. At the recent Trades Union Congress in Great Britain, at its concluding meeting at Swansea in September of this year, there was a remarkable endorsement of the policy of industrial co-operation by the amazing majority of 3,075,000 votes to 556,000. Nowhere in the world is Labor so constructively sane as in Great Britain.

In the World of Industry the day of war as a method of improving conditions, or of removing causes of friction, is gone forever. The capitalist or labor leader who relies upon force as a means of gaining any permanent advantage classifies himself as a comrade and contemporary of the Dodo or the Great Auk.

A Little Grey House

By Annie Cato

A little grey house by the sunlit sea;
That is what Canada means to me.
I've travelled the whole of its provinces o'er
From Atlantic coast to Pacific shore;
I have looked on the prairie's tawny gold
And have seen the Rockies gaunt and old;
Yet the heart of the western world to me
Is a little grey house by the sunlit sea.

I would like to show you where it stands,
Right on the edge of the forest lands,
Where the chipmunks play and the tall
trees sigh
As they watch the big grey ships go by,
Where the sweet wild blooms of the roses blow
And the graceful spiraea bending low
Has watched the dancing waves at play
And changed its name to "Ocean Spray."

Like the foam that breaks on the golden sand,
Or some magical flower of fairyland,
It delights to cover each barren place
With a delicate robe of filmy lace.
In the fields the gentians laugh at the skies
Till they mirror the blue in their starry eyes;

Where the lilies grow in a sunny space,
The butterflies flit with an airy grace,
Spending the whole of their life's brief hour
Happily going from flower to flower;
And the big blue hills stand silently by
Like the spirit guardians of earth and sky.

In the midst of it all through sun and storm
Stands my little grey house so snug and warm;

Its windows look out over seas of blue
To the distant hills with their purple hue;
And when winter comes with its deepening gloom
I find such joy in my dear old room,
Where the firelight gleams on my favourite books
And the friendly chairs in the ingle-nooks.

I think when the hours of my life are told
And my feet are treading the streets of gold,
I shall slip through the gates of pearl some day,
And my soul will surely find its way
To the place that is all the world to me,
A little grey house by the sunlit sea.

"May I have one of those Mummy?"



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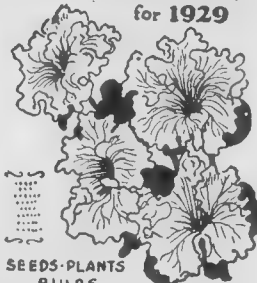


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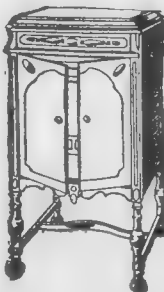
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The Outlaw's Son

Continued from page 15

"I would ask you to come back. But it is—too late."

"Too late?"

"Yes."

"But — but — Oh, I shouldn't expect this. But couldn't we live — and love — in the hills, where they would never find us?" — eagerly, wistfully.

"We could. But you forget—Baby. We must save him if we can."

"Oh, yes, yes. I forgot. But how?"

He looked away from her, out of the window, seeing little, hearing little. Then he swung around on her with all of his former quick, masterful energy.

"Mary," he commanded tersely, "wrap him up in all the blankets and warm stuff you can find. Don't stare, woman. Each second is precious." And while the woman busied herself in gathering what clothing there was, even to divesting her own body of its few outer garments, the man, his visage indescribable in its rough softness and strange beauty, looked down on his baby, and shuddered as he saw the glamour of stealing death.

In his own body there was no tiredness. He forgot that he was hungry. He forgot that White Star had had little food, and no rest, for many, many hours. He forgot all that as he looked on his baby's face. But he did not forget that he was an outlaw, fleeing for his life, nor that back there, somewhere, was McGoobe. And that made it all the more wonderful, for Coventry.

"Where—are—you—taking—him?"

He started. Mary stood beside him, holding to her breast a little body, which was wrapped in blankets and pieces of cloth, and the woman's only dress.

"Where am I taking him? To a good doctor." Gently he lifted the little bundle from the woman's reluctant arms. "Mary, listen very carefully to me. In the left-hand corner of my cabin—our cabin—is a board which creaks when you walk on it. Lift up the board. There is nine thousand dollars there. No, you need not be afraid. That money was got — honestly. If our son gets well, take it and go somewhere away from here, where he can start clean. And — Oh, Mary, never, never let him know that his father was Black Drummond, the Outlaw."

Her eyes were wet. She could not speak.

"I am taking him to Three Point Rivers," he spoke quickly. "The doctor there is a good man. My son—he will have his chance," he said proudly.

Then he walked to the door, opened it, and without a word of farewell, passed out into the night.

The woman had sunk face down across the bed. And there she was, many hours later, still praying.

Coventry found his horse, untied him, and with the little bundle held tight against his breast, vaulted into the saddle.

He whispered to White Star: "We've got to make it, old pal. We've simply GOT to make Three Point Rivers. You understand?"

THE rain had ceased; but water still dripped from hanging boughs; and Coventry instinctively drew his little bundle closer.

The night was dark, but with a certainty which sustained Coventry's proud opinion of his horse, White Star pressed onwards at a steady trot. Now and then Coventry would lean over and whisper in White Star's ear, and the noble animal would lift his head and whinny softly, telling more than words could ever have done of this bond between man and horse.

Coventry gave White Star a loose rein. He, himself, sat huddled on his saddle, puzzling on how best he could defeat his enemies. Sergeant McGoobe, of course, would never for an instant suppose that the fugitive was headed back. One thing in Coventry's favor. To suppose that he could return unseen was asking too much. There was no other trail but by Pan Handle Gorge.

Now Coventry felt reluctant to jump Pete Canyon. Not for himself, had he this fear. With the rain the ground would be slippery; and White Star was tired, was far from being in condition

for the jump. Yet, the length of time it would take to circle the canyon was time which could not be spared.

Then before he knew it he heard the surge of waters; a few moments later White Star trotted out from the edge of the woods, took a few more steps, and stopped.

It was pitch. From where Coventry was the canyon could not be seen. White Star had made the jump before—yes. But then it had only been dusk. Now it was dark night. And—could White Star do it?

Coventry's lips tightened. Slowly, trying to pierce the darkness ahead, he rode White Star forward, step by step, until, half a foot from White Star's forelegs, appeared a black shadow, a shade lighter than the night.

Leaning over, his fingers rubbing White Star's neck, Coventry whispered to the horse:

"Pal, when you see it—right where you are—jump! Don't fail me—don't fail—me."

Did White Star understand? What did White Star not understand?

Coventry backed up to the end of the woods. He took a deep breath, crushed his little bundle into his very flesh, leaned over and whispered a single word into White Star's ear.

White Star's lean body rippled as he sprang out. The yawning gulf showed below. White Star seemed to hesitate for the fraction of an instant... crouch and leap, and Coventry closed his eyes to the rush of wind tearing past him.

He scarcely realized that they were over, that White Star was standing on the far side, trembling. Then a deep sob escaped him.

Gently he stroked White Star's cold, quivering nose, and whispered: "Well done, old pal."

But there was no time for more than a moment's rest.

"You've got to do your best now," said Coventry to the horse. "We've got to make Three Point Rivers by night tomorrow." Then for a second a sickening fear gripped him. What if it was already too late? Feverishly he tore at the little bundle. Still breathing. Alive. Coventry straightened.

"It's up to you, old pal," he spoke gently. "Don't fail me now."

White Star whinnied.

DAWN came and the canyon had been left many miles behind. Over the open plains, up hill and down, through woody tracts, along winding trails, White Star galloped. Even Coventry came to marvel at the wonderful endurance of the animal. Except for a slight palpitation of the flanks, an expansion of the nostrils, a redness of the eyes, White Star might have just come from a day in the pasture.

Noon went unheeded. Far to the front showed the formidable greyiness of Pan Handle Gorge, silhouetted against a cold, white sky.

"Faster, faster—hold 'er, boy—" Lips tightened, eyes grew hard as steel, and Coventry swore.

Almost directly in White Star's path stood a horse and rider. A patch of uncovered scarlet, a rifle trained on Coventry's heart.

"Halt! You crazy ridin' fool—!"

"Not—for you—McGoobe," muttered Coventry. And as White Star went thundering past he threw his body far over to the side, away from the Mountie.

"By heavens! It's Coventry! What the—!" A rifle crashed. The bullet whined past Coventry's leg, flattened itself upon a rock. A second followed. Coventry felt a stinging sensation in his shoulder. A third, and White Star gave a convulsive leap. Then man and horse swerved from view around a clump of trees.

Behind came the thud, thud of horses. Coventry whispered in White Star's ear; and even further did the noble animal respond. The pounding behind became fainter. Once a bullet came singing past his ear; and Coventry, half-turning, whipped out his gun and fired at the

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This New Serial

IT has never been the privilege of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to present to its readers a serial so full of action as

"The Gentleman King"

By RUSSELL DAVENPORT

Each instalment will have you keyed up so, that you will be fairly on edge until the next issue reaches you. As the Editor said when he was half way through the story, "I cannot possibly see how the author gets so much action in each generous instalment and yet has enough left to finish the story." We might state right here that there is plenty left and you will be kept breathless until the finish.

Commencing in the March issue "The Gentleman King" may be considered as one of the

**Magazine Fiction
Features of 1929**

dipping Stetson which had showed for an instant behind a clump of brush.

More than once during the next hour and a half did White Star lag. Actually at moments he became unsteady.

Coventry wondered, afraid. He felt a stickiness on his right leg, and looked down. Blood! Yet he had felt no bullet strike him there. His only pain was in his shoulder and arm. Then he went sick with fear. His worst fears were realized. On White Star's flank was a hole, torn and bloody.

"Poor old pal," murmured Coventry.

If only White Star was able to make the top of Pan Handle Gorge. It was only five miles from there to Three Point Rivers. He felt a little movement against his breast, and he cried out that White Star must make it. No other hands but his own—not even McGoobe's—would carry HIS baby into Three Point Rivers, swore Coventry.

Still from behind came the beat, beat of hoofs, drawing closer as White Star lagged. But at these moments Coventry would lean over and whisper endearing terms in White Star's ear, and the animal would make an added spurt.

Dusk had fallen before Coventry rode up to Pan Handle Gorge. White Star paused when he came to the narrow, winding trail.

"The supreme effort, boy," said Coventry softly, stroking White Star's neck. "You can do it, boy," pleadingly.

White Star started up. Of necessity it was but a slow, crawling ascent. White Star was neat in his footwork, though, indeed, twice he slipped backwards, almost over the edge of the steep, rocky precipice.

Coventry held on to his little bundle, afraid—afraid, too, as he looked the depths below, and felt the oozing strength of the animal below him.

When half-way up the trail Coventry looked behind. Below, at the foot of the trail, a little knot of horsemen had gathered. A moment or two later, when Coventry glanced behind, one of the horsemen had separated himself from his fellows, and even then was starting up the trail.

It was too dark to distinguish much, but Coventry knew, instinctively, that this dare-devil man was McGoobe.

It was apparent that the others were holding back. But McGoobe—"You—devil," muttered Coventry, admiringly.

With a little grunt and a sigh White Star gained the top. It had been his one supreme effort. For even as Coventry, with a little cry, jumped clear, White Star sank to the ground, struggled to right himself as best one of his class, and slumped back—and expired.

"Damn you, McGoobe." Then Coventry's eyes glinted. Bitterness tore at his heart. McGoobe had shot his horse. McGoobe, too, was the murderer of his child. Only five miles to Three Point Rivers. But it might as well have been five hundred.

Then Coventry grew tense. Noiselessly he slipped behind a stone. Ten minutes later a horseman moved to sight over the ridge. And Coventry, with his free hand, in which was held a gun, caught hold of the horse's bridle.

Don't move for your guns, McGoobe," he said quietly. "Hold your hands high. That's it. Now, get off. Quick!" and McGoobe obeyed.

"Better hold your hands where I can see 'em," warned Coventry curtly. And McGoobe, being a sensible man, did so to the letter. Wait for a better time," was the sergeant's motto. He was a brave man, but he knew when another held the drop, which, perhaps, was why he still lived, and carried the reputation he had.

Coventry swung onto McGoobe's horse. But before he had passed from sight in

the darkness McGoobe emptied his service revolver. Then, as his shots brought no visible reward, he went and sat down on a stone, and reflectively chewed on his moustache.

Now what the devil did Coventry want to come back for, anyway? The sergeant shook his head. Something funny there.

A lone wolf, as is the Mountie way, the sergeant had requested no service from the posse. But now, minus a horse, and there being a dozen horses below, the sergeant cursed the cowards who had feared to ride Pan Handle Gorge at night. However, he had to be going. So going to the head of the trail he lit a little bunch of matches, and slowly waved the fiery brand.

A few minutes after the signal was answered.

"Now," muttered the sergeant, "if only one of you has the sense and guts—"

And apparently Danny Lee had both the sense and guts, as half an hour later proved.

"Lord, never again, Serg." muttered Danny, wiping his forehead. "My horse ain't no acrobat. Now, what the—?"

For the sergeant had dragged the fellow from the saddle, and vaulting up himself, dug his spurs into the horse's flanks.

WHEN a maddened horse flashed past the Blue Stone Saloon, the swaying form of a man clinging on its back, a little knot of idlers stared in astonishment; and this astonishment was vastly heightened when about a half hour later a second horse flashed down on them, and a well known voice belted across:

"A horse and rider pass this way a little while ago, boys?"

"Yea, Sergeant, goin' like hell," answered a man, and he waved a lighted cigarette down the street.

"Thanks!" Sergeant McGoobe plunged his heels into his horse's flanks, and flashed from view.

DOCTOR ANTON looked up, startled. But he was a man of action. He caught hold of the swaying, blood stained figure, and had pressed into his hands a little bundle of torn, red-splashed rags. Drawing back the corner of the bundle there was brought to view the white face of a child.

"Doctor—tell me—quick! Is there a—chance? I have tried—so hard." He lurched sideways, clutching at the table for support.

The doctor nodded, understandingly. He made a quick examination of the child. His eyes were grave when Coventry gripped him by the arm.

"Don't say there's no hope, Doctor—not that!"

"I'll do my best. No man can do more than that. The child had been badly underfed, and"—tapping the child's lungs—"if he gets over that—"

"Thank God!"

"But you're hurt yourself, man—"

"No—no, Doctor—I've run my race."

A blindness surged over him. He turned, staggered to the door, and stumbled out—into McGoobe's arms!

A moment or two later, lying on the floor of the doctor's room, Coventry smiled up into McGoobe's whiskered face.

"You got me bad—that last time, McGoobe—four times," he whispered, quietly.

The sergeant twirled his moustache fiercely. "Well, you made me do it. Damn it, man—I'm sorry!"

Coventry closed his eyes for an instant. He saw a face through the haze, a boy, his son—his son who must never know. So he opened his eyes, and looked up at McGoobe, and smiled.

"I'm—glad," he whispered.

A Farewell

By Marjorie Wilson

The morning wakes across the fields this day that I must go,
Washing with gold the mist-grey skies, and the grey tors below,
Where the white fingers of a stream are raised to catch the glow.

Next year I shall not see the Spring dawn on the English shires,
Nor gorse that flings its flames across the hills like beacon fires,
Nor find the foxgloves in the vales like little village spires.

Those alien trees and stranger grass upon that waiting shore—
How will they look? Ah! All I know—the Devon trees once more
Are crowned with May, and never broke a fairer Spring before.

Oh, wild, wild roses drenched in dew, and sweet with sun and rain,
Shall I not find you reaching arms in every little lane,
Reminding me of England's rose until I come again?



CAMEO VELLUM

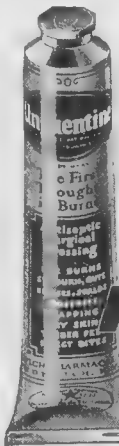
Like a charming woman, letter paper should be a source of inspiration. Not only must there be perfect quality—it should also indicate the personality of the writer. When exquisite style is considered Cameo Vellum is beyond reproach, and yet it is quite inexpensive.

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Soothes Burns instantly!



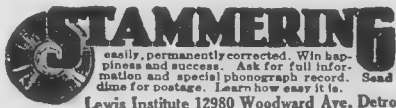
The cruel pain of a burn is conquered—almost from the moment Unguentine is applied. The famous antiseptic surgical dressing used by 8 out of 10 hospitals. Helps prevent infection. Almost invariably no scar is left. Send coupon now.

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The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. DD-2, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Send me trial tube Unguentine and "What to Do" by M. W. Stofer, M.D. Also new Unguentine Toilet Soap to correct the skin, to keep it lovely.

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Auto Clock
\$3.00

Quickly attached on dash
or above windshield.
Fits any car

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Federated Women's Institutes

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Suggestions for the Work of the Convener in Publicity and National Events in the Women's Institutes of British Columbia

A PUBLICITY and National Events Convener is valuable for every Institute. Not only does publicity show the local public what the Institute is doing, thereby creating a spirit of friendly interest in the minds of the general public and possibly also attracting new members, but it frequently provides other Institutes with ideas for their own work, and perhaps above all inspires other women in other places to follow their excellent example and form a Woman's Institute.

The Publicity Convener or the Secretary should see that brief accounts of the monthly meetings are sent in to the Superintendent, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, and also, if possible, to the Provincial President, Mrs. J. D. Gordon, Victoria, and the District President. And accounts should also be sent to the local papers. From the reports sent to the Superintendent, brief resumes are made each week and published in this paper and various others.

It is a good plan to keep a notice board, which may be either light wood or merely cardboard, in the Institute rooms on which before each meeting the Convener may pin brief clippings or pictures from newspapers both of the noteworthy doings of other Institutes and items of national or imperial importance.

For events of national importance the convener should keep in touch with the Federated Convener, Mrs. J. B. LeBaron, North Hatley, Que.

Many Institutes are now working on a history of their own locality and collecting pictures and stories of the life of their pioneers. The Metchosin Institute has done excellent work along these lines under the able Secretaryship of Mrs. M. E. McVicker who in her annual report says: "During the past year portraits of pioneer residents and data as to local history have been collected. The 69 portraits and 7 pictures of old buildings have been suitably mounted and framed and presented to the hall as a lasting memento of appreciation to departed residents, many of whom helped to build the hall as well as donating land, for church, cemetery and school purposes. At the Pioneer Entertainment held in

October, Dr. S. F. Tolmie, Provincial Premier unveiled the pictures. Enlargements of portraits of Mr. Hans Helgeson and Mr. Henry Cogan were presented to Mr. John Hosie, Provincial Archivist, for hanging in the Legislative gallery. These two pioneers were members of the early Provincial legislature. Mr. H. Ella of Victoria was present at this gathering and presented to the Institute fine enlargements of portraits of Mrs. Blinkhorn and Captain and Mrs. Ella, early residents. This entertainment brought in \$144.40, and enabled us to make a substantial donation of \$85.00 to the hall building committee with which to close all accounts for enlarging and repairs. Earlier in the year also the hall was supplied with a kitchen range, hot water boiler and enameled jugs and tea pots.

Some Institutes devote one meeting to a little exhibition of articles of historical interest. If a really good collection is made and suitably labelled, a small fee can be charged for admission to assist Institute funds. Possibly some old-timer could be found to give a short talk on early days in the district.

Prizes may be presented to the school children for the best history of the locality.

One Institute made a profitable and interesting calendar with the names and dates of pioneers and items of local interest, including a list of those who had served in the Great War.

Assistance in ascertaining and verifying events of provincial importance can be obtained from the Archives, Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

Result of The Western Home Monthly Subscription Contest

In the recent subscription contest open to Secretaries of Women's Institutes and Home Makers' Clubs the results were as follows: First prize, Mrs. L. O. Wood, Stettler, Alta.; Second prize, Mrs. W. B. McIsaac, Ymir, B.C.; Third prize, Mrs. G. A. Saxon, Scollard, Alta. It was also decided to award 26 Consolation Prizes instead of 15 as originally announced.

To all contestants we extend our best thanks, tendering our congratulations to the winners and wishing the others "better luck next time."

Household Hints

To Remove Ink Stains

These are the most difficult of all stains to deal with, owing to their varied composition. Solvents which will remove one kind successfully often have no effect upon another; hence the safest method is to experiment first with those that are harmless, such as milk, or salt and lemon, and proceed to the use of the powerful lime and acid bleaches only when other means have failed.

To Remove Ink from Carpets—If the stain is still wet, cover thickly with salt. Scrape up with a spoon as often as it becomes discolored, and replace with clean. When no more ink is absorbed, rub the spot with cut lemon and rinse with clear water. If this fails to remove the stain, or if it has dried before with it could be treated, sponge one part sulphuric acid (poison) in ten parts water. Apply with a cloth swab tied to a stick, taking care that the acid does not touch the hands or clothing. Finish by sponging with ammonia and water to check its action.

From Fabrics, Non-washable — Rinse out as much ink as possible by sponging with clear water. Then cover the spot with salt, wet with lemon juice, and lay in the sun. Or cover with a thick paste of milk and starch. Let remain two days, brush off, and sponge the place with clear water. Delicate tints may be wet with peroxide of hydrogen and put in the sun. Darker colors, which do not yield to other methods, may be saturated with turpen-

tine and kept wet for an hour or two if necessary, occasionally rubbing between the hands. Sprinkle powdered magnesia or French chalk in a ring around the wet portion to keep the turpentine from spreading. Rub lightly with a soft cloth wet with turpentine. Hang in the open air until all odor and moisture have evaporated. As a last resort, stretch the stained portion over a basin partly filled with boiling water, and with a medicine dropper apply oxalic or muriatic acid (both poison) drop by drop until the stain disappears or shows that the acid is powerless to affect it. Then moisten the stain immediately with strong ammonia water and press between blotters in order to dry quickly. Fabrics that water will spot cannot of course be treated by this method.

From Fabrics Washable—Submerging the stain in milk and letting it remain two or three days until the milk sours will effectively remove certain kinds of ink, as will the salt and lemon treatment described above. Some ink stains can be washed out with soap and hot water if first smeared and well rubbed with melted tallow or paraffin. Ripe tomato juice is a successful solvent for some kinds of ink, and will not injure the fabric. Obsolete stains often can be removed by soaking in a weak solution of chloride of lime or by the application of oxalic or muriatic acid as described above under Non-Washable Fabrics. With wash goods, however, the stained portion should be lowered into

the boiling water in the bowl two or three seconds after the application of the acid, repeating the bleaching and rinsing as many times as may prove necessary to remove the stain. Then transfer to a basin of strong ammonia solution, and finish by rinsing in clear cold water.

From Leather—Apply water and note whether the ink runs. If it does, apply slightly moistened baking soda and let it remain until discolored, repeating as many times as necessary. If the ink is unaffected by water try alcohol. If still unsuccessful, dissolve one or two oxalic acid crystals (poison) in a teaspoonful of water and apply to the spot. As soon as bleached, wipe dry and then sponge with ammonia and water to check the action of the acid.

On Paper, as Books and Prints—First apply a little clear water and take up as much of the ink as possible with blotting paper. Then, with a swab of absorbent cotton twisted around an orange stick, touch the spot with a solution of oxalic or tartaric acid (both poison), rinse with a clean swab dipped in ammonia and water, and dry between blotters, pressing with a warm iron. Or apply in the same manner chloride of lime followed by ammonia water.

From Wood—Some inks can be removed from mahogany with a few drops of spirits of nitre added to a teaspoonful of water and applied to the spot with a feather. For varnished surfaces use a solution of one part oxalic acid (poison) to ten of water, and rinse with ammonia and water. Unfinished floors, shelves, etc., may be sponged with turpentine, or the spot may be covered with a paste of chloride of lime and water. Let it remain until dry and then wash off with clear water.

Solvents for Special Kinds of Ink—**Colored Inks**—Nowadays colored inks are commonly made with aniline dyes which are difficult to cope with. Alcohol will remove some colored inks, and ammonia also is occasionally successful, though its use should be confined to white fabrics. The stains will generally yield to bleaching powder, but this cannot safely be used on silks and woollens.

India Ink is soluble in alcohol, which will not injure even delicate fabrics if the pure grain alcohol is used.

Indelible Ink—Stains made by this ink on wash fabrics often can be bleached by soaking in hyposulphite of soda, which is less apt to injure the fabric than are bleaching powder and muriatic acid. If necessary, however, either of these agents may be applied as described above under **Non-washable Fabrics**.

Printers' Ink—Sponge with turpentine. Wash goods may be soaked in kerosene instead and the stained portion washed in ammonia water before laundering in the usual manner.

To Remove Fruit Stains from Fabrics

Ordinary fruit stains on wash materials can be removed by pouring boiling water through, provided the fabric has not been laundered since the stain was received. Old stains may need to be rubbed with glycerine and allowed to stand for an hour before the water is applied, or lard may be used instead of glycerine. If very obstinate, bleach with javelle water and transfer to a strong ammonia solution as soon as the stain disappears. Peach stains will often yield if saturated with cold water, covered with cream of tartar and laid in the sun, re-wetting as often as the fabric becomes dry. For stains on colored goods, especially woollens, sponge with alcohol containing a few drops of ammonia.

To Remove Fruit Stains on the Hands

Moisten corn meal with vinegar and rub on the stains, or grease the hands with lard and then wash with soap and water.

Treatment of Acid Stains on Fabrics

When the color of a fabric has been changed by an acid, such as lemon juice or vinegar, the original color often can be restored by sponging with ammonia and water and then by chloroform.

Uses for Adhesive Tape

1. After cementing Broken Glass and China, apply adhesive tape to hold the pieces in place until thoroughly dry.

2. Use adhesive tape for the temporary repair of a Glass Door in an Oven, applying it to both sides of the break.

3. When the Glass Percolator Top breaks, join the pieces with adhesive tape and continue to use until a new top can be procured.

4. When Paring Quinces or other hard fruits or vegetables, protect the inside of the thumb and forefinger with pieces of adhesive tape.

5. When Ripping Seams with a knife or razor, wrap the blade with adhesive tape to within an inch of the end to prevent injury to fingers or fabric.

6. Mend Rubber Gloves with a patch of adhesive tape applied to the under side of the cut or break.

7. Use adhesive tape to cover the opening in the bottom of a Salt or Pepper Shaker instead of plugging it with a cork which often is hard to remove and is apt to slip inside.

8. Mend cuts in Table Oilcloth with adhesive tape applied to the under side.

To Clean Glass

Wash Windows and Mirrors with newspapers squeezed as dry as possible out of cold water containing a little ammonia, and wipe with dry newspapers crumpled until soft. This imparts a brilliant polish, leaves no lint on the windows, and eliminates the labor of washing cleaning cloths. In cold weather wet the papers in equal parts of alcohol and water to prevent freezing. Clean Glass Furniture-tops by the above method, or with a cloth dipped in melted paraffine, polishing with tissue paper.

To Clean and Renovate Gloves

Chamois—Add a few drops of ammonia to a basin of warm (not hot) suds. Soak the gloves in this for fifteen or twenty minutes, then squeeze gently and transfer to another soapy water of the same temperature. Wash by squeezing and sousing up and down instead of rubbing. Rinse in a third water to which has been added a tablespoonful of olive oil. Press between towels to extract all the moisture possible, pull into shape and hang up to dry. When still just a little damp, rub between the hands to make pliable, and repeat if necessary after the gloves are thoroughly dry.

Kid, Black—Renovate by touching the worn spots with a camel's hair brush dipped in a mixture of olive oil and ink.

Kid, Washable—Wash on the hands in warm suds of white soap, rubbing gently with a piece of well-soaped flannel. Rinse in soapy water and press with a Turkish towel before removing from the hands. Take off, pull into shape, and hang to dry. Rub between the hands when dry, to restore flexibility.

Kid, White—When only slightly soiled, white kid gloves can be cleaned by rubbing gently with art gum.

Kid, White and Colored—Sponge with a flannel moistened with grain (not wood) alcohol. Or soak in a glass jar filled with gasoline. When clean, rinse in a fresh lot of gasoline, pull into shape, and hang in the open air to dry. (N.B. gasoline must not be used in a room where there is a fire or an open flame of any kind.) Or put the gloves on the hands and sponge with flannel moistened with a mixture of ether one part and benzol (not benzine) two parts. Wear until nearly dry, then remove, pull into shape and hang in the open air. Observe the same precautions as when using gasoline.

Suede Gloves—Put them on the hands and "wash" in fine, dry corn meal. If the soil is not entirely removed, put the gloves into a stout paper bag with a cupful or more of powdered magnesia and one-fourth as much cream of tartar, shake vigorously and let stand overnight. Take out and shake the gloves, put them on the hands and remove the remaining powder by rubbing gently with white flannel. This treatment is efficacious for white and light tinted gloves only.

To Freshen Dessicated Cocoanut

Like all dried foods, cocoanut should have the moisture that has been removed by evaporation returned to it before it is used in cooking. An effectual method is to pour on the cocoanut enough sweet milk to cover and let it stand in a cold place for an hour or longer. Then drain in a wire strainer, pressing as dry as possible. Save the milk to cook with. The cocoanut will be nearly as tender and delicious as when newly grated.

ASHES OF ROSES BOURJOIS



The POWDER Alluring~

To be envied for the fair freshness of your skin . . . loveliness that is without a hint of artificiality . . . Bourjois of Paris has created for your type, the most exquisite of all face powders . . . Ashes of Roses. Fragrant as a flower-filled garden . . . finer than falling dew . . . Ashes of Roses face powder lends new beauty to curving lips and sparkling eyes . . . the allurements of youthful loveliness.

Seek it at the better shops. Know it by its distinguished leatherette boxes and dainty Parisian Compacts.

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PERFUME • ROUGES
CREAMS • LIPSTICKS

An enchanting ensemble for those who value personal daintiness.

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MONTREAL*

Safe to End GRAY HAIR

if you employ this way—Test Free at Home



- 1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.
- 2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean . . . safe. Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.
- 3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

TODAY gray hair regains its youthful color overnight. Faded streaks are ended safely. Gleaming brilliance instantly returns. It's clean and colorless as water. You simply comb it through the hair. It will not wash nor rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Make amazing test. See for yourself what it will do. Few cents' worth gives complete restoration. Get full-size bottle from druggist. He will return every penny if not delighted. Or write for free test supply (give color of hair) to Mary T. Goldman Co., 332-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

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Would you care to get \$150.00 for your church or social service work? This can be accomplished with very little effort and absolutely no financial outlay.

Our scheme has been tried out by two of the leading Winnipeg churches and has proved a very great success indeed.

Write us today and we will mail you full particulars and suggestions for putting the plan into effect.

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



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The Handy Can is so convenient in shape and size that it not only may be kept almost anywhere but will put oil almost anywhere.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - Cleans & Polishes

It's pure; it's clean; it's different—a scientific compound of several high quality oils, each contributing its own valuable properties that are not found in ordinary oils. Nothing else just like 3-in-One.

At grocery, drug, notion, hardware and general stores everywhere, in two size Handy Cans and three size bottles. The Big Red "One" on the label is your protection.

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FREE Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request them on a postal

Apply a few drops for prompt relief

cuts bruises and bumps

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all Druggists \$1.25

Winter Wonders in the World of Insects—Freezing With the Snow, Waking With the Sunshine

By J. W. Winson

WHEN the Northland swings away from the genial sun and the ice-born winds are freed again, death shivers and glitters down forest and valley, closing its frosty fingers on all moving life. Every touch of its steely breath makes piercing icy arrows of the soft drops of moisture, and if these are in tender leaf or tiny animal, the life-atoms flee, a dreary waste of desolate stillness lies in the wake of the frost wind.

Man meets the cold with extra clothing, or turns his magic fury of fire against it. Animals grow longer hair to blanket the blow of the blast. The birds that stay in their sun-lost haunts have only a coat of feathers between their breast and the storm, but these they fluff out that the downy cushion may hold warm air to repel the outer bitterness.

But the lesser life of the woods and meadows, the soil and the crannied rocks makes no defence apparently against the pitiless frost.

Ages have asked "where do flies go in winter," sages have decreed that life rises up spontaneously in a new creation each spring, and souls of lesser knowledge have wondered how the minute world of the insects survives the deadly freezing.

Some flies we know find beams and rafters hospitable; barns and cellars, caverns and deep-rotted stumps make refuges where some forms escape the searching frost. Honey-bees roll up in a cluster that constantly changes inside out as the outer bees slowly work inward to eat, their animation partly suspended, their life-pulse scarcely beating. Ants foregather in their nests and dens to hold their life-warmth together, but slowly they stiffen and are still in the sleep of frost which resembles death.

Nature decrees that many insects shall die when summer ends, and only those be carried through the winter that are needed to continue the race. They reproduce their kind very quickly and progressively. Fortunately for mankind their term of life is short, some exist only for a day, some for a week or a month, others fade out with the autumn sun.

The hornets may have a huge colony during the summer; queen, workers and drones. The last batch of eggs that hatch in the fall are young queens. All the other members of the "nest" gradually die off, the queens are given the instinct to survive, to seek a safe hiding place, to sleep through the cold and in the spring, if no enemy has found them, each to start a new colony of its own.

Butterflies and moths may live through the season of ebbing life as eggs, or as caterpillars, as pupae or full-winged. There are species showing each stage in the winter months. The "most natural" condition is the egg, this being the provision for carrying life on from generation to generation in so many forms—for plant seeds are eggs—portions of protoplasm with the power of growth under suitable conditions.

SOME eggs, like some seeds, are most tenacious of life. Mosquito eggs, laid in the grass roots of the annually-flooding meadow will live for seven years through summers and winters if no water rises!

No bird's egg could exist so long and be fertile, no bird's egg could withstand a freezing. Such larger eggs contain more water, and are intended of course for immediate incubation. Seeds and insect eggs are destined for a season's dormancy, they contain little moisture, and that under special arrangement.

It is here that the secret of "insect-freezing" is suspected.

The lonely moth and grub, the lurking beetle and the buried spider hide only from bird and mouse; not from frost, that they cannot escape. Bark, shingle or sod is no protection when the mercury runs down below zero, the insect, then asleep, must sleep more deeply, not to be revived until the spring sun softens the icy crystals and releases the stiffened tissues.

But the cold comes on them slowly, and it is now assumed that a transition of the moisture in the tissues takes place, as it does in the buds of the winter trees.

While bird and egg are actively alive, each cell has its modicum of moisture, when the first chill sends its shiver of warning through the tissues, the moisture moves out of the cell into the space between the cells.

There it eventually freezes, but does no harm, as its expansion simply squeezes the cells without bursting them. Thus the bud and the seed and the insect egg lie perfectly safe and dormant through the hard frosts.

When the warm sun returns and melts the crystals, the cells re-absorb the moisture, the bud comes "alive" again. If a spring frost then comes, catching it unawares, the bud is "spring killed," not "winter killed." Eggs and insects too, may revive in an early spring day, and later "freeze to death."

The frozen insect is thought to undergo the same cellular transference of moisture. The cells are drained, as pipes are drained in the house, the body becomes brittle, but is perfectly healthy if the thawing is gradual—and is not followed by repeated freezings.

MIDGES and small flies thaw out with the first sunny days, and "snow fleas" actually are found at no other time!

These are little "spring-tails" that prefer melting snow and snow pools. They may be in myriads, coloring the snow with a golden hue, or spreading a steely cast over it, depending on the species.

Other spring-tails live in damp soil, in rotting logs or dung-heaps.

These are in the upper layers of earth and decaying vegetation. Their appearance on the snow in myriads is a honey-moon excursion.

Here then is a wonder of winter life. Struck and crushed by the fiercest blows of the wintry blasts, the snowfleas sleep undisturbed. The moment the sun returns with a gleam of penitence, the "spring-tails" rise rejoicing and leap out on to the frozen snows in nuptial ecstasies! To them life is really "a journey on a winter's day, for after this gladsome frolic on the ice they sink back to the gloom and sleep of earth again!

When the Snow Falls

By Mary Matheson

When the snow falls on the landscape
And the autumn days are dead,
And the prairie-land is mourning
For her summer glories fled.
When the days are dull and dreary
And the nights are still with frost,
Dare we think the autumn voices
Are in winter silence lost?

But as sleep is to the weary,
Or as respite after pain,
As the call to relaxation
Gives new courage to the brain;
So is winter to all nature
Calling loved ones to her rest;
'Tis her children turning homeward
And she folds them to her breast.

Mother-hearted is the winter
And no danger e'er betides
Any of her homing children
Where her ancient wisdom guides,
Down they come through haze of autumn,
Guarded by each careful wind,
Does she tell them tales of springtime
When the summer's left behind?

Yes, I see her bending o'er them
And her words are those of cheer,
As she bids them all take courage
In the surely dying year.
For the summons of the springtime
Will resound through all the land
When the silence will be broken
They shall wake—and understand



This Smart Novelty Butterfly Skirt

only \$2.95

MADE TO MEASURE

This pretty Butterfly Skirt has won instant admiration all over Canada. It is one of the smart, new spring styles, and is already tremendously popular with the well-dressed girl. Style 900 pictured is made of high grade all-wool English flannel, serviceable and suitable for every occasion. You cannot fully appreciate the value of this offer until you have seen the skirt. **MADE TO YOUR MEASURE**—after your order is received.

Six colors—Navy, Poudre, New Green, Red, Rose, Sand, Black. Any waist measure up to 32 inches; length to 23 inches ONLY. \$2.95 shipped prepaid. Special prices quoted for longer skirts.

These are direct-from-our-factory-to-you prices, guaranteed the lowest in Canada for this excellent style and quality. Tell your friends. In ordering, be sure to give waist and length measurements. Enclose money order with measurements. Send for our latest style bulletin, featuring fourteen new dress styles. Write now.



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BAD LEGS

Have You Varicose or Swollen Veins and Bunches Near Ankle or Knee?

To stop the misery, pain or soreness, help reduce the dangerous swollen veins and strengthen the legs, use Moone's Emerald Oil. This clean powerful penetrating yet safe antiseptic healing oil is obtainable at all first-class drug stores.

In hundreds of cases Moone's Emerald Oil has given blessed relief. Splendid for Ulcers, Old Sores, Broken Veins and Troublesome Cases of Eczema.

MOONE'S EMERALD OIL

LADIES!

Let your spring clothes be likened unto the flowers that bloom in the spring! Quite simple; merely purchase one of the Western Home Monthly Fashion books for the small sum of Twenty-Five Cents.

The Woven Web of Selling Talk

Continued from page 47

agent who could feel so for his business clients was not all bad. I was more interested now in buying the house. Still I wanted a respectable house—not one with a mystery.

"She's got to sell the house," he continued, "and is doing so at a sacrifice of \$500—actually \$500 less than it cost her to build it. Think of that!"

My husband was tapping the walls—asking all kinds of intricate questions about the building—he was not going to have anything put over on him—he knew something about the building of houses! I was surprised at the knowledge he displayed. Then I wakened to the fact that my six children had all trooped in after me, and we must have seemed like a veritable procession of house-buyers to the going-to-be-divorced lady. If she had not been so sad she would have laughed outright at us, I was sure. Well, I had been saved that. Beryl began to shout in ecstasy over the colored lights. Stewart and Shirley were disputing loudly over something they had found in the car; Hugh and Helen were asking persistently and alternately: "Daddy, are you going to? Mother, are you?" We hastened our footsteps. "The blinds go with the house," volunteered the elderly lady pleasantly as we passed out.

"Just the house for your family," said the guide as we stepped out onto the verandah. He patted Stewart's cheek affectionately, and smiled into Hugh's eyes. "Great place for a workshop in that attic, beside that cosy bedroom." Hugh's eyes danced. The guide had struck the right note. As far as the boys were concerned, they had bought the house.

"I have a camera with me," he added obligingly. "I am sure you would like a picture of your new home."

The word "home" was a clever stroke—almost uncannily so. At once I was wooed with the words, and, as far as I was concerned, I too had bought the house.

He explained then that the taxes were only \$40. The insurance only \$12 a year, interest on the mortgage 6% but the rent would cover it many times. In a short space of time—almost too insignificant to mention, my house would be paid for. Also, it was just one mile from the University!

We went back to the office—my husband feebly suggesting that there might be other houses.

"Yes, there is one about a mile farther down which is being given away, really, only \$10,000, and easy terms—"

"We'll scarcely be interested in that," said my husband, properly discouraged.

The man in the office beside the big book welcomed the agent (who had informed us that he was married to a professor's daughter) with a knowing smile. There had seemed to be a telegraphic message pass between them that all had gone well. The grey-haired man was smiling approvingly. The agent sat down wearily, mopping the perspiration from his face. For the first time, it occurred to me that the man had been working.

I found he had.

The house was \$5,000, with \$800 down.

The interest was 7%.

The insurance was \$68.00 for three years.

The taxes were \$60.00.

The house was three miles from the college.

At each bomb, I looked accusingly at my agent. But he did not seem to be conscious that he had been doing wrong. Nor did the grey-haired gentleman take him to task for his dreadful falsehoods. I was glad the professor's daughter did not know, anyway.

The next day we were to meet the young and broken-hearted lady and sign the documents. At least I had saved the situation for her. My face was full of pity as I waited for her. Perhaps after all she would not come and a measure of relief came with the thought. Just then a bright young face appeared in the doorway. A young lady came forward, smiled amiably at the agent, joked with the grey-haired man.

"This is the lady you saw yesterday," explained the agent. I was about to deny flatly that I had ever seen this lady before. But the grey-haired gentleman called her by name and asked her to put her signature to the papers. She wrote the same name as that of the person to whom we had been introduced yesterday. Perhaps, after all, I had not looked very closely at her. I was never one to pry indelicately into other people's sorrows. Still, considering her heart-broken condition of the day before, she had rallied wonderfully.

Two months later I spoke accusingly of the agent to my banker. My banker is younger than I but he gave me a superior smile as he said: "Well, they aren't really lies, you know; that's just 'selling-talk.'" He was not at all disturbed by this new phase of wickedness in the world.

I have no money in my stocking now—nor anywhere else. But I have a home where my heart runs away to dream in a d although it isn't being paid for in a time all too insignificant to mention yet progress is being made and Hugh has earned a "wheel" which makes three miles to any college equal to one!

Snowshoe Song

By Edgar A. Wood

*The snowshoe song of those who go forth,
Swing, pack, swing and pack!
Treading the white fields of the lonely north,
Swing, pack, swing and pack!
The barrier holds not these that go,
With free web feet to defy the snow.
Swing, pack, swing and pack!*

*Heart carried the clicking shoes refrain,
Swing, pack, swing and pack!
Muscles in tune with the steady strain,
Swing, pack, swing and pack!*

*We know the joy of the full pace strength,
From long shadow length to shadow length.
Swing, pack, swing and pack!*

*On and on over the far flung rink,
Swing, pack, swing and pack!
Each step more to the chain is a link,
Swing, pack, swing and pack!
Dare follow the web trail you who can,
The wind of winter will prove the man.
Swing, pack, swing and pack!*

The Ice King

By W. V. Newson

*"Men of the North, though frigid be my frame,
I give you changeable days in Winter's name."
Thus the Ice King spake, and o'er the frozen ground
Majestic stalks, his jewelled locks unbound.
"I make my league with Snow and Wind and Frost;
Frost with his countless swords, to pity lost;
My talons grip and bind the rivers down;
The Wind's wild music shareth part my crown.
Lo! then my war begins; first Autumn dies:
The amber host of leaves before me flies;"
Then from his hoary mane the Ice King shakes*

*His jewels down, his tapestry flakes,
And covers all, in every last degree,
Silent and still beneath his canopy.
Anon he frowns and cracks his Winter whip;
Dauntless his mien, proud his disdainful lip.
"Men of the North," he says, "I rule, 'tis true,
But too, I lend my matchless strength to you.
I place red iron in your Viking blood;
For long centuries has your valour stood Supreme;
your hordes have held my might in scorn
And gone unconquered where my winds have borne
Your fleets; but while I carried you along,
I took of you my toll, but left you strong."*

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FREE: A week's better shaves. Just mail the coupon below.



Can you get by with one shave a day?

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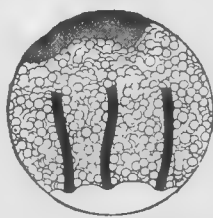
A LONGER-LASTING SHAVE—because it's a closer, smoother shave—is possible. We willingly prove it. Colgate chemists have achieved a unique lather. Different because of small bubbles. A scientific way to intensify the moisture content of lather. A principle which prepares the beard for closer, cleaner shaving. Hence a longer-lasting feeling of being well-groomed.

Two vital facts—easily proved

Millions of men prefer Colgate's because they've found—as you will—that as soon as you lather up with Colgate's small-bubble lather, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard....crowd around each whisker—soak it soft with water.

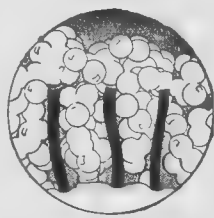
Instantly your beard gets moist.... easier to cut....scientifically softened right down at the base....then your razor can do its best work.

Ordinary big-bubble lathers have more air, less moisture. A comparison will prove Colgate superiority. Note our coupon offer of a week's free trial. We will send also, a sample of After Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful—the perfect shave finale.



COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.



ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient



Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. Ltd., Dept. B-1903
64 Natalie St., Toronto

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After Shave."

Name

Address

Did You Ever Take An INTERNAL Bath?

For Those Troubled With Constipation It Is
Indeed Invaluable

By T. A. BALLANTYNE

This may seem a strange question.

But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor-edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named, "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by the stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an aeroplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water sterilized by a marvellous antiseptic tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Porges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—Thus: . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horse-shoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal

stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing. In 15 minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—re-made. That is not my experience alone—but those of 800,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that 15 minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally," by Dr. Turner, that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below. Tear off and mail at once.

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE
256 Tyrrell Bldg., 181 College St.,
Toronto.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name
Street
City Province

The Vexing Problem of the Hat



LET every woman take heed of her hats. Let her not dismiss the choice of headgear as a negligible factor in costumery.

No one can dictate a certain style of hat to fit each head or to make the best of each face. Not even an honest and artistic milliner is the perfect guide. It is her business to sell what she has bought. She must clear her stock before the season changes.

If a milliner is an artist who refuses to sell a client the hat which the client desires because it is not suitable, she is not a good merchant; she belongs in the studio, not a shop. It is her business to persuade women that fashion must be followed and it is the contest between client and milliner, between what is merely fashionable and what is gracious, between what is suitable and unsuitable that makes the choosing of hats a tiresome and perplexing problem.

If a woman is as clay in the hands of a milliner she may be made or marred by the hats thrust upon her. She may be prevented from looking a frump or she may be turned into one.

Even she who has inflexible ideas concerning the hat she should wear is in peril each season, for she is apt to insist on a type that has passed out of fashion. There are women, some of them Queens, who cling through the decades to flowered toques or picture hats with sweeping plumes. This may indicate sturdy steadfastness of character, but it does not reveal loveliness, and after all women buy clothing to enhance their appearance, not to cover themselves for reason of law and modesty.

A woman who has stern convictions concerning the hat she wants, and gets it, finds herself in and out of fashion because all shapes recur through the epochs. But the woman who wears a picture hat with plumes during an epoch when feathers are taboo and sweeping brims ignored is apt to look grotesque through the longer period of her life. That particular fashion will not frequently recur during her span of years. Say what you will in praise of individuality, to cling to a certain style of costumery throughout one's life is absurd. There's a difference between holding to one's type and holding to one special and particular style of apparel. Flexibility must be grafted on conviction to get good results.

The style in frocks dictates the shape and coloring of hats. In an epoch of mannish simplicity it is not good taste to insist upon wearing a profusely decorated hat. When fashion exploits clothes that are flowered, draped, and ornamented, the boyish felt or the plain straw hat mars the effect.

Such errors in assembling the various parts of a costume are constantly made by the woman who persists in a determination not to change her beloved style of hat. It is not necessary to be easily persuaded into following the swirling changes of fashion, but a species of compromise is wisdom and an evidence of good taste. A woman may think she knows what kind of hat is best for her head, but she will perceive her error if she shows an open mind to the millinery productions of each season. Experiment will teach much.

Fortunately, fashion in hats does not undergo cyclonic changes. Milliners precede dressmakers in exploiting a certain scheme of dressing, but it is not as easy to play a hundred changes on hat shapes as on gowns.

It is not safe to say that women will ever forsake the ancient trick of adorning the head with fruit and flowers, for the fashion runs backward through the evolution of the human race to the cave woman. The Great War brought in an era of simplicity in heads and hats that may hold good for this generation, but what of the next?

A PRONOUNCED improvement in a viewpoint among Canadian women has caused the abolition of the home-made hat. Once it was the chief indoor sport. Some cataclysm uprooted it from the home and threw it into the workshop. Since then all women have worn better hats and looked better for it. It might not be arbitrary to advise women never to attempt a hat at home. The woman who couldn't understand why neighbors recognized her one hat, for she had been adding new things to it for ten years, has few imitators or competitors to-day. Let not the simplicity of an era delude you into thinking that home talent can achieve a good result. When simplicity reaches perfection in animate and inanimate things, there is no more to learn. Very likely your art has not reached such perfection.

The most difficult type of hat to achieve at home was the kind the Great War ushered in, which depended for success on its shape and not its ornamentation. Much to the dismay of milliners the fashion lasted so long that it frustrated their hopes of speedily reviving the decorative hat. The extraordinary sway of the plain hat, minus decoration, will go down in the history of clothes. Never before had such headgear held the attention of the civilized world for so extended a period. In that fact rests its historical value.

Despite the efforts of milliners to oust it, despite the woe and wailing of a multitude of women who felt it presented them at their worst, the plain hat set its teeth into the fashion and could not be dislodged. Such tenacity indicated public approval, also that it would be a frequently recurring fashion.

The hat familiarly known as the "cloche" dominated women for a longer period of time than any other plain shape, and women yielded to economy in buying it ready-to-wear on counters of department stores or to extravagance by having it shaped with infinite skill by costly milliners. It was the fashion for several years in Europe to buy the felt for such a hat in London and to have it shaped on the head by Reboux of Paris, the most expensive hat-maker in the world. Yet it was nothing but a boyish shape and a crown-band of ribbon.

The draped turban presents a peril to the woman who ignorantly thinks she can arrange it at home. It looks easy, that Oriental turban, but it is exceedingly complex.

I know but one Occidental woman who can arrange it with the skill of an Oriental. That is Mme. Paul Poiret. She adopted the wound turban in her youth because it suited her slender, oval brown face. She bought yards of exquisite fabrics for many turbans, cut them into strips the exact length and width needed, and fashioned each turban on her head immediately before she put on her gown.

Often she permitted me to see the work of adjusting these turbans. First she would stretch the fabric along the floor, loosely knotting on end to a bed-post. This would not be a careless performance. Each curve, each convolution



THE MONARCH LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

Comparative History of Progress

As at Dec. 31st	Assurance in Force	Assets	Premium and Interest Income
1916	\$ 9,007,464.00	\$ 816,576.01	\$ 248,747.78
1922	32,431,349.00	3,000,373.85	1,011,357.04
1928	57,542,267.00	8,045,266.96	2,088,559.27

1928 Interest Earning power 7.64% Real Estate Reduced to \$49,944.48
1928 New and Revised Assurance \$12,170,145.00 Well Secured Investments for all funds

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A New Spring Model



A very neat and attractive hat, one of the new advanced styles shown for Spring. It was selected from Hallam's Fashion Book of Ladies' wearing apparel; this book will be gladly mailed to any of our readers free on request. Address: Hallam Mail Order Corp'n, Ltd. 268 Hallam Building, Toronto

was arranged in the fabric as it stretched its snake-like length along the floor. When fully dressed she would lift the loose end from the floor, place it on her forehead and, holding it with one hand, slowly revolve toward the bed, twisting the fabric skilfully around her head with the other hand. The wrapping finished, she tucked each end securely into the folds of the drapery and swung a gorgeous Oriental jewel in front.

No woman can idly or carelessly wrap a piece of fabric about her head into attractive lines and curves. She is attempting the work of an artist and an expert, which calls for special skill and knowledge. She must be sure she possesses both before appearing in public with such handiwork on her head. An ill-constructed home-made turban is worse than a home-made hat.

THE woman who buys a hat in a hurry lives to rue the purchase.

She who does not consider the color of a hat in relation to her face is bound to make the worst of herself.

A woman who buys a hat in defiance of fashion runs a good risk of looking grotesque.

She who selects her hats without the aid of a hand mirror thinks too much of her face and too little of the back of her head.

The woman who starts forth to buy a hat after the hair-dresser has arranged a good coiffure is not buying wisely for days when no coiffeur has seen her hair—days which are most frequent in her life.

She who buys a costly gown and economizes on a hat is a poor manager.

All women should realize that the choice of a hat is an important function. It is not a task for a careless half-hour. It should not be done without serious consideration of its relationship to a particular gown or a series of gowns.

No woman should buy a hat that in itself is attractive on her head and comes within her purchase price unless she knows it harmonizes graciously with her clothes. To do otherwise is to be extravagant, for there is no more impractical way of spending money than to pick up unrelated garments in chance hours. Women who achieve their wardrobe through this haphazard system are invariably ill-dressed.

The face is the dominant part of the head to be suited in a hat, it is true, but one should realize that the carriage of shoulders, the line of spine, the curve of neck, are made or marred by hats that are wrong at the back even when good in front. For this reason the hand mirror is a necessity. Better yet, one should sit close to a triple mirror or between two mirrors. When a woman pats her hair in place and puts powder on her nose and considers that a certain hat makes her face alluring, she should be compelled to see the back of her neck as others see it. Often she would be horrified at the effect.

AS HAS been said, there is no established fashion in hats and no law for any one face. Therefore, specific advice on what shapes to choose for each face would be as seed sown on the seashore.

There are fundamental things, however, that keep every woman from going far wrong when selecting hats. It is well to realize above all things that youth permits of uncovered eyes, but age demands a shadow over them. It is the opinion of artists that no woman over forty should wear a hat without a brim, no matter how narrow.

Every woman should know that a loosely outlined hat with wide brim that flops and droops in a careless manner is the hat for youth or for the woman whose face still holds the irresponsibility of youth. It makes a haggard face look more haggard. It deepens wrinkles, it accentuates irregularity of features.

Every woman should know that a high crown is not to be placed above a long nose, a long thin face or a round full face. A small brim and small crown should not go above a broad fleshy face or a long face with broad cheekbones. The long face with sharply accented nose cannot carry a brim or crown that slopes backward from the forehead.

If a woman carries her head forward,

turtle-like, the brim of a hat should not rest on the back of the neck. It will give her an appearance of propelling herself forward by the head and not the body.

A narrow hat should never be worn above broad cheekbones. The width of crown should be determined by the width of the upper part of the face. The size and shape of a brim are less important than the crown.

If possible, it is best to match hat to gown in color, although certain kinds of light frocks demand dark hats; for instance, beige, sand, and biscuit demand deep brown or black headgear. Green gowns call for gray or silver hats. Black turbans can be worn with frocks in certain tones of red, but not with brown.

Hats are difficult to choose for gray clothes. There are certain tones of powder blue or purple that go well with gray. The shade of brown in a hat must not clash with any other tone of brown worn on the body, but it may happily contrast with it.

It is wiser to put dark tones on the head and feet when there is an assembling of several tints of one color in the costume. Never let dark tones cover the body and shade off to light tones at the extremes.

The difficulties in hat decorations are apparent to the expert, not always to the amateur. It is there that she fails, usually.

As fashion in decoration changes one can only give general advice as to its application. Except in the case of flowers there should not be a startling divergence from the foundation color of the hat. When flowers are in fashion it is better to use several shades of one particular kind than to mass one color. Light and shadow are gained through assembling several tones, and this light and shadow are pleasantly reflected on the face.

Such fundamentals are beyond the reach of fashion. They are static and therefore helpful.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

A MILITARY NOTE

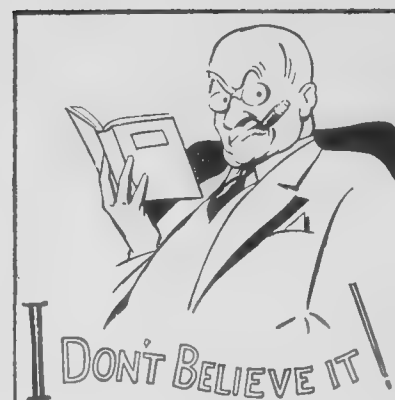
THE 43rd Battalion Cameron Highlanders of Canada Association will hold a get-together in the form of a Smoking Concert on 8th February in the Canadian Legion Rooms, 91 Albert Street, Winnipeg, at 8 p.m. This is to take more the form of an organizing meeting preparatory to an elaborate supper to be given late in March or early in April, when Capt. the Rev. G. C. F. Pringle expects to be in Winnipeg on his way through from Nova Scotia to resume his mission work in British Columbia.

MONARCH LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

The Annual Meeting of this company was held at its Head Office in Winnipeg on January 22 and the reports submitted by the management show a very substantial increase in assets, income, assurance in force, new paid-for assurance, and payments of benefits to policy-holders.

Not the least gratifying phase of the Annual Report was the notable advance in the investment record. The company's funds have been successfully invested in a high type of security and at a very profitable rate of interest, averaging 7.64 per cent for the year. While the Monarch is not one of the old companies it has already secured for itself a very enviable reputation in the assurance life of the country and particularly of the West. It was always very fortunate in having an especially loyal staff, as well as a Board of Directors whose judgment on matters of finance and whose intimate knowledge of Western conditions has always been a sound barometer. During 1928 the business in force increased to \$57,542,267.00, while the assets increased to \$8,045,266.96.

The Board of Directors is constituted as follows: Mr. W. A. Matheson, President; Mr. J. W. W. Stewart, Vice-President and Managing Director; Mr. F. W. Adams, Vice-President; Mr. J. A. Macfarlane, A.I.A., Assistant General Manager and Actuary; Mr. H. P. Morrison, F.A.S., Assistant Actuary; Mr. George J. Telfer, Secretary; Mr. Gordon H. Cooper, Treasurer and Loan Manager, and Mr. A. Splatt, Chief Cashier.



AS a matter of fact, few people do . . . you've got to prove it for yourself . . . there is no use sitting alone working up a grouch when there is a sure way to cure it . . . get out your pack of Sports Playing Cards, shuffle them up and feel their smoothness, then call up some friends . . . companionship is what you want . . . the world is all rosy again . . . life is worth while . . . try it!

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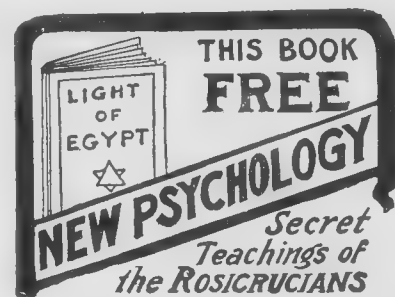
2

Have You Any Old Copies?

A disastrous fire which visited our plant in 1916 played havoc with our files and as a result we are minus early issues of the Western Home Monthly.

In this dilemma we appeal to our readers for help and are willing to pay generously for copies published during the years 1899 to 1903. So take a look through some of those bundles of magazines that you have put away in some long since forgotten corner and let us know the result.

The Western Home Monthly



Whatever may be your dreams for the future, or your obstacles at present, the Rosicrucian teachings will give you Master-ship over your self and your conditions. In every land thousands have proved this.

NO BOOKS TO BUY

If you are a sincere seeker for a better life and willing to study and evolve daily, you may have a FREE copy of this private book, postage prepaid. Write a letter, not a post card, asking for it.

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Every Woman's Dream

Is to attain true smartness. This dream will come true for the woman who plans her spring wardrobe from the pages of the new Spring Fashion Book of The Western Home Monthly. There are models for every member of the family, all depicted in a manner sure to please. This number is sure to sell quickly and you who delight in smart clothes will not want to miss it. Order your copy now. By mail post paid, 25c.

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Man.

ONCE upon a time there lived for part of her life in Winnipeg, a woman who wrote things. Stories and advertisements for the newspapers, little verses, children's stories, lots of things. After a while she went away, far away, to live in London, and there she still writes, more stories, more poems, more advertisements. She writes in the Western Home Monthly, about books, and now I am going to give you one of her little stories and rhymes. She has written many of these and some of them are bound together in a book called "The Golden Web" and some called "The Fragrant Minute." The writer calls herself by the funny name "Wilhelmina Stitch," and you see if you don't like what she has written and calls

"The Stray Cat"

Meow! Meow! They pushed me out; they pushed me out and slammed the door. I still can hear their angry shout: "Be off! We warned you once before." Is there no home on this long street? I do so love a bright warm fire, a drop of milk and bite of meat—this be the sum of my desire. And now I'm walking in the rain. I'm hungry and I'm very cold. Ah! there's that nasty dog again, I'll try to look quite fierce and bold. He shall not even see my fear, nor know my heart is thumping fast. What kind of people live in here? Perhaps I've found a home at last. How cold the basement steps tonight! Oh, scrumptious smell of hot, fried fish. The kitchen stove is burning bright, there's cook, a-polishing a dish. Meow! meow! oh cook, be kind! My heart is going pit-a-pat. Open the door and peer behind—and smile upon a small stray cat.

OUR COMPETITIONS

The Fairy Story

Well, well, what was the matter with you all—Christmas too much for you, or in the rush of Christmas books did you neglect to read the Cosy Corner? We have had so few fairy stories, but the ones we had were very good, and the prize goes to Jessie H. Jackman, Irma, Alta., with a special prize to Doreen Asmuss, age 6, Swift Current, Sask. Doreen is very young but still is an old friend of the Cosy Corner. A gold button goes to Hugh W. Moore, Meath Park, Sask.

For March

Spring is coming, and the spring always brings us a new crop of poets, so here is a chance for you. For many years now we have been giving you good poetry to read in the C.C.C., and now we will see what you can do writing some poetry yourselves. Other years have brought us some very clever writers, Lina Williams and Jo Ogson, among them, and I must tell you that the C.C.C. supplied some poems for the Manitoba Teachers' Handbook, as examples of what good poetry boys and girls can write. That was an honor, wasn't it? Now see what you can do this year with a spring poem. There will be a prize of a book of poems for the best, and perhaps for the second, too, if it is very good, and some gold buttons for the next cleverest competitors. Here is what one poet, W. H. Davies, thinks of early spring:

How sweet this morning air in spring,
When tender is the grass, and wet!
I see some little leaves have not
Outgrown their early childhood yet;
And cows no longer hurry home,
However sweet a voice cries "Come."



Peanuts and Popcorn

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

A Visit to Fairyland

By Jessie H. Jackman, Irma, Alberta, Age 12 years

A Prize Winning Story



GRACE
JUDGE

After the dancing an elf played on a tiny flute

JANET and Jack were twins. They lived with their mother and father in a little white house on the edge of a large forest. They were very happy, and there was only one thing they ever quarreled about. Janet could not make Jack believe in fairies, and it was through that very thing that they got their visit to Fairyland.

One day they were playing on the edge of the forest. After awhile Janet found a ring of mushrooms.

"Oh, look, Jack!" she exclaimed excitedly, "the fairies danced here last night!"

"Rot," retorted Jack crossly. I tell you there are no such things as fairies."

"Yes, there are," said Janet. "Please believe there are, too."

"I will when I see one," came the impatient reply.

Now the Fairy Queen's messenger happened to be passing at that moment, but the children could not see him. He heard what they were saying.

"That boy needs a lesson," he thought.

Then he went to the fairies. They decided that they would let the children see the fairy ball. That night Tinkle-bell placed a small note on Jack's pillow. When Jack went to bed that night he

saw the note. He opened it and read the contents. It ran:

Dear Jack:—Bring Janet and come to the "Great Oak" at seven o'clock tonight.—From Tinkle-bell.

Jack called Janet, and together they went out. The moon was just coming up. When they arrived at the "Great Oak" they saw a tiny man dressed in dark green. His tall cap was trimmed with one silver bell.

"Are you Tinkle-bell?" asked Janet.

"Yes," said the tiny man, and, taking their hands, he led them to a small clearing.

In the middle a ring of fairies and elves were dancing. After they had finished an elf played on a tiny flute. Then a nightingale sang a beautiful song. Many other fairies sang and danced. Last of all, they all joined hands round the fairy queen, and danced and danced. Suddenly they all stopped and vanished from sight. Where they had been sprang slowly up a ring of mushrooms.

"Shut your eyes," said Tinkle-bell.

The children obeyed, and when they opened them they were in their own bedroom.

"Now do you believe in fairies?" asked Janet.

And, to her surprise, Jack said "Yes."

They are now nearly three months old, and are full grown, measuring about fourteen inches from tip of tail to nose. They are male and female, and the lady has by far the nicest colored fur, being of deeper color in all sections. She is also larger, eats more, and if anything is a little timid.

They are Chickarees, and are a little larger than the Ontario chipmunk. The Sciurus Douglasii, or Douglas Chickarees, to give them their full title, have their habitat along the shores of Puget Sound, State of Washington, and on the Southern Mainland of B.C. Their combined weight is twelve ounces, and ordinarily they consume more than that weight of food daily. Their menu is varied, frequent and full. Sufficient bread and milk is given over night to last for first feed in the morning. This is early, long before the sun rises. At eight, they have a few grapes and a full feed of sunflower seeds. In cracking these to get the kernels they are almost as adept as the Doukhobor women or an aged and crafty parrot. At noon they have two walnuts and some peanuts and a drink of water. At five they have a piece of apple, and some maple seeds. At nine or ten they sup on bread and milk.

It has never been difficult to get them to eat at night. They are always ready, and come at the first call.



Peanuts and Popcorn resting in their young owner's pockets

Each day—at breakfast, lunch and tea-time, they are let out and allowed the run of the garden, house roof, garage roof, or what have you? They are entirely without fear, and have yet to meet a dog or cat. A sharp watch is kept, however. They answer to the name of Peanuts and Popcorns, and delight to scamper over the person of their feeder. This takes the form of a species of hide-go-seek, with time off to chew one's carlobe or hair. They occasionally take a car-ride, and are left at will in an open touring car whilst the car is in motion.

They are rare jumpers. Popcorn, the male member of the two, is the best performer. From a five-foot level, standing jump, he has cleared over four feet, and with a two-foot run from the same level he has repeatedly jumped six feet. He it is, who has already performed at several of the orphanages, and before the primary grades at many of the city schools. He has never attempted to bite any of the hundreds of children who have handled him. The squeals of delight, and excited shouts of the youngsters do not bother him as he scampers from head to shoulder of the delighted kiddies.

Their sleeping quarters are fashioned from two cigar boxes, and the twins have carried in their own moss, and also, not liking the foggy breezes from the Straits of Juan de Fuca, close by, have gnawed a doorway on the other side of the sleeping-box, instead of using the one provided. For gymnastic purposes a couple of ropes dangle from the roof of the cage, and a millboard tube is used as a tunnel. Juvenile watchers aver that Peanuts can turn fifty-four back somersaults before resting. This does not happen whilst there is any food around.

The Cheerful Orphans

By J. R. Ferry

THEY first saw the light in (or from) a giant Douglas fir tree, several hundred years old, standing in Queen's Park, in the royal borough of New Westminster, B.C. In less than five weeks they were left to fend for themselves. It is possible that their devoted mother may have been killed by a stray cat, or, more probable, was scared away by the nightly display of fireworks in the park, as the Provincial Exhibition is annually held there.

They were making their way slowly down the tree when I first saw them, and at a "cheep" from me they immediately hastened down, crawled along my extended arm, and calmly curled up in

my sweater pocket. I was lucky to find a small wire box at one of the exhibition stalls, and after a Federal "bugologist" had removed from them several small jumping fleas, I fed them some apple, which they devoured greedily. Experts gave their age as about four or five weeks, and they evidently had never tasted nuts, as they refused walnut, peanut and filbert.

Next morning found them taking a sea voyage of some ninety miles to the south end of Vancouver Island. Here they were provided with ample cage room, and given a feed of bread and milk. This has proved to be to them what strawberries and cream is to the average boy.

Yo! Ho! Ho! and a Pot of Honey

By Grace Judge

I am going to run away
to sea---
I don't like Nurse any
more---
'Cos, she says I must wear
my Bib at meals---
Tho' yesterday I was Four!
She scolded too---
If you don't behave---
Just as sure as you're
alive---
I shali tell your Pa!"
Pretty way to talk to a chap who will soon be Five!



Doubloons--in a Spanish
Purse---
And Pieces of Eight---
which I'll give to
Mums---



But not one Penny to Nurse!

It looks uncommonly dark outside---
But the Nursery Fire burns bright---



I shall be a Cabin boy---just at first---
That's the way most Heroes start.
But soon I'll be Admiral
of the Fleet,
With a Gold-trimmed
Uniform smart.
Then---I think---

I shall capture a Pirate Ship---
And a Pirate Chief I'll be---

With a Skull and Crossbones on my Black
Hat

Ha! Nurse will be scared of me.



Yes--- I'll have an e-normous Pirate Ship,
With a Crew of Pirates Bold---
And we'll sail away to the Spanish Main.
In search of Treasures---and Gold---

I shall find---a Buried Chest---
Filled with Pearls---

Nurse
has
set
the
Table---



And---Oh! I say---
There is Honey for Tea
tonight!

The Sea looks ever so rough
and cold---

And the Wind is howling too---

I am not afraid---

But---Nurse says that she
Has heard tell---

That---A Pirate Crew---

'Most always Mutiny!---

If they did I'd be in a
nasty fix.

Four is rather young
for a Pirate Chief--
I think I will wait--
till I'm Six.





For World Welfare

IS THERE any organization which is doing work better worth doing in the world today than the League of Nations Society, which is now extending its branches throughout Canada, to make the League better known and promote the spirit of international good will and co-operation? Peace is the child of knowledge, just as war is the child of that half-knowledge which is the most hurtful form of ignorance. World peace can be produced only by a clear vision of the advantages and benefits of good will and co-operation between nations. Why should the gaining for all peoples of that clear vision be at the price of still more disastrous experiences born of shortsightedness—experiences which teach that in all wars both victors and vanquished suffer and lose?

The Lesson of Russia

THE Russian revolution was successful in overthrowing a despotic regime. But the Communist theories have no magic power to overthrow the stern despotism of facts. The Soviet Government, finding itself driven by necessity to compromise with its doctrines, is now holding out concessions in the hope of inducing foreign capital to come in and save the situation. The lesson to be drawn from Russia, which once fed herself and helped to feed half the rest of Europe, is that sooner or later human beings must face economic facts and the fundamental truths of human nature.

Knowledge is Power

THERE is true progressiveness in the practical manner in which provincial and local organizations are co-operating with the work of the National Research Council at Ottawa. In this way not only can the productiveness and the material welfare of our country be increased, but the life of the people can be bettered. When Sir William Osler wrote, "Pasteur's discoveries have done more to improve health and prolong life than all other discoveries combined," he was not making an extravagant statement. It was not his way to do that. He was stating a plain truth. All the greatest practical achievements have been due to workers whose ideal was Pasteur's, namely, the acquisition of pure knowledge, not of money or power.

Have We No National Dish?

A CORRESPONDENT asks why there is no Canadian national dish. England has its roast beef, Scotland its haggis, Ireland its Irish stew, France its ragouts and many other products of the arts of the cook, Italy its spaghetti, Spain its Spanish omelet, and in the United States there are Boston baked beans and other distinctive dishes. In Canadian culinary annals figure the flap-jacks and maple syrup of Eastern Canada, the more local savory pea-soup of Quebec and the pemmican and roast prairie chicken of the West. But what of an all-Canadian national dish? The question is submitted for earnest consideration.

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

How We Govern Ourselves

WE, the Canadian people, have come to the season of the year when our elected lawmakers at Ottawa and at each of the Provincial capitals, are functioning. Each of these ten law-making bodies, whatever we think of the way they are doing their work, is the product of voters' ballots. They are constituted by the people and accountable to the people. Public opinion is like steam, in more ways than one. Repressed for any length of time, it is likely to prove explosive. With the safety-valves of the ballot-boxes, it is democracy in action. It is the power that drives the engine.

Sobbers and Eye-Wipers

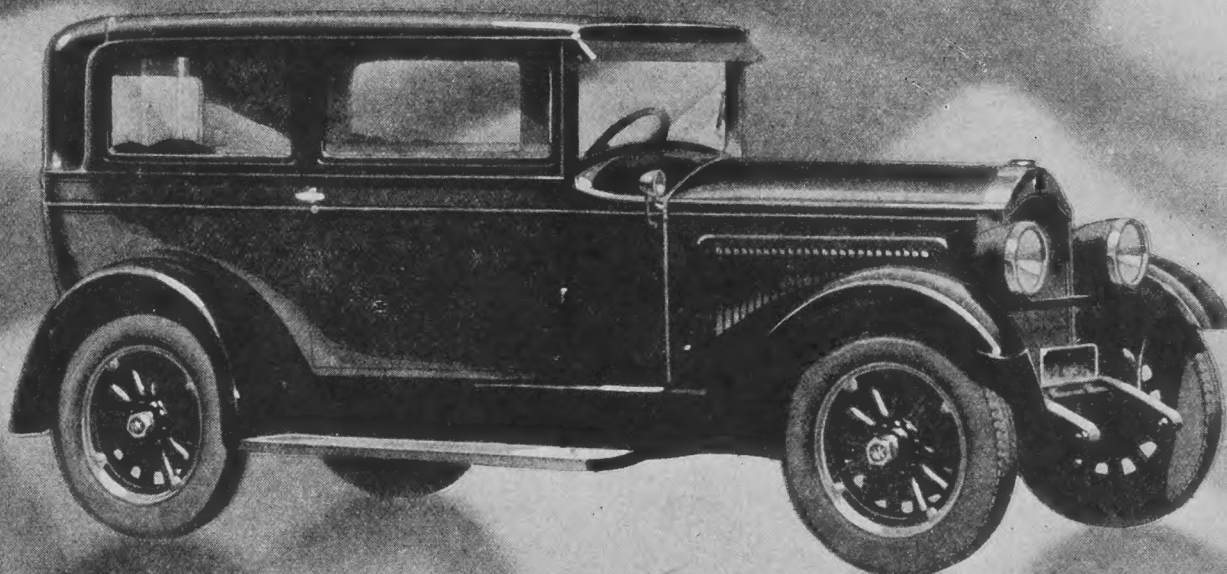
IN ONE of the new movietone pictures, which The Philosopher has read about in a magazine, a celebrated New York comedian and singer plays the part of a circus clown. The film shows him painting his face before going out to make a great tentful of people laugh. His son has been taken to a hospital. A phone message comes to the clown. His son has just died. But he puts on his clown's garb and marches out into the sawdust ring, and sings "Sonny Boy." He sings it, the magazine says, "in a heartbreakingly affecting way." Describing the effect on the movie theatre audiences, the magazine tells us that "women sob, and men wipe their eyes unabashed." There are too many such cheap and shallow performances on the screen, false to reality and true feeling and without the restraint of true art. They are designed to make money by playing upon easily aroused sentimentality. Occasionally, no doubt, some of the sobbers and eye-wipers are so affected that they swallow their chewing-gum.

In Regard to Happiness

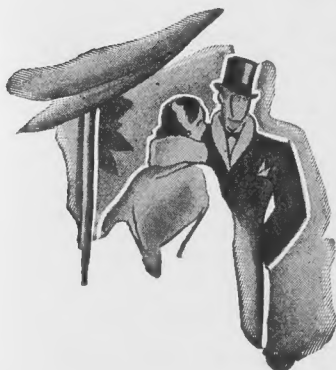
THE counsel of one of the wisest men of antiquity was "Know thyself." Difficult advice to follow, for there is nothing harder to attain than complete self-knowledge. The nearer we get to knowing ourselves and having perfect wisdom, the closer we come to understanding that it is only when we forget ourselves in something outside ourselves, lifting ourselves up out of the little pit of vanity and desire which is the self, that we achieve success, and with success happiness. The true specific for effective living is self-forgetfulness, in the sense that the only way to avoid being miserable is not to have any time for wondering whether you are happy or not.

Much is Unexplainable

MANY of us who count ourselves quite intelligent are often content with explanations which do not explain. We are like the wife of the sick man in the old play, who asks the doctor about the sleeping draught he has given her husband. She wants to know why it puts her husband to sleep. "Because," says the doctor, looking profoundly wise, of the soporific property which it possesses." Which satisfies her, though it is no explanation at all. But, then, how many things there are in life and nature which cannot be explained at all!



BREAKING DOWN THE PRICE BARRIERS



For fifteen years Willys-Knight's every effort has been bent toward achieving a low-priced six-cylinder car, powered by the patented double-sleeve-valve engine, and maintaining all of Willys-Knight's quality.

And now, through constant improvements in manufacturing and engineering methods, through large-scale production and increasing sales, Willys-Knight has broken down the price barrier.

For the first time in history, a Willys-Knight Six is actually priced below \$1500!

The new Model 56-A maintains all the quality supremacy of costlier Willys-Knights. Its patented high compression double-sleeve-valve engine, with 7-bearing crankshaft, is notable for the same

velvet smoothness, silent power, rugged stamina and increasing efficiency which have won the praise of hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic Willys-Knightowners.

The new 56-A possesses many new features, among which is the already famous "Finger-tip Control"—the most important advance in driving convenience since the self-starter. Chromium plate is, of course, used on headlights, radiator shell and saddle-lights.

See these fine new motor cars today. The Coach is priced at \$1220 and the Sedan at \$1345. Prices f.o.b. factory, taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.



WILLYS-KNIGHT SIXES

What the World is Saying

Including the Automobile Ahead
THINGS do not always turn out as you expect.—
Windsor Border Cities Star.

The "No Bananas" Song, F'rinstance
Few popular songs ever remain that way long.—
Glasgow Herald.

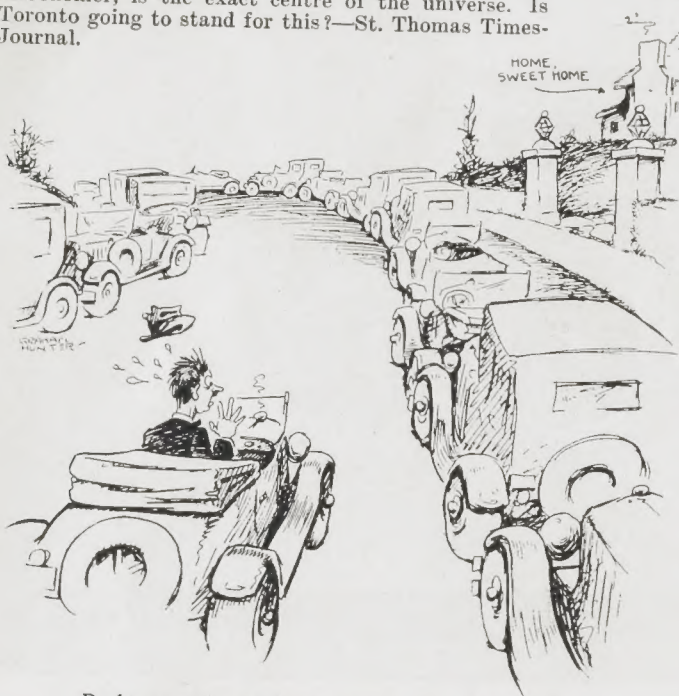
A Question
What term do dressmakers use now instead of
"dress length."—Kamloops Sentinel.

And Black Ones a Weak Defence
Brown eyes indicate a weak will, says a physiog-
nomist.—Didsbury Pioneer.

So Many Nothings Have to be Said
When youth calls to youth, it loads up the tele-
phone line.—Calgary Herald.

Ye Editor in a Cynical Mood
Men have their failings, but they don't kiss when
they meet on the street.—Kemptville Advance.

Ye Editor Pauses for a Reply
The constellation Sagittarius, 266,297,112,000,000-
000 miles from the earth, according to a Harvard
astronomer, is the exact centre of the universe. Is
Toronto going to stand for this?—St. Thomas Times-
Journal.



Parking problem of the man with a beautiful daughter

New Light on Labor and Capital
The money the other fellow has is capital; getting
it away from him is labor.—North Bay Nugget.

The Human Sap is Deadwood
Family trees aren't like ordinary trees. In the
others the appearance of the sap is an indication of
continued vigor.—Vernon News.

A Great Little Holder-Up
A safety pin can hold up most anything
but an airplane or a hammock.—Selkirk
Recorder.

Fashion Note
All it takes is a pair of bow legs to
spoil a perfectly good Paris style creation.
—Fort Frances Times.

Advice in a New Form
So live that you wouldn't be ashamed
to sell the family parrot to the town
gossip.—Charlottetown Guardian.

Financial Note
It is getting harder all the time to get
money away from a bank in the daytime.
—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

But Who Stops to Think, in Love?
Stop and think, brother. How can
she have brains if she thinks you a
wonder?—Oshawa Reformer.

An Ancient Practice
An old-timer is a fellow who remembers
when a used car was called a second-hand
car.—Vermilion Standard.

Ye Editor is Reminiscent
If we remember correctly, sometimes
there were freckles on that schoolgirl
complexion.—Carleton Place Canadian.



*THE RELAY, or—
The acrobatic team collects a kiss for their lovesick "heavy"!'*

How About Almost Any Wife
A Minnesota man is suing for divorce because he
did not know his wife very well when they were
married. Almost any husband might truthfully
allege that.—Swift Current Sun.

Humble Pie
Strychnine is said to be
the bitterest substance
known, but did you ever
try to swallow your pride.
—Montreal Devoir.

This Changing World
An old saying that has
about gone out of use: "You
can't do that any more than
you can fly."—Pilot Mound
Sentinel.

Ye Editor's Income Tax Joke
Income tax last year
brought the Canadian Gov-
ernment \$23,752,743.00. The
two things at the end are
ours.—Drumheller Review.

**The Answer is,
Years**

A nonagenarian
says that to live
long one should
lead a full life.
Yes, but full of
what?—Edinburgh Scotsman.

It Is Not a Diffident Vegetable
"Use a hint of garlic in cooking wild
duck," says a recipe. However, garlic
never hints; it speaks out.—Lloydminster
Times.

What a Senator He Would Have Made!
If Methuselah had run for office in his
old age wouldn't the opposition have been
kept busy looking up his record?—Fort
William Times-Journal.

Bobbing Keeps Them Busy
An old-timer is a fellow who remembers
when people used to say that safety
razors would put the barbers out of busi-
ness.—Ottawa Citizen.

Psychological Note
Feminine Intuition is the quality that
tells one of five daughters that the honk
out in front is for her.—Sydney Record.

Such as advice from the Back Seat?
Man's ears weren't made to hear what is behind
him, unless it is something that forces itself on his
attention.—Guelph Mercury.

Bulls Are Sometimes Left Bare
Some of those who have been riding to wealth in a
bull market may get up some morning to find they
have a return ticket.—Toronto Mail and Empire.



When we can tune in our meals by radio

Did Ye Editor Ever Try Doing It?
Russian dancing as far as we are able to judge
from our knowledge of vaudeville, consists of folding
one's arms in front of one and running while sitting
down.—Toronto Star.

**It Goes On With a
Puff**

Peace hath its pow-
der, no less renowned
than the gunpowder
of war, for all that it
does not go off with
a bang.—Belleville
Intelligencer.

**An Observant Editor's
Comment**

"Clothes make the
girl," says a fashion
writer. But some-
how, in the majority
of cases, the job
doesn't seem to be fin-
ished.—Vegreville Ob-
server.

**New Zealand Editor's
Bright Idea**

A news item says
that an efficient fire-
man can turn out fully dressed in twenty-five seconds.
So that's why there are no firewomen.—Auckland
News.

A Toilet Hint for Sheiks

A little liquid glue added to the brilliantine will
keep the hair smooth longer.—Estevan Progress.

Also, Both Produce Bills

Dentists are a good deal like mosquitoes. It isn't
the bite itself so much as the buzzing around.—
Kitchener Record.

The Latest Twist to an Old Joke

In connection with the anti-noise campaign there
is some talk in Scotland of introducing a new type
of saxepee that won't go bang.—London Sunday
Pictorial.

Many Show Much Backbone

It is undeniable that women are not inferior to
men in giving proof of determination to resist oppo-
sition and have their own way.—Calgary Albertan.

Why Overexert Themselves

In twenty-four hours, it is said, one silkworm will
produce material for a woman's complete outfit.
Silkworms, we fear, are getting lazier and lazier.—
Montreal Gazette.

Unless the Train is Backing Up

Surely there should be by this time a sufficient
accumulation of proof that it is dangerous, to say the
least, to get in front of a moving train.—Wolsley
News.

Another Memory of Long Ago

Do you remember the good old days
when they put a loop in the back of shoes
so you could pull them on without losing
your temper?—Prince Rupert Empire.

A Large Cause of Expenditure

The American people are said to be
spending \$1,000,000,000 in dubious finan-
cial schemes. The principal one seems to be
keeping up with the neighbors.—Omaha
Bee.

Quite Probably Not

We sometimes think that if the modern
young woman was to have a long skirt
thrust on her she would not look any
more modern than her sister of twenty
years ago.—Humboldt Journal.

Heavy Spaghetti Casualties

War films are to be barred in Italy.
The people are so excitable that they go
home and stab the spaghetti, instead of
winding it round the fork.—Victoria Col-
onist.

The Secret of Balance, All Right

"The true secret of personal poise is
money in the bank," says an advertise-
ment.—Monetary Times.

Build a Home This Year

Make Your Decision To-day and Have a Talk With Your Home Town Lumberman at The First Opportunity



A Charming and Commodious Home

While the exterior design is beautiful in its simplicity and carried out almost in the style of a bungalow, this home actually has two large bed-rooms, a bath-room and clothes closets upstairs. Downstairs the space is attractively laid out to provide a large living-room, dining-room, kitchen and one additional bedroom. Your Home Town Lumber Dealer has the plans. Ask him to show you Design No. 3, size 32x26 feet.

*W*HY NOT make up your mind now to be cosily settled in your new home before next winter

sets in? There is nothing that you can do which will bring more comfort and more lasting happiness to your whole family. And make no mistakes in building. Go immediately to your Home Town Lumberman and talk your plans over freely with him. Get his advice on proper methods of construction and look over the hundreds of plans and illustrations of homes which he has to show you. Just two of them are illustrated here.

Ask your Home Town Lumberman for a copy of his free book, "Plans for the Home Builder." He will be glad to give you one.



A Home To Be Proud Of

This is design No. 29, a little larger than the one above. Combined with a strikingly beautiful exterior, the interior layout will delight good housewives. Downstairs—living-room, dining-room (with bay) kitchen and sun-room. Upstairs—three roomy bed-rooms, bath-room and clothes closet.

Inserted by the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association and The Associations of the B.C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers Limited, The Mountain Lumber Manufacturers, The Northern Spruce Lumber Manufacturers, and The Western Canada Sash and Door Manufacturers and Jobbers.

DON'T BLUNDER — USE LUMBER



Old Dutch brings

Healthful Cleanliness

in the kitchen - important where food is prepared



The sign of Healthful Cleanliness. "How spick and span everything looks—a wonderful house-keeper"—is the thought that enters the mind when one steps into an Old Dutch kitchen. And there is something too, that the eye doesn't see that is most important—it's *Healthful Cleanliness*. Old Dutch not only removes all the visible dirt and stains, but the invisible impurities as well. This is important where food is prepared.

Old Dutch keeps the sink, cooking utensils, refrigerator, cabinet, walls and painted woodwork—floors and kitchen furniture, wholesome and hygienically clean. It is the safe, sure way to spick and span appearance and Healthful Cleanliness. Old Dutch gets into every nook and corner.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch. It is distinctive in quality and character. Under the microscope you see its flaky, flat-shaped particles like this.  It does not contain any coarse, scratchy grit which looks like this.  Old Dutch makes a smooth, clean sweep which safely and surely removes all uncleanness. No scratches to hold dirt and gather more, and make further cleaning more difficult.

Old Dutch possesses a cleaning energy scientifically described as similar to "adsorption," which takes up and carries away the invisible and often dangerous impurities, assuring Healthful Cleanliness.

The results obtained with Old Dutch show its use to be a distinct advance in house cleaning efficiency. You will like it because the work is done better, and more quickly and easily—economical—a little goes a long way. It doesn't harm the hands.

Old Dutch Cleanser homes are Healthful homes

*Chases dirt—
protects the home*



Made in Canada